
Class No.....

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PUNCH

VOL II7



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IT was a fine open day, and the artificial ice bore patiently. The Old Century was sticking to the figure 8 with the pathetic energy of despair. There was every prospect of an exceptionally New Year.

Meanwhile the Evergreen Sage gave the finishing touches to his travelling toga. Nine and fifty winters had furrowed his brow, but his paunch was not thinned nor his natural hump abated. Yet, whether or not he had been drinking too freely of the Spirit of the Age, he had of late been conscious of what the doctor diagnosed as a *Weltschmerz* in the region of the waistcoat. He was therefore about to take a change of air, being recommended to give a trial to the old-established Delphi treatment.

Sallying forth, he tapped the Mercurius that stood, foursquare, before his pious portal.

"Jolly fighting weather over there, I hope," said the Old Horatian, as his thoughts turned to the Absent-minded Beggar (*Venator teneræ conjugis immemor*), under a sweltering sky, doing his best to bag the martial Boer (*Marsus aper*).

A brief delay, owing to the strain of mobilisation, and the Sage was at sea in a small transport of delight. Twice he had to put back for repairs, but by the eve of the New Year he had landed, pushed up-country, and presented himself at the gates of the Temple of Phœbus Apollo. The well-preserved proprietor answered the door.

"I will trouble you, my Lord, for an Elixir of Youth," began the Sage.

"In this establishment," replied the god, "it is usual to open with a conundrum."

"Then, perhaps," said Mr. PUNCH (for it was he), "you will answer the following:—When is a New Century not a New Century?"

After a long pause, the Far-darter spoke. "I should prefer to put it to the priestess," he said.

"You give it up?" said the Sage. "And I do not blame you. A very wide ignorance prevails on this question. There is a consensus of opinion on one point only,—that a New Century cannot properly begin before the Old one is finished. Now you will follow me when I argue that the various Centuries ought to start contemporaneously with the commencement of the year 1, 101, 201, and so forth. Therefore a New Century is not a New Century when it tries to begin at the year 0, 100, 200, and so——" Here the Sage's flow of thought was arrested by sounds of incipient intoxication issuing from an inner chamber.

"It is my Pythian palmist," said the Sun-god; "she has just taken her dose of chopped laurel, and become enthusiastic. I will consult her presently upon the matter under discussion; and the correct solution shall be forwarded

to you as soon as it has been reduced to hexameters. Meanwhile let me revert to your original request. You asked, I think, after an Elixir of Youth? But I see no signs of wear in your admirable physique."

"Possibly," replied the Veteran, with a becoming blush. "Age, it is true, has not withered me, nor custom staled my infinite variety. Still it is an era of New Departures, and I am bound to conduct the motor-Van. Therefore I come in quest of some balsam of Automobility."

"Have you sampled our 1900 Rejuvenator?" asked the immortal leech.

"Not consciously," replied the patient.

"Then come with me," said the medicine-god. "No, leave the dog behind," he added, as he led the way through a chamber heavily hung with fumes of brimstone and bay-rhum. "Mind the off-leg of the Tripod," cried the gay Lord Phœbus. So they debouched into the dispensary.

"These powders," said the Python-slayer, "should settle matters while you wait. Permit me to give you a couple."

The effect was instantaneous. Though not swelling visibly to the outward eye, the Sage was cognisant of a pleasing fertilisation of his marrow, and an added suppleness in his elbow-joints. His hand involuntarily wandered to the scalp of his head, where the smooth superficies seemed to burgeon out into blossoming leaves.

"That's all right," said the young patron of the Bays; "those laurel *feuilletons* give quite a tone to your adorable summit."

"And the honorarium?" said the Sage, as he emerged from the shrine.

"My services are given *gratis*," replied the Curer of All, "though I understand that it is customary to tip the attendant priest. The present circumstances, however, are rare and peculiar. I will therefore ask you to present me with a memento of the Old Order of Things in the shape of that treasure which you have entrusted to the care of your faithful hound, Tobias. I refer, in brief, to your

"One Hundred and Seventeenth Volume."



VOL. CXVII.



LITIGATION.

LITIGATION—

To the lawyers brings elation,
To the clients consternation,
To the counsel animation,
To the "devil" reputation,
To the usher agitation,
To the jury aggravation,
To the witness indignation,
To the judge consideration,
To reporters expectation,
To the loser lamentation,
To the winner exultation,
To the public information.

MR. PUNCH'S DRAMATIC RECIPES.

NO. II.—HOW TO WRITE A "GLEEFUL
PLENITUDE."

(At the Strand Theatre nightly a *Gleeful Plenitude*, entitled "Why Smith left Home."—See Advertisements.)

"ELEVATOR," said ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON, in a footnote in *The Dynamiter*, "is American for 'Lift,' 'Lift' is English for 'Elevator.'" In the same way we may say, "*Gleeful Plenitude*" is American for "farce," and "farce" is English for "*Gleeful Plenitude*." The fact is important to the understanding of this recipe.

The humours of a "*Gleeful Plenitude*" are somewhat primitive. Much may be done with an elderly maiden lady of mature charms and a younger man whom she

believes to be her admirer. The elderly lady will enfold the younger man in a warm embrace, and the man will express his feelings at this treatment in energetic grimaces. Experience has shown this incident to be exceedingly mirth-provoking, and it may be confidently recommended to the beginner.

A *Gleeful Plenitude* should have a taking title, or at least one that provokes curiosity. My own *Gleeful Plenitude* will be called, *What Snooks did Next*. I am not sure yet whether *Snooks* will be a villain or a victim, whether he will be wanted by the police or merely wanting the assistance of that body. I shall know, however—and so, I hope, will you—before the play is finished.

In a *Gleeful Plenitude* local colour is of the first importance. For the scene, I should recommend New York or the immediate neighbourhood, and the plot should be garnished with characteristic episodes of Transatlantic existence. The maid-servant who "practises" on her mistresses piano and blackmails her master, the venal policeman (London policemen are never venal) and the "polite idiot" (who is such a favourite character with American dramatists) should by no means be omitted.

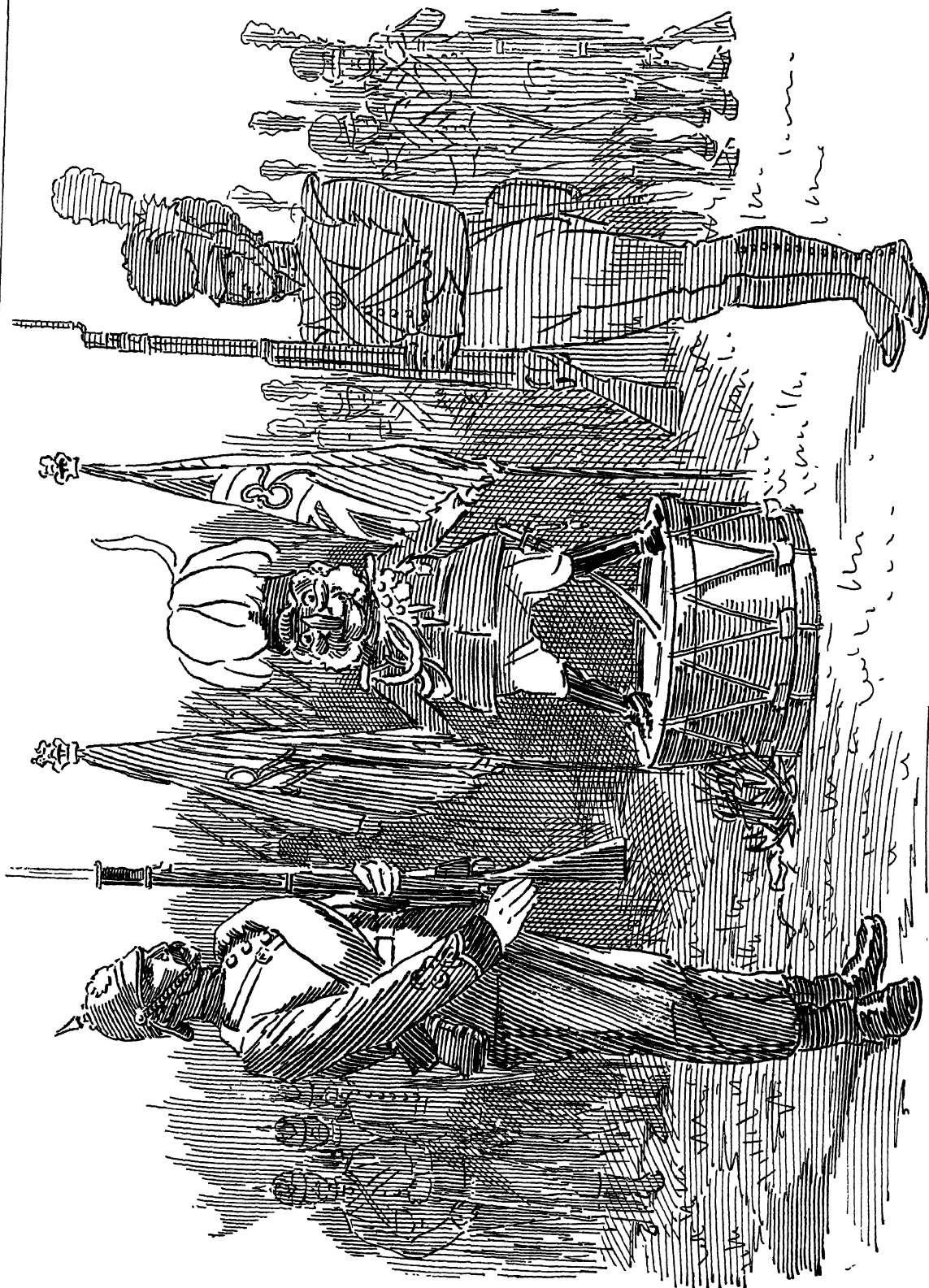
As for the plot, that after all is of minor importance. Almost anything will do. Let the venal policeman arrest *Snooks*. Let *Snooks* compromise himself with the venal domestic. Let his wife's mother—

an old friend this—pay him an unwelcome visit, or his cook play havoc with his meals. There is no sequence of events in a "*Gleeful Plenitude*." Make the audience laugh, and everything will be forgiven you.

It must be clear from all this that *Gleeful Plenitudes* require spirited playing. The actors must rattle through their parts as if they liked them. *Snooks* himself must bear his sufferings in a boisterous, exuberant manner, and make the most of the humorous "business" that falls to his lot. Let him clothe himself in a bath-towel and call himself a Red Indian. Let him clothe himself in clerical garments and call himself Bishop of Chicago. Let him clothe himself in a horse-collar and call himself SHAKESPEARE. Dress the venal domestic in expansive cheques, and let the whole kitchen staff give a carpet-dance in the drawing-room. Be fatuous, be imbecile. Only make your audience laugh.

You will not find many openings for wit in a *Gleeful Plenitude*. Your dialogue should be strictly colloquial, and an extensive acquaintance with the slang of both hemispheres will stand you in good stead.

One word of warning may be added. Make your hay while the sun shines. Seize your opportunity while this kind of piece is in vogue. Its vogue may not last.



A COUPLE OF CENTURIES.

THE PAST SALUTING THE PRESENT.

REVIEW OF METROPOLITAN VOLUNTEERS BY H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES, JULY 8, 1899. REVIEW OF METROPOLITAN VOLUNTEERS BY H.M. KING GEORGE III., JUNE 4, 1799.

PROOF POSITIVE.

(To a Photographic Artist.)

You, who upon the teeming sands
Your calling ply the livelong day,
Whose too importunate demands
Meet churlish "No" or courteous
"Nay;"

Still ever with persistence strange
Your unrequested art you press,
And strive by every means to change
A testy "No" to grudging "Yes."

Yet thus your importunity
Seems of your skill disproof to give—
Photographer you scarce can be
Who cannot take a negative.

THE LONDON PEDESTRIAN'S VADE MECUM.

Question. Are you a Metropolitan pedestrian by choice or necessity?

Answer. I think I can reply in the affirmative to both your interrogations.

Q. Why are you a pedestrian by choice?

A. Because it is easier to dodge a vehicle on foot than when you are driving.

Q. And when by necessity?

A. When the omnibuses are crowded, and the cabs on strike.

Q. Is it difficult to enter an omnibus?

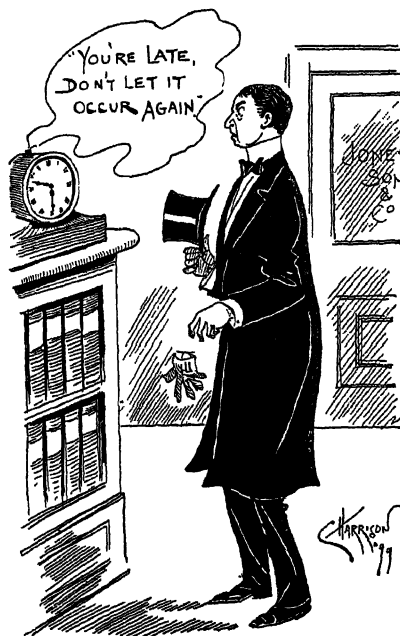
A. Very difficult. When an omnibus is racing a coach belonging to a rival company only an athlete accustomed to lofty tumbling can perform the risky task without apprehension.

Q. Is a cab easier of access?

A. Possibly; but then if the weather is showery you run the chance of covering your clothes with mud, and if fine the possibility of smashing in your hat against the roof.

Q. May you expect civility from a cab-driver?

A. Certainly, if you look like a Londoner.



A NEW TERROR FOR THE UNPUNCTUAL CLERK.

[According to the *Scientific American* they have commenced making in Switzerland phonographic clocks and watches, which pronounce the hour most distinctly.]



SONGS AND THEIR SINGERS.

and pay a shilling or so beyond the legal fare.

Q. But if you are not a Londoner, may you hope for the same considerate conduct?

A. You may hope for it, but are scarcely likely to get it unless you increase your payment in excess of legal fare.

Q. Are cabs and omnibuses punctual to their time?

A. Occasionally; but when the roads are up a circuitous route has been known to cause the losing of a train.

Q. When are the roads up?

A. Taking the Metropolis as a whole they may be said to be up always.

Q. Is there any particular time for taking up the streets?

A. At the busiest portion of the day, and frequently at the height of the Season.

Q. What would you call the authorities responsible for this state of things?

A. If I answered your query according to my feelings and you published my reply, you would lay yourself open to a charge of libel.

Q. You feel strongly on the subject; but is there not a humorous side to the matter?

A. Taken as practical jokes, the various manoeuvres—building and paving—of the authorities are marvellous. The authorities must be the wildest of mad wags.

Q. Taking everything into consideration, how can a Londoner secure a happy life?

A. By residing in a house in the country and never visiting town.



THE ABOVE IS NOT A PORTRAIT OF THE FAMOUS AMERICAN JOCKEY, BUT MERELY A SKETCH OF MR. TIMMINS MAKING HIS FIRST APPEARANCE IN THE ROW AFTER A SHORT COURSE OF RIDING LESSONS.

FRAUDS ON THACKERAY AND MR. PUNCH.

UPON OUR WORD!! Must we speak twice?? Five weeks ago we protested against the fantastic misattribution to THACKERAY of the authorship of many pieces which have appeared in our pages. This literary crime was perpetrated in the columns of the *American Critic*. We exposed their hapless methods, and forbade repetition of their blundering acts. That should have been enough. But it wasn't.

In the new number of the *Critic*, the self-same Mr. DICKSON calmly proceeds with his "nice derangements." We once knew a writer on art-exhibitions who was so colour-blind that he couldn't distinguish red apples on a tree; but he had the prudence to confine his criticisms to artists' "composition," "drawing," and "line"; and, so far as is known, he was never found out. The "*Critic*," now in question, being less conscious of his failing, is, of course, the more ridiculous in the figure he cuts.

Once or twice only has he stumbled upon a THACKERAY contribution—for, even as COWPER said:

"A fool must now and then be right by chance"

—especially when, in the text, he sees a reference to "FITZ-JAMES DE LA PLUCHE" (which, in his quotation, is misprinted "PLUCKE").

We do not think, Mr. "CRITIC," that we need again wade through your series of errors to correct them, for your misdeeds must be upon your own head; yet, to ensure their roosting firmly there—like an Old Man of the Sea or the Raven on Pallas' Bust—we will amuse your readers (who, of course, are ours as well) with one or two, so that they may see how the foolish poacher, trespassing upon our preserves, intently aiming all along at hares, persistently brings down snipe.

"The Cartoon for the Merchant Tailors," and the rhyming inscription beneath the sketch," he says, "are both, I think, by THACKERAY." Does he indeed think so? Of course he does—just because the one is by the immortal LEECH, and the other by GILBERT ABBOTT ABECKETT. But by this time he is getting wary, is Mr. DICKSON, and more unwilling to commit himself unduly. Essays of an address of the poet BUNN, that "THACKERAY

may possibly have written it"—though THACKERAY positively didn't, for it is ABECKETT'S. He proclaims that "no hand but THACKERAY'S could have drawn this 'Inimic of the Saxon'"—notwithstanding that another hand certainly did. He asserts that from our "Fat Contributor" came "Naval Operations"—which GILBERT ABECKETT wrote. He suggests that "THACKERAY may have had a hand in 'Jeames' Forbidden Church'"—the undivided glory of which belongs to DOUGLAS JERROLD. And now, becoming more than ever timid the further he gets out of his depth, he hazards the courageous and valuable opinion—"I think I discover traces of his fancy in the text" of another paper which THACKERAY never saw till it was in print. There are other blunders about which we cannot trouble; indeed, the *Critic* and his DICKSON seem to be only quite happy and confident when they have the authority of previous writers—and even then, in one case at least, they blithely appropriate a misstatement which they have not the wit to discover or correct. But we are not going to tell them what it is.

THACKERAY'S memory (like that of the rest of our Staff) is very dear to us, and we will not have men, in whose minds the words "worship" and "batten" are strangely confounded, play tricks with his bibliography, and our own.

THE EDITOR.

"LEST WE FORGET! LEST WE FORGET!"—An excellent phrase that has "caught on" generally. But in spite of its distinguished poetic authorship, will it not follow canine fashion, have its day, and then will not "lest we forget" be itself forgotten? Perhaps not; but will it have anything like the long life of "Please to remember," coupled with "the 5th of November," which, after a couple of centuries, is only now dying out and dropping into the limbo of forgotten sayings—and doings? So the present writer makes this men, while he thinks of it, "lest he forget! lest he forget!" What a motto for a dun! Chorus of creditors at front door just as Mr. HARDUP is starting for Boulogne,—"Lest he forget! Lest he forget!" By the way, it is judicious to keep the public informed of Mr. KIPLING'S movements, as to "where he goes and how he fares," as to what he is doing, and what he intends to do, "Lest we forget! Lest we forget!"

THE JOLLY BEGGAR.

["The police have just discovered a Beggars' Trust. There appears to be a house which supplies to the beggars bogus wooden arms, legs, hump-backs, pitiful placards, &c., and in return for certain payments, provides them with old age pensions."—*Daily Paper*.]

I AM a son of Peace, and I do my best to fleece
All the charitable geese, as 'is but just;
From the schoolgirl with her sash on, to the height of rank and
fashion,

I work on their compassion with the aid of the Trust.

For example, I will beg with a bogus wooden leg,
And trail my sorry peg through the mud and the dust;
Or if there is a slump in wooden legs, I stump
With a dromedary's hump, which is lent by the Trust.

Or if people will not spend on a hunch-back, then I send
For a little card, "Kind friend, give the blind man a crust,"
Or I tramp this modern Babel as a mute: I'm always able
To secure a change of label with the aid of the Trust.

And lastly I provide for life's gloomy eventide,
When I'm old and laid aside, and beginning to rust,
For it's worthy the attention of some folk that I could mention,
That I draw an Old Age Pension with the aid of the Trust.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

Howell's State Trials, brought out in twenty-one volumes by eleven eminent publishing firms, working in what is known in the mining world as "shifts," is obviously not available for us all. Mr. H. L. STEPHEN recognising this fact, has met the difficulty by a compilation from the monumental work, a sort of skimming of the cream off the spacious milk-pan. The result is a fascinating work issued by Messrs. DUCKWORTH in two handy volumes. Mr. STEPHEN modestly excuses himself for not dealing with some famous cases because WALTER SCOTT and STEVENSON have been first in the field, using personages and plot for *Waverley* and *Katrina*. What is left is, in human interest, more entrancing than the average novel. It is quite a new sensation to read a verbatim report of the principal passages of the trial of CHARLES THE FIRST exactly as if it happened yesterday, and the report were served up at breakfast in our morning paper. All the trials, whether of high State portent or of flat burglary, are intensely interesting. My Baronite notes, more especially in the trial of Sir WALTER RALEIGH and of ALICE LISLE, how the bullying of the prisoner in the dock by the judge and prosecuting counsel, which shocks us so much when it happens to-day in French trials, was of common practice in the English courts of four hundred years ago. WALTER RALEIGH, indomitable to the last, gave as much as he got. "I want words to express thy viperous treasons," said the bullying Attorney-General, Sir EDWARD COKE. "I think you want words indeed," said RALEIGH, "for you have spoken one thing half a dozen times."

Mr. H. G. WELLS, in his latest book, *The Wheels of Chance* (DENT & Co.), is cynically humorous. As in WARREN'S *Ten Thousand a Year*, in HOOK'S *Jack Brag*, and in THACKERAY'S *James*, there is a pathetic strain running throughout, so that it is impossible for the reader not to feel some compassion for the silly adventurer, while laughing heartily at his adventures. The character of the runaway girl trying to emancipate herself is delicately drawn. The descriptions of the varied scenery through which the wheels of chance are worked by the fugitive bikers, contribute largely to the charm of the book. There are a few farcical characters, "extras," so to speak, introduced in a sketchy fashion, who are all brought on to form a tableau before the curtain falls, and the reader is judiciously left in the dark to wonder what will become of Mr. *Hoopdriver* and the young Lady in Grey, and whether he will rise in the world, achieve a position, and meet her once again in time to offer his hand, a fortune, and a title, or whether this biking holiday will only be an addition to his list of lost opportunities. Sometimes in style and in his choice of unusual words, Mr. WELLS presents himself to us as a living student of CHARLES LAMB.

Lieut.-Col. NEWNHAM DAVIS, author of an almost perfect dinner-guide-book for those who, knowing how they ought to dine, are as yet strangers to the many excellent restaurations and hotels which can provide the Londoner, tired of dining *chez lui*, and the visitor to London, with dinners equal to anything that can be obtained in Paris, has done the State some excellent dinner service. This hand to mouth (and pocket)



A CHOICE OF EVILS.

Dicky. "YOU OUGHT NOT TO RIDE ON THE FOOTPATH, ELSIE. YOU ARE BREAKING THE LAW, YOU KNOW!"

Elsie. "YES, DEAR, BUT THE MIDDLE OF THE ROAD IS SO ROUGH! I'D RATHER BREAK THE LAW HERE, THAN MY NECK THERE!"

manual is entitled *Dinners and Dinners* (GRANT RICHARDS), and consists of articles republished from the *Pall Mall Gazette*. Every Londoner should read it, mark it, and the digesting process will come afterwards. To the sojourner in the metropolis it will be invaluable. Yet the gallant Colonel, who has bravely faced so many big charges, has omitted from his visiting list one of the very best, though it may be one of the smallest, restaurations within less than a hundred yards of St. George's Church, Hanover Square. What is its style and title? Well, the place has been guardedly mentioned, more than once, in these pages; and if now we only allude to the honoured name of the Italian composer whose great work, *Norma*, has been so recently revived at Covent Garden, the Baron will have given the Colonel hint sufficient to put him on the right track. That he may dine there in first-rate style, in good company, at a very reasonable price, and live happily ever after, is the sincere wish of

THE BARON DE B.-W.

A CRITICISM AND A REPLY.—Remarking on our Parliamentary artist's usual admirable presentment of Mr. JOHN MORLEY, a friendly critic said, "But surely he has not quite such pointed features as are here portrayed." "Not quite, perhaps," was the reply, in justification of the gifted draughtsman's work, "but our artist, without sacrificing too much to truth, would not have the heart to represent him with dis-appointed features."

In one of its Political Notes for Tuesday last week, the *Times* announced that "Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT is expected to speak fairly early on Thursday." A somewhat ambiguous wording, as it can be taken to mean that "early on Thursday Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT is expected to speak fairly." But as this is rather too much to expect of any political leader, the alternative interpretation must be preferred.



JONES HAS RECENTLY TAKEN UP GOLF. HE IS ALREADY PROFICIENT IN ONE DEPARTMENT
—THE ART OF ADDRESSING THE BALL.

TAMMANY EXPOSED;

OR, THE WHITELEY WORM THAT TURNED.

"NOT to put the matter lightly,
There'll be damage done to-day,"—
Said the lesser Mister WHITELEY,
Not the one from Westbourne way—
"There'll be scalps that need repairing
Ere my moistened lips are mute,
For the Tories will be tearing
Out their ringlets by the root.

"You have paid for votes with victuals,
And your troth has stood for hire;
You have ladled beer and skittles
Down the gullet of the squire;
You have pilfered public money
To relieve your own elect;
You have hived the nation's honey
For the suction of a sect.

"'Tis your latest deal in doling—
Aid to clerics, out at knees!
Why, I fancied they were rolling
In the lap of lordly ease!

Had it only chanced to strike me
Theirs was such a straitened lot,
I, and half a dozen like me,
Would have cleared them on the spot.

"Whence is drawn your drain of dollars?
From the brewer's reeking vat?
From the men of flawless collars?
From the plumed bloater?
No, it issues from the horny
Hands of such as toil and groan!
Coin they meant to put on MORN
Or the patent certs of SLOAN.

"Speaking as a man of cotton,
One who rakes the shekels in,
Well and honourably gotten
Out of those that toil and spin,—
Knowing what they get for guerdon
I am here prepared to vouch
That they cannot bear the burden
Laid by BRACH upon their pouch.

"Artless braves, the flower of Britain,
Whom you ogled in the face,

Who by fair grimaces smitten
Gave your party power and place—
These, if I can read them rightly,
As I do beyond a doubt,
With the help of me, of WHITELEY,
Shortly hope to hoof you out!

"In the name of all the boroughs,
Not excluding Stockport town,
From my forehead scored with furrows
Lo, I lay my laurels down!
I have been too long acquainted
With a questionable tribe,
Tarred by TAMMANY and tainted
By the brush of them that bribe.

"Though the note I'm now emitting
Be the swan's expiring wail;
Though I here vacate my sitting
And assume the Chiltern veil;
I shall sound my final crotchet
With a firm and strenuous trill;
I shall take my vote and notch it
Deep against this deadly Bill."

NO RIDDLE, BUT A TRUE REDE.

SAID the Rush to the Reed,
"You are very nice indeed!"
SAID the Reed to the Rush,
"You compel me to blush!"

Explanation of above rhyme quite simple.
All you have to do is to join the General
Rush and go to see our particular REED
(Mr. E. T.). Large numbers of him are on
view just now at the Gallery of the Very
Fine Art Society, 148, New Bond Street.
They are as gentle as they are firm; and
their points, though quite sharp, never
hurt anybody badly.

AFTER SUPPER.

(An Old Song Reversed.)

"WHEN the bosom heaves a sigh,"
After eating pigeon-pie;
"When the heart o'erflows with grief,"
Veal and ham won't bring relief;
When the joys of life are fled,
Lobster-salad weighs like lead;
When you hate the world's cold ways,
After too much mayonnaise.

When fair Nature fails to please,
Thro' not stinting Stilton cheese;
When you find that love is vain,
Port don't mix well with champagne;
When this earth is all ajar
Thro' that beastly big cigar;
When each nerve appears to ache
Green Chartreuse is a mistake.

Envoy.

To alleviate your distress,
Try a stiffish B. & S.;
Later, when your sorrows stop,
Eat a plain grilled mutton chop,
With a *pomme au naturel*—
Soon you will be feeling well.

A VIOLINIST WITHOUT PRETENCE.—When
Mr. HENRY SUCH gives a violin recital he
appeals to the musical public without any
unnecessary flourishes. He does not style
himself, for example, "JOACHIM Junior,"
or "The Present PAGANINI," or "The
Second SARASATE," but trusting to his
own merits, on which modest men are
dumb as dum-dum bullets, Mr. SUCH simply
describes himself "as SUCH." *Voilà tout.*



THE BOER AT BAY.



FEMININE PINPRICKS.

"WELL, I CAN'T SEE ANYTHING IN HER—IN FACT, I THINK SHE'S POSITIVELY PLAIN."
 "OH, DO YOU THINK SO? I ONLY WISH I WERE HALF AS LOVELY."
 "YOU ARE, DARLING."

HENLEY—A REVERIE.

I VAGUELY remember a vision
 Of launches and paddles and oars,
 Of various boats in collision,
 And various lightly clad "fours";
 Of damsels in summery dresses,
 Some pretty, some possibly plain,
 And oh! my fond wish, I confess, is
 To have it all over again!

I remember a struggle for places
 As soon as the luncheon was done,
 And I rather believe there were races
 Which probably somebody won.
 But that is all hopelessly hazy,
 For what in the world did I care
 When MAISIE, adorable MAISIE,
 My own little MAISIE was there?

I remember a backwater shady
 Where swallows a-twittering flew,

And I still see a sweet little lady
 In the bows of a birch-bark canoe.
 A flutter of ribbons and laces,
 The gleam of a glossy brown curl,
 And the sweetest of sweet pretty faces,
 The face of my own little girl.

We paddled by silvery willows,
 We moored ourselves under a tree,
 While the dear little miniature billows
 Made music for MAISIE and me.
 We talked of the joys of the river,
 We voted the races a bore,
 And we warmly agreed that we never
 Had really enjoyed them before.

And MAISIE looked simply delicious,
 And her lips were so tempting that I,
 Inspired by the moment auspicious,
 Entirely forgot to be shy.
 And I vowed and I made protestations,
 And swore I would ever be true,

Till the force of my fond declarations
 Endangered the birch-bark canoe.

The rest of our doings are folded
 In secrecy silent as Fate,
 But I know we were thoroughly scolded
 For keeping the dinner so late.
 And as for the blessed Regatta,
 Not the prick of a pin did I care,
 For oh! what the deuce did it matter
 When MAISIE, my MAISIE, was there?

OUR LEGAL CORRESPONDENCE.

NOVICE.—(a.) Don't, unless you want penal servitude for life. (b.) Any respectable burglar. (c.) We do not answer questions on chiropody in this column.

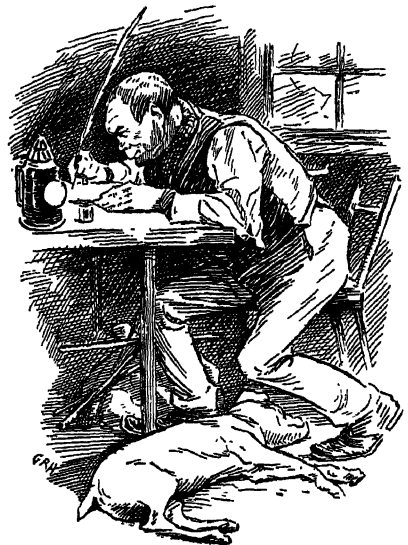
HARD UP.—Brougham on Conveyances will explain whether your contract to purchase the motor-car is binding or not.

FARMER.—It is either an "escrow" or a scarecrow, impossible to state definitely without further information.

B. AND S.—There is no reduction (of the fine) in taking a quantity—generally the reverse.

THE POINT OF VIEW.—II.

DEAR MR. PUNCH, — Will you let me sound a note of warning? The danger before this country—as Lord WEMYSS has pointed out—is SOCIALISM! i.e., *Interference with the liberty of the subject.* Now, Sir, I am a plain working-man, and all I want is to be let alone, to get on with my work. But what do we find? Silly rules and regulations and sillier policemen everywhere. Why, Sir, you and I run the danger, any night, of being copped—I beg pardon—arrested, for some trumpery offence. And what is a man offered in return? The "First Offenders Act," forsooth! As if that would be of any use to you, Mr. Punch, or to me! As an honest citizen I am glad to pay my share for the police, but let them keep to their proper sphere—the area—and allow busy men like you and me to go our ways in "Peace." Unless I have some guarantee that these



views are shared by the leader of the Liberal Party (whose name, at the moment, I have mislaid), I shall withhold my vote at the next election. Yours respectfully,
 WILLIAM SYKES.



OUR RESERVES.

Adjutant. "ARE YOU THE COSSACK POST?"

Adjutant. "WHERE IS YOUR DISMOUNTED SENTRY?"

Adjutant. "WHERE ARE YOUR VEDETTES?"

Adjutant. "AH—WHAT IS A VEDETTE?"

Yeomanry Sergeant. "YES, SIR."

Sergeant. "UP THERE, SIR."

Sergeant. "OVER THERE, SIR."

Sergeant (producing drill-book). "P'RAKS THIS LITTLE RED BOOK MIGHT HELP YOU, SIR!"

HOW TO MAKE THE ACADEMY POPULAR.

(Without Lord Stanley of Alderley's Royal Commission.)

NEVER hang any good pictures. Some of the rejected outsiders might say this is the rule at present, but that would only be their opinion, due to venomous spite. The public does not appreciate good pictures.

Admit only those which tell a story. Also pictures of babies, tea-parties, croquet, curates, and kittens. The public can understand all these. Also simple landscapes, such as Mr. DAVID MURRAY'S.

Exclude all portraits. It is true that portraits were painted by VELASQUEZ, REMBRANDT, TITIAN, and others in those ignorant times when education was not universal, and photography was unknown. But the public does not care for portraits. There are plenty of photographs in the shop windows to be seen for nothing.

Relate the story of each picture in the catalogue, thus:—"Home, Sweet Home." In the foreground we see the baby in a white frock playing with a ball. Behind is a white kitten about to run after the ball. At one side we see the mother of the baby pouring out a cup of tea for her husband, and through the open window we perceive the baby's youthful aunt playing croquet with the curate. This charming representation of those beautiful home affections, which have made the British Empire what it is, we owe to the talented brush of Mr.

DASH BLANK, R.A., who resides in a delightful country home, crowded with exquisite curios, and beautified by the presence of Mrs. DASH BLANK and their lovely children. It is said that the baby in the picture is a portrait of their own infant." That is the sort of catalogue the public would appreciate, and willingly buy for a shilling. It would have to be in three volumes, each of them much thicker than Bradshaw, but the mere cost of paper and printing should not deter us from making art popular.

Encourage the use of elaborate frames. The public will often admire a handsome frame more than the picture it encloses.

Exclude all sculpture. The public does not care for it. A shield of cheerful coloured enamels, the subjects of which could be described in the catalogue, might be admitted occasionally. Domestic subjects would be preferable. A shield need not be warlike in appearance. The abolition of sculpture would leave more space for subject pictures in the Lecture Room.

Exclude all black and white work. The public likes colour; plenty of nice, cheerful colour, as in hunting coats.

Exclude all architectural drawings. As, however, the room, hitherto devoted to these, serves as a resting place for eyes as well as limbs, it would be a mistake to hang pictures on the walls. They should be coloured a shade of suitable green, to be selected by a committee of oculists. As a tribute to the sister art of music, an orchestra might play soothing airs, or a

gramophone might sing with such nasal softness as it could achieve. Sofas would afford resting places. Drinks should be obtainable at the lowest possible price.

Refreshments should be served in the basement as at present. But they would be much more appreciated if one payment of half-a-crown on entering entitled each person to admission, one copy of the three-volume catalogue, and unlimited tea and buns. The public likes paying in a lump.

The Central Hall, having so little wall space for subject pictures, should be devoted to some other purpose. Its shape suggests the game of *Petits Chevaux* in the middle. The public would be delighted with such a novel attraction. It might not, however, be legal. In that case a military band, or some performing animals, might suffice.

If all these improvements were made, the Academy, as desired by Lord STANLEY OF ALDERLEY, would indeed "rest on a wider and more liberal basis, and be viewed as a national institution."

FROM WIMBLEDON.—Q. Why is the Tennis champion the favourite of the ladies? A. Because of his winning ways.

THE BEST ONE HUNDRED AND SIXTEEN BOOKS (the Universal selection).—The Volumes of *Punch*.

NATURE'S FIRST-BORN.—The Sun and Air.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Lords, Monday, June 26.—Painful scene in Lords to-night. House in Committee on London Government Bill; benches crowded; side galleries thronged with a dream of fair women. COURTNEY standing among Privy Councillors on steps of Throne, his yellow waistcoat perilously extended with glow of satisfaction. In the Commons he had carried amendment providing that lovely woman might not only be a councillor in the new municipal bodies, but eke an alderwoman. Now comes DUNRAVEN with the abhorred shears, and threatens to cut this thin spun thread. Hope of womankind of the aldermanic type centres on the MARKISS; also it lingers round the grandmotherly form and figure of the LORD CHANCELLOR, seated in wig and gown next to his revered chief. HALSBURY's recorded speeches on this subject all in favour of giving woman something to do outside the prosaic circle of home-life. Now, when the aldermanic chair opens its arms to embrace her, she might well expect LORD CHANCELLOR to trip along by her side leading her to the chaste encounter.

After all, the LORD CHANCELLOR is a mere man; to-night he lived up to man's reputation for faithfulness. What between Turkish question and Vaccination his eyes had, he said, been opened to the frailty of woman; could no longer trust her in administration of public affairs. His apparent inconstancy to woman he regretted; an added pang was the gulf opened between him and the MARKISS.

"It is the first time," he said, turning and regarding his noble friend with tear-dimmed eyes, "since I entered the House that I have voted against him."

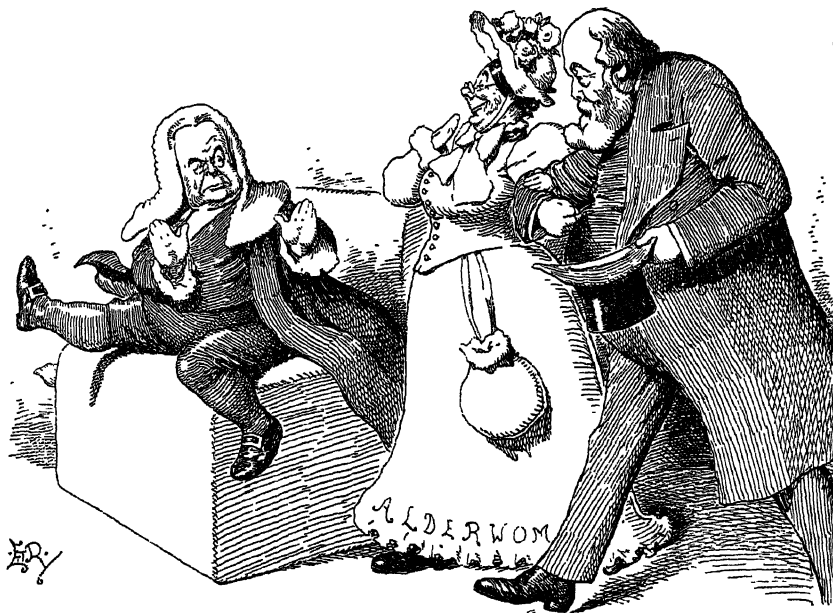
MARKISS, ill-acustomed to restrain his emotions, blew his nose with suspicious fervour, bent his head so that the vulgar eye should not detect his emotion. There followed an agonising moment of suspense. The countesses in the gallery quite expected to see the LORD CHANCELLOR fling himself on the breast of his noble friend, and imagined the MARKISS in forgiving mood, with one arm round the back of the full-bottomed wig.

Then blessings on the falling out
That all the more endears,
When we fall out with those we love
And kiss again with tears.

But it was a sultry night; the exertion was foregone, and KIMBERLEY fortuitously following his pleasantly unemotional manner restored the equilibrium.

By-and-by, when division was called, the MARKISS, himself again, sat and watched his followers trooping into the lobby against him. Since the historic scene wherein PEEL watched the flower of his party gather into the hostile lobby on the Protection question, no such wholesale desertion of a chief has been seen in the Conservative ranks. By three to one the chair was withdrawn from the alderwoman just as she was about to sit down.

"A bitter disappointment," said SARK, "an unforgettable grief. Reminds me of an inscription read somewhere upon tombstone, dedicated to another sort of infant. Forget the exact lines; run something like this:



THE SUSCEPTIBLE MARKISS AT IT AGAIN.

The Chancellor (in horror at "these goings on"). "A-a-ah! Horrible! Take her away! take her away!"

"O precious gift, the Commons' dower,
Called hence by early doom;
Came but to show how sweet a flower
The Lords forbade to bloom."

Business done.—Alderwomen vetoed by 182 votes against 68.

Tuesday.—ASQUITH's speech on moving rejection of Clerical Tithes Bill a model of debating. Spoke for just half an hour. When he sat down audience felt nothing left unsaid. Not a superfluous sentence, not a supererogatory word. Hammer, hammer, all along, and every blow hit head of nail.

Rather hard lines for WALTER LONG immediately to follow, particularly under circumstances of the hour. As a rule good Conservatives back up their leaders in any circumstances. The worse a bill or resolution be the more vociferously they cheer. But they cannot away with the Tithes Bill. Only last Session CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER demonstrated what he called its impracticability. In-defensible in itself, it is brought in at the worst of all possible times. "Giving away the Church with a pound of tea," is the way the Conservative member for Stockport puts it.

WALTER LONG is, through no fault of his own, the Sorrowful Man of the Cabinet. When anything peculiarly unpopular has to be done it is placed in his charge. When he retires from the Ministry there shall be written on his political tombstone: "He muzzled the dogs and had charge of the Clerical Tithes Bill." Gallantly did his best to-night; endeavour hopeless. Well for him his back was turned to the Treasury Bench, so that he might not see the countenances of his esteemed colleagues, the First Lord of the Treasury, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and the Secretary for the Colonies. As he stumbled along, clutching at Mr. GLADSTONE for comfort, showing how lamentably ignorant, hopelessly wrong, the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER was

when last session he declared against legislation on the subject, PRINCE ARTHUR drooped lower and lower on the bench, DON JOSÉ, after much restless movement, could stand it no longer, and left the bench; whilst ST. MICHAEL withdrew himself into the company of All Angels, commencing with them in their own language.

Climax reached later in the sitting when WHITELEY renounced the Government and all its works, protesting his intention of resigning his seat as soon as he had delivered his soul by voting against the bill.

"You remember Lord MELBOURNE's suggestion in times of difficulty?" SARK asked PRINCE ARTHUR. "'Can't we leave it alone?' So easy, wouldn't it have been?"

"No," PRINCE ARTHUR hoarsely whispered, with a furtive look towards COUSIN CRANBORNE enthroned below the gangway.

Business done.—Tithes Bill debated.

Thursday.—COURTNEY can stand it no longer. To-night he up and publicly gave PRINCE ARTHUR notice. It's not a matter of wages nor a question of beer. It's that dratted Tithes Bill.

"Which you know very well," said Mr. COURTNEY, the brass buttons blazing with indignation at the back of his blue coat, "we Liberal Unionists have had a good deal to put up with. We are regarded by you Conservatives as necessary evils. You make use of us to win seats where you couldn't command a majority yourself. But you don't like us, and I'm not sure that we love you. It is true you found places in the Ministry for JESSE COLLINGS and General POWELL WILLIAMS, D.S.O. But we below the gangway are not to be placated because they draw quarterly cheques, and wear rich raiment at official feasts. We joined you to save the Union, and will stand by you if it be again attacked. But that doesn't mean we are bound to help you in all your dirty little



PROVERBS REVISED.

"One is better than Two."

Mother. "YOU ARE A VERY NAUGHTY LITTLE GIRL!"

Little Girl (after some thought). "AREN'T YOU GLAD I WASN'T TWINS, MUMMY?"

Tory tricks. So take a month's notice and look out for another man."

Business done.—Second reading of Tithes Bill carried by majority of 138.

Friday.—"Often heard about the Woman with a Past," said ST. MICHAEL, looking over the division list of the Tithes Bill. "I'm a CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER with a Past. Condition of things opposed; but the situation is equally embarrassing. My past was spent in the purity of finance. Up to a certain date I had earned the esteem, not to say the affection, of the SQUIRE OF MALWOOD. Look at me now! First of all I chip the hitherto impregnable rock of the Sinking Fund—I who in the past have exceeded all others in holding it immaculate. Next I am a party to transferring one half of the burden of the tithe rent-charge to the shoulder of the taxpayer, already loaded (also through my agency) with £1,700,000 per annum

credited to British Landlords, a special dole of £300,000 for Irish ditto, and a subsidy of £600,000 a-year to the denominational schools. This is in confidence, dear TOBY, and I'm sure you won't let it go further. But, tell you what, in the dead unhappy night, when the rain is on the roof—even when it isn't—I don't sleep well. If you happen to know a Woman with a Past who would like to change her lot with a CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER similarly situated perhaps you will let me have her address."

Business done.—Irish Votes in Committee of Supply.

AN ASSERTION REQUIRING CONFIRMATION (in some quarters).—We don't want to fight—!

THE BEST GAME FOR JUNIOR BARRISTERS TO PLAY.—Follow my leader.

THE BAR AND ITS MOANING.

I AM watching, I am waiting,
And my hair is growing grey,
For it is exasperating,
That no business comes my way.

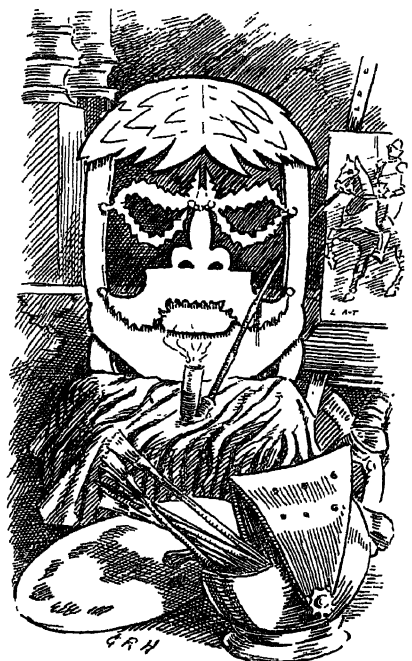
Other men in briefs may revel
When successfully they plead,
I am only a poor "devil,"
Often worked but never fee'd.

E'en the bank-clerk in the city
Has a salary that 's small,
But we Juniors, more 's the pity,
Don't make anything at all.

Living still on false pretences,
Since the truth we dare not own,
Some not earning their expenses
If the facts were truly known.

And meantime the years are flying,
Bringing changes p'raps for some,
Not for me tho', I'm relying
On the practice that 's to come.

A CASE FOR CHARITY.—"It was a thin House, members having gone to dinner." How pathetic! But when the members who had gone to dinner returned therefrom there would be a stout majority. Yet how piteous must have been the expression of the members who had composed the "thin" house and who had not yet dined! And how unkind and selfish on the part of the dining members not to invite their less-well-provided fellows to partake of their feasting.



SEATS OF THE MIGHTY.—No. 20.

THE "SIR ALMA" PAINTING CHAIR.

An exquisite seat of Romanesque design, originally of Dutch origin, inlaid with marble and English gold coius in profusion. This is now a thoroughly British Chair, and is greatly admired when on show at Burlington House. The many fine designs of this piece have been recently recognised in a prominent manner by Her Gracious Majesty the Queen.



Tom BROWNE

99

SCENE—Country Police Station. Young Countryman, aspiring to become a Member of the Force, is being examined.

Inspector. "OF COURSE YOU ARE AWARE YOU'LL HAVE A LOT OF NIGHT-WORK TO DO? YOU ARE NOT AFRAID OF BEING OUT LATE, I SUPPOSE?"

Countryman's Mother (breaking in). "THAT 'LL BE ALL RIGHT, SIR. HIS OLD GRAND-MOTHER'S GOING ROUND WITH HIM THE FIRST TWO OR THREE NIGHTS, UNTIL HE GETS USED TO IT!"

THEN AND NOW.

["The besetting sin of Oxford to-day is absolute idleness."—*The Master of Pembroke.*]

WHEN'ER I take my walks abroad
I meet with scores of idle lazars
Tricked out in inartistic, gaud-
-y blazers.

In my young days, if any men
Had cash to spare, they never spent it
On blazers—blazers were not then
Invented.

Others again, neglecting Greats,
Are coached by hoarsely-shouting riders,
And toil from morn till eve in eights
On sliders.

In my young days these foolish feats
Were never dreamed of, and we did then
Without these fads—there were no seats
That slid then.

From Bagley Woods to Iffley Lock
By fields of corn and grass and clover,
Long streams of cyclists rush, who knock
One over.

In my young days we never ran
Such races, nor our limbs we fractured
On cycles—cycles were not man-
-ufactured.

WHAT THE GOVERNMENT DESIRED.—A satisfactory return in the Hold 'em Division of Lancashire.

FROM A BACHELOR UNCLE'S DIARY.

"AFRAID this magnum opus of my nephews' is getting on dear MAX'S nerves. Hope it will not create tension between the brothers. So sad. MAX seems to be chronically 'enoide' with TOMMY now—wish he would not call him STINKER. So vulgar. Now for the letter and Part IV. of Encyclopædia."

DEAR UNCLE CHARLEY,—Sum of the fellers sed wy dident we put in Croakey. Now fellers Maters and Aunts and Cureits and things play Croakey not fellers themselves so I sed thats rot STINKER ses Goff issent spelt Goff but Goph now I think I ort to know how to spel Goff and wen he sed look in the Dickshunry I sed shut up you yung ass (he does enoy me orfly sum-times) Thanks for Poted Lopstir it was ripping ROPLEY dropped his harepin in the tin and never fownd it agen I bleeve he must of swollerd it dont you Poted Lopstir is bully stuff but we have no maw left ("Doubt this") Of coarse I woodent even hint for enny maw after your jenrossy in both that and the sossidge line butt I sponse you must have an orful lot of stamse witch you dont want orl of so mite send sum in next letter to

Yours ever MAX.

Fishshing.—You put a wurm on the end and sit down and wate an orful long time

then you get a bight and jurk the rod up in the air and then if thares a fish you say arhar my buty Ive got you this time but if you miss it you say odamat leestmy Guvner does hes a Genral you know and all Genrals say things like that wen thare enoide Sum-times you do fly fishshing but wen I did it with my Guvners rod orl I cort was the back part of my nikkerbockers so I sed no more fly fishshing for me give me a wurm and a bent pin.

Goff.—Ive never played Goff but wen weer home for the Vac my Govner orfen ses one of you boys mitecary my clubse for me today and then we hook it and pretend we diddent here and then he size hevvely and gos orf a-loan but wunce I had to go so I know orl abowt it You hit a little ball orl the tea and if you miss it you say Ive phoozled it and if youve cort it a joly good wak you have to spend ours loking for it and then you taik a Pudder and shove the ball in a hole oh its orful rot and I dont think its a British Rooral Sport orl strickly speaking but Skotch in its orrid-gin Wen 4 play its a forsum and wen 2 play its a—well I dunno but I sponse its a toosum Goff is reelly Hokey only not so intresting or amewsing ass you mayent charge inter your Adversity wen hes going to hit the ball but have to wate and luke on oh its too coldbludded for me.

NOTICE.—Our next part will containe hunting by jove I doo know orl abowt that.

IN KEW GARDENS.

I LIKE Kew—when the sun is high,
When the sky is a dome of blue,
When dear London is parched and dry,
I like Kew.

There in June on a day we two
Listened long to the treetops' sigh,
Wandered happy the gardens through,
Watched the river go rolling by.
There you asked—though of course you knew—

"Don't you like it?" "Oh, yes," said I,
"I like You!"



Imaginary portrait of Master COLLINS, of Clifton, arrived at after reading the evening papers last week. Mere child's play—623 not out.



"THE DUKE'S MOTTO."

"BUT IN SPITE OF ALL TEMPTATIONS TO BELONG TO OTHER NATIONS,
HE REMAINS AN *ENGLISHMAN*." (*Vide "Pinafore."*)

MORE MINISTERIAL MISSIVES.

To the Editor of the "Kölnischer Zeitung."

HOCHWOHLGEBORENER HERR, — Mein Freund CHAMBERLAIN hat geschrieben ein Brief zu YVES GUYOT. Alle die Minister lernen die fremde Sprache. So musz ich auch schreiben ein Brief. Ich weisz nicht warum. Aber hier geht. Ihr KAISER ist ein gut Kerl weil er kein Telegramschickt. KRÜGER ganz allein kann thun nichts. Wir können smash ihn früher oder später. Mein Liebe zu den KAISER wenn Sie sehen ihn. Will er kommen zu Cowes?

Ihr treulich, SALISBURY.

To the Editor of "Il Secolo," Milan.

ILLUSTRISSIMO SIGNOR, — Il mio amico CHAMBERLAIN a scritto una lettera al Signor YVES GUYOT. Dunque scrivo io a voi—ah no! a Lei. Perché? Non lo so! Questo KRÜGER è veramente orribile. È un awful bore in inglese Perdonate—no, no, must use the third person singular feminine, awfully troublesome!—mi scusi il punno se non è vero è ben trovato. Noi—noi—dear me, what's "we exercise pressure"? Noi essersimo pressura. E pur non si muove. Io amo il dolce far niente, e mi bisogna bother myself con le scuole nazionale—the board schools. Io sono board. Noi tutti siamo boered. Lei capisce il punno inglese? Non lo so. Vado a dormire.

Di Vossignoria umilissimo servo,
DEVONSHIRE.

To the Editor of "La Tribuna," Rome.

DOMINE, — Ego non possum scribere linguam italianam, sed non dubito ut vos potestis legere linguam latinam. Arma virumque cano. Id est maximi et KRÜGERUS, in accusativo recte, maximos et KRUGERUM. Vobis Italianis non omne beerus et skittlei erat in Africa septentrionale. Nos Angli in Africa meridionale aprum horribilem—a dreadful Boer—habent. Spendemus multam pecuniam, et nullus venit ex eo. Ego collecto semper magna vectigalia, sed non super tobaccos qui ex civitate Bristol veniunt. Vos Italiani atque magna vectigalia habetis. Pauperi diaboli! Vale!

M. HICKS-BEACH.

To the Editor of the "Heraldo de Madrid."

SEÑOR, — Soy ingles, pero puedo escribir algunas palabras de la muy hermosa lengua de España. El Presidente KRÜGER no es buen hombre. Caramba! Es un viejo humbug. Can't manage any more of this to-day. Mañana perhaps Buenos dias! No doubt I ought to say "I kiss your hand." An editor's hand! All inky, probably! However, here goes. The phrase is something like this. Baso la mano de Usted.

ARTURO JAIME BALFOUR.

To President Krüger.

MIJNHEER, — It's playing very low down on a fellow to make him write Dutch. French, with books of reference, is quite different. However, they all say I am the linguist of the Cabinet, so I've got to do it. Goeden morgen, mijnheer. Ik hoop dat Mevrouw KRÜGER is zeer wel. Why that's almost English. Dutch not so difficult after all. But I can't do much with this dictionary. Haven't a phrase-book. Nothing like that French one, with the proverbs. Warm weder, is het niet? Maar gij zijt koel, you are uncommonly cool. Niet goed hoewel. You'll have to climb down. Ik wensch u goeden dag.

J. CHAMBERLAIN.



"IT'S US AS 'AS GOT TO PAY FUR ALL THIS, YER KNOW!"

To Monsieur Quesney de Beaurepaire.

MONSIEUR, — Mon ami CHAMBERLAIN a écrit une belle lettre—c'est un bel esprit qui aime les belles lettres—à M. YVES GUYOT. Moi aussi je désire écrire une lettre. Tous les ministres deviennent philologues à force de se servir de dictionnaires, de grammaires, et de dialogues de voyage. Moi je suis le Grand Chancelier de l'Angleterre, espèce de juge. Vous aussi vous avez été juge. Mais quel juge! Cet admirable "KARL" vous a joué une bonne practical joke—plaisanterie pratique. Voilà un bel esprit! Quant à vous je n'ai jamais entendu parler d'un juge aussi imbécile. Un gendarme de village serait plus sage. Allez-vous promener. Cachez votre tête diminuée.

Allez à Bath ou Royat. Agréez, Monsieur, l'assurance de mes sentiments pas distingués du tout.

HALSBURY.

AT HAMPTON COURT.

At Hampton Court beneath the yews
The poet finds a sweet resort—
I rail at my evasive Muse
Beneath the yews at Hampton Court.
I smoke, and dream, and smoke again,
And still I find the Jade refuse
My stern request for some refrain
At Hampton Court beneath the yews.
Yet here is joy for man and maid,
Since love is sweet, if life is short;
And loving couples in the shade
Beneath the yews at Hampton—court!



UNHAPPILY EXPRESSED.

She (who did not know they were to meet). "WHY, MR. BROWN, THIS IS A PLEASANT SURPRISE!"

He (who did). "I CAN'T ALTOGETHER SAY THAT IT IS SO TO ME, MISS JONES!"

APPREHENSIONS.

PURVEYOR of the last report,
What means the wild excited cry
Wherewith you labour to extort
The coppers of the passer-by?

Are Transvaal troubles at their worst?
(Is this the tidings you portend?)
And has the lowering storm-cloud burst—
And is it war? Nay, Heaven forefend!

Or now sad DREYFUS has at last
His foot in his own country set,
Is he, his cruel sufferings past,
To meet with tardy justice yet?

Or does some issue, yet undreamt,
Break like a bolt from cloudless skies,
That on you rush, unwashed, unkempt,
And hail us with discordant cries?

Thus as impatient we await
To know the truth of it, your roar
Grows by degrees articulate—
"Australian Cricket-Match! Lunch
Score!"

MR. PUNCH'S DRAMATIC RECIPES.

NO. III.—HOW TO WRITE AN ANGLO-INDIAN DRAMA.

THERE has been a small "boom" in Anglo-Indian drama this season. Her Majesty's led the way with *Carnac Sahib*. Kennington followed with *Carlyon Sahib*. It is true that neither of these plays had a very long or successful career, but what of that? With a good recipe, failure is impossible.

It appears to be a rule of Anglo-Indian drama that all the English characters should be unmitigated ruffians. *Carlyon* poisoned the enemy's wells. *Carnac* flirted outrageously with his neighbour's wife, and wrangled with his next in command when the enemy were almost at the gates, which must have been highly detrimental to discipline. Let your hero be steeped to the lips in crime, and your Anglo-Indian drama is fairly under weigh.

There are two kinds of Anglo-Indian

drama, the pathological and the merely melodramatic. The pathological has more merit from the strictly dramatic standpoint, but melodrama runs longer.

If you decide for melodrama immense possibilities are open to you. You can have your hero besieged in a gorgeous temple, and let him quell a mutiny with a glance of his eye and a single revolver cartridge. He can carry on his flirtation with somebody else's wife in the intervals of the fray, and lead a picturesque existence amid punkahs and profanity.

If, on the other hand, pathology is your game, you will have to get up the details of obscure mental maladies, and take a hint or two from Norway. Your medical knowledge should be extensive and minute, and some acquaintance with methods of disseminating cholera and other zymotic diseases, and with the principles of operative surgery and of general therapeutics, is essential.

On the whole, I am inclined to think that a judicious blend of the pathological and the melodramatic is your best game. You might call your play *Corker Sahib*, and construct it more or less as follows:—

In Act I., *Colonel Corker* and *Miss Corker*, M.D., his daughter, will be discovered in a bungalow at Fudgepore, playing with a case of surgical instruments. The Colonel will tell *Mrs. Monsoon* (the somebody else's wife of the cast) of his adventures in frontier warfare. It will be a somewhat "tall" story, in which *Corker* will narrate with pride how he murdered several inconvenient people, and put down a frontier rising by various unprofessional means. *Miss Corker* will preserve a discreet but smiling silence, and toy with an ophthalmoscope.

In Act II., *Corker Sahib* will be discovered in the Taj Mahal, being besieged by an infuriated enemy. A continuous roll of musketry will be heard without, but the intrepid *Corker* will be quite unmoved, and will devote his whole time to prosecuting his flirtation with *Mrs. Monsoon* and squabbling with the senior major, who also finds it convenient to be absent from the conflict in order to prosecute his suit with *Mrs. Monsoon*. *Mr. Monsoon* need not appear. Under these circumstances it will astonish no one that the Taj is taken, the besiegers rush in, and *Corker Sahib* and his precious friends take to their heels.

In Act III., we are back at *Corker Sahib's* bungalow in Fudgepore. *Corker* is telling his admiring followers the story of his heroic conduct at the siege. The prodigies of valour which he narrates elicit that unanimous and respectful applause which is due to the utterances of an actor-manager. *Miss Corker*, M.D., however, will show signs of restlessness, and at length, when her father, to use an expressive colloquialism, "piles it on too thick," she will explain that her father is suffering from a tumour on the brain, and that all his stories must be accepted with considerable caution. By this ingenious device the pathological element may be again introduced, a lecture on tumours may be inserted, and *Corker's* character saved. His atrocious confessions in Act I. and his atrocious conduct in Act II. will be attributed to insanity, and all will end happily.

A play constructed on these lines would be sure to attract attention, and might not improbably run a week.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

Ma Mère (SMITH, ELDER) is a terrible household fiend, who, the Vicomte JEAN DE LUZ hints, is not entirely evolved out of his gift of romance. The story purports to describe the life and experience of sons and daughters under the Second Empire. It is a very miserable state of things in which on the man's part the dot is, in matrimony, the chief thing. As for the girl, she often goes straight from the Convent to the arms of a man whom she has scarcely seen before she stands by his side at the altar. Indulging in the luxury of added gloom, our cheerful Vicomte lays the scene of his domestic drama in the Court of the Second Empire, at the time it was dropping like a rotten pear. If the state of things at the Tuileries and Compiègne were half as bad as they are painted in these pages (and the narrative bears the graphic impress of actuality), all my Baronite can say is, that France, under the Empire, was nearly as badly off as she has been under a succession of republican governments, culminating in one that will, through all the ages, be marked with the infamy of the plot against DREYFUS. One gleam of brightness in the sordid story is shed by the presence of the heroine, *Yvonne de Gérando*.

In a handsome volume, boldly printed on good paper, reproducing all the illustrations and maps of the first edition, Messrs. NEWNES turn out for 7s. 6d. Vol. I. of H. M. STANLEY'S *Through the Dark Continent*. It is the record of his successful endeavour to complete the work left unfinished at the death of Dr. LIVINGSTONE. The work, as my Baronite remarks, is familiar to the English-speaking race. What is novel about it is its new dress—a cheap cotton print, so to speak—and the Preface Sir HENRY contributes, reviewing the amazing changes that have taken place in the regions described in type more than twenty years ago.

The worst of going to the theatre is the disaster it brings on dinner. Even at the comparatively late hour at which plays now commence in London theatres, one must dine at an abnormal hour to be in his place when the curtain rises. To any one in search of the amusement of a good comedy, combined with the comfort of accustomed dinner, my Baronite recommends *The Lunatic at Large* (BLACKWOOD), by J. STORER CLOUSTON. It presents a succession of really comic scenes, arising in the most natural manner, portrayed with graphic touches that recall the movement, light, and colour of the stage. The play's the thing, and here it is.

In *Peter Binney, Undergraduate* (BOWDEN), Mr. ARCHIBALD MARSHALL offers us a rich store of humour and amusement. The race of fathers suffered some severe shocks both in *My Awful Dad* and in *Vice Versa*. Mr. MARSHALL administers another. Imagine a parent, Mr. *Peter Binney*, devoted to the manufacture and advertisement of chicken food, provide him (such freaks are known in Nature) with an Etonian son, a son who is a popular member of the Eton Eight and a delightful specimen of the best kind of English boy, send this son to Trinity College, Cambridge, and then let some demon inspire the puny, commercial, narrow-minded father with the malign idea of following his son to Cambridge—not as an "early father," but as an undergraduate member of the same College. The complications are endless. Mr. *Binney* does the most terrible things, he joins the rowdy set, he is in perpetual hot water with deans, tutors, and proctors, and in the end, having become coxswain of the First Trinity crew, he is bumped by his own son, who is rowing bow in the Third Trinity Eight. Mr. MARSHALL'S book is very brightly written, and his description of undergraduate life at Cambridge is exceptionally vivid and accurate.

Some one dating from Coventry, to which town he has presumably been sent by considerate friends, and where, consequently, he employs his mum moments in letter-writing, gratuitously informs the Baron that *The Wheels of Chance* is not Mr. WELLS' "latest" work. May be not; but it is the latest by this amusing author that the Baron has had the pleasure of reading.

It takes the Baron's breath away! He has only just seen it, and yet its date of publication appears to have been July 1 and 'tis now July 7. Arriving late, the Baron has but time at his disposal to acknowledge its receipt, and, "in amazement lost," he greets the first volume of *The Anglo-Saxon Review, A Quarterly Miscellany* (like the Baron's bills), edited by Lady RANDOLPH CHURCHILL, and brought out by the enterprising JOHN LANE, of London and New York, at one guinea per volume. That it is cheap at the price is at first glance evident enough if, in a childlike and bland manner, we regard only the pictures. No time to say anything more at present. The Baron trusts that this "happy departure," as it has been styled, in quarterly literature, may be followed by equally happy returns to her ladyship and her publisher. "*Ça donne à penser*," says the gifted (with this guinea's worth) BARON DE B-W.



SCIENCE IN THE SLUMS.

WIRELESS TELEGRAPHY.

HENLEY WELL BOOMED.

(Thanks to the Thames Conservancy.)

SMART Henley this year had its boom,
Though 'tis always a popular show;
Last week for a change there was room
For the heats and the finals to row.

For the "boom" was some furlongs of log
That kept the gay crowd in its place;
No punt, like the Derby's perennial dog,
Strayed into the midst of a race.

OPERATIC NOTES.

Saturday, July 1.—Crowded house. Big fees for author and composer (we hope); likewise "Royalties" present. PUCCINI'S opera *La Bohème*; libretto adapted from HENRI MÜRGER'S interesting romance of gay, thoughtless, and sad bohemian life; no plot to speak of, but dramatic incidents reminiscent of *Trilby*, as the earlier part of DU MAURIER'S famous novel was of *La vie de Bohème*. Signor DE LUCIA perfect as *Rodolfo*; so also MELBA as *Mimi*; both vociferously recalled at the end of the first act. Their duet compulsorily repeated. M. GILLBERT, a comic figure in himself, immense in his *danse à la serviette*. Madame MELBA, strong dramatically, rather at the expense of vocally; for when lying supine it is difficult for a dying *prima donna* to sing at all, still less to rise to the occasion and get up to C. But Madame MELBA succeeded admirably; if sacrifice must be made, then let dramatic effect yield to vocal and musical. Not a whit behind the two first bohemians were Signor ANCONA as *Marcello*, and Mlle. ZÉLIE DE LUSSAN as *Musetta*. The music is not great, but it is very "pretty," *c'est le mot*, and when brilliantly sung, as it is by these artistes, its value is increased at the rate of *cinquante per song*. On Friday the 7th, by general popular encore, *La Bohème* was given again to another crowded and enthusiastic audience. It is the hit of the season.



THE PLAYTHING OF CIRCUMSTANCE.

He. "HULLO, THERE'S SMITH OUT FOR A DUCK AGAIN!"

She. "DID HE EXPLAIN HOW IT WAS HE MADE NO RUNS IN HIS FIRST INNINGS?"

He. "WELL, YOU SEE, HE HAPPENED TO GO IN JUST WHEN JONES WAS IN THE MIDDLE OF HIS HAT TRICK."

DEPRECIATIONS.

X.

THE LIBERAL FORWARD TO THE LORD OF PRETORIA.

(Suggested by "Rudel to the Lady of Tripoli.")

I.

I KNOW a Mount, so-called of Piety,
And on the front thereof three golden spheres,
Luminous as the Heliads' amber tears,
Hang in the eye of day most obviously;
Symbols of easy wealth for fools to win
From sweat of hollowed earth, wrought
ooze o' th' mine.
And graven o'er the threshold runs the word
Leave self-respect behind who pass within!
The scroll they miss to read, but read the sign,
His lure, the Master, whose inveterate maw,
Built on the model of the vulture-bird
(None keener after carrion, scent and sight),
Swallows his victims, preferably raw.
Men give him many names, not all polite;
But most, by way of mirth, or when in doubt,
They dub him Uncle, and his den the Spout.

II.

Ah! Oom of Ooms! my Saint o' th' golden South!
One smile I crave, one smile across the mouth,
The mouth from which the heavenly hymnlets stream
Like leaves in Vallombrosa—one large beam
For me, the fair young thing that sends you forth
Heart-homage from the false and fickle North,
My Doppler love! my Beauty! one, one beam!

III.

Dear cabin-pilgrim, art thou Capeward bound?
Go—mention how for that beloved's sake
Three golden spheres as my device I take
After his pattern; say my views are sound,
My manner slightly forward, and my heart
Bleeding to help at need the weaker part,
Tremulous for the trodden under feet.
Were he a White CZAR and his victims Finns,
Or else an ABDUL and his prey's address
Thessaly or Armenia or Crete,
He could not have my undiluted love.
But being Anti-British, I confess
His otherwise insufferable sins,
Roughly described in my remarks above,

Seem acts of grace that on the senses strike
As being singularly Christianlike.
And if the still small voice of holy ire
Tickle him in the conscience, urging fight
For what we both believe to be the right,
Tell him my heart is with him over there
With what of brain, if any, I can spare.
Say, too, I hope, if other help should fail,
To send the usual sympathetic wire,
The kind that gave such joy to GEORGE of Greece.
Go, pilgrim, take this word, and bid my Oom
Grow yet more youthful with the years' increase;
And, pilgrim, please don't let your ear be lent
To fellow-pilgrims in the smoking-room,
C. RHODES, for instance, lest their voice prevail
To turn your footsteps from their fair intent.

GERMAN EMPEROR ON BOARD THE FRENCH TRAINING-SHIP.—Emperor WILLIAM (isn't his name nautical, even without his *See-usan*?) wishes it to be understood that his visit to the *Iphigénie* simply means that he wanted France to show him her french-ship.



THE AMATEUR CHEMIST.

SCIENTIFIC MARKISS. "DEAR ME! I'M AFRAID I'VE MADE A MISTAKE. THERE'S SO MUCH EVAPORATION!"

["Lord SALISBURY has for many years been an earnest student of chemistry."—*St. James's Gazette*]



THE BITTERNESS OF IT.

Wife of his Bosom. "SOCRATIO, DEAREST, WHAT IS THE MATTER?"
Mr. S. Welled Head (a literary celebrity). "AT LAST IT HAS COME—
AT LAST! NOT A SINGLE PARAGRAPH ABOUT ME IN ANY OF THE
PAPERS THIS MORNING!"

THE KENNELS.

DEAR MR. PUNCH.—In the last but one number of your most excellent volume which has just ended, I find an insulting letter from a certain scribbling catawauler signing himself (or herself) "A. MOUSER, Past President of the Anti-Canine Association." Sir, brief as this feline libeller's epistle is, it contains some expressions which must rouse the ire of every patriotic Barker. There is a reference to our "ugly teeth." "Ugly teeth," indeed! As if a dog's grinders were not to be infinitely preferred to a miserable milk-swiller's! Let me appeal to the Right Hon. TOBY's sense of dignity.

This letter which forms the subject of my correspondence contains a disgraceful sneer at the gross injustice which, at this present time, makes a dog's life well-nigh unbearable in the metropolis—I mean the terrible muzzling order. Is it not enough that these pests of the world, these whiskered knaves, steal our bones by day, and disturb our slumbers by night? Is it not enough that their nerve-thrilling squalls interrupt the melodious notes of my midnight serenades to the moon? Sir, were I asked what thing most represented the evil of this weary world of strife, I should without hesitation reply, "a common tabby mouser." Be it known to

you, Sir, that the canine community will never rest till that base generation of nocturnal thieves and roof-scramblers be extirpated from off the face of the earth, or till at least the hated muzzle, most evident sign of the cruelty and inhumanity of man, is transferred from the nose of the dog to the face of the cat. Meanwhile, let our battle-cry be, "Conspuez les chats! A bas Monsieur Mouser!"

Yours in Fidelity,

ROVER TAIL-WAGGER.

President of the Society of Anti-Muzzle-
onians, also Vice-President of the Anti-
Feline Society.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.—"Please, Sir," writes X-OFFICIAL, "what does 'Anti-Semitism' mean? 'Anti,' I suppose, means 'against'—except, perhaps, at the game of cards called 'Brag'—and 'tism' is the termination of a lot of things, rheumatism, criticism, sophism, and so forth. But how about 'Semi'? Where does that come in? Try it on rheumatism. What do you make of semi-rheumatism? Something unpleasant, of course. Semi-criticism: something equally unpleasant in another way. But 'Semitism'! What's half a 'tism'? I give it up. Enlighten me." "X-OFFICIAL" should read the treatise on "Wasms, Isms, and Didums," in *The Infants' Encyclopedia*, par. x., vol. xx.

AN EVERY NIGHT "REVUE."

Pot-Pourri at the Avenue Theatre, written by (for a wonder) only one author, Mr. JAMES T. TANNER, with "lyrics" by only one librettist, W. H. RISQUE, and set to music by a single unaided composer, NAPOLEON LAMBELET (a name highly suggestive of a most successful Anglo-French harmonious alliance as indicating the partnership of a sleeping lion and a playful lambkin), professes to be only "A Revue of 1899," though it deals with some subjects that date back to '97. It is illustrated by several very clever actors and actresses, adepts at "quick change" from one disguise to another, not always perhaps with such complete success as to defy recognition of identity. While some of the actors make only the faintest attempt at facially resembling the public characters whom they are supposed to be personating, yet in most instances they have caught "the tricks and the manners" peculiar to the persons imitated. Thus, not facially, but by mannerisms in tone and tricky movements, Mr. FARREN SOUTAR's imitations of CHARLES HAWTREY, HAYDEN COFFIN, CHARLES WYNDHAM, are immediately recognised, while his "make-up" as Mr. PINERO is perfect. Mr. JOHN LE HAY, ventriloquist and entertainer, is very amusing, though in his imitation of Mr. HARE as the *Gay Lord Queer* there is little that recalls that comedian, except one or two well-known mannerisms. The ladies, however, fairly carry off the honours, for Mlle. JANE MAY, singing as YVETTE GUILBERT, and acting as SARA BERNHARDT in *Hamlet*, is admirable; shut your eyes and you are listening to SARA herself; open them and you see a near relation of SARA's. Miss MARIE DANTON's imitations of Miss WINIFRED EMERY and MARIE TEMPEST are excellent; while her IRENE VANBRUGH as the *Manicurist* in the great scene at the Globe is very nearly an exact reproduction of the clever original. The somewhat unequal and jerky entertainment owes much of its "go" to the really admirable performance of Miss CLAIRE ROMAINE as Miss MAUDE MILLET in the *Tyranny of Tears*, as *Biggs* from *The Circus Girl*, as *La Duchesse Fortescue* (in the *Questionable scene* at the Globe), as *La Poupée*, but above all as "Mary, a Housemaid," in which character she sings a song which is the hit of the entire evening, compelling any number of encores with which Miss CLAIRE ROMAINE complies, going one verse better every time. This "Variety show" piece (of which the second act is far and away the brighter) mainly appeals to *habitués* of the theatres and halls, and a great deal of it is certain to be unintelligible to those who are unacquainted with the originals here burlesqued, but by these the songs will be appreciated. It is just the sort of entertainment where the experiment of "half-price at 9.30" all over the house (gallery excepted) might be tried with considerable chance of success. *Voilà une revue qu'on peut revoir.*

STOPPED AT THE GATES.

["The Hon. JOHN SCOTT MONTAGU, M.P., drove down to the House of Commons last evening in an automobile which the police on duty declined to admit into Palace-yard."—*Daily Mail*, July 4.]

AIR.—"La Donna è Mobile."

LARGE Automobile,
P'lice circumvent O
When you are bent O
T'wards House of Commons.
Constable hollering,
Constable follering,
Constable, collaring
Motor, you'll "summons."
Off at the gate, O!
There it will wait, O!
'Tis as I state, O!
"Please to descend!"
"I'm M.P.!"
"Yes I see,
But you'll descend!"

SENSE V. FASHION.—A "pot-hat," or a straw, or a soft deer-stalker, is so much more comfortable during this tropical time in London. "Only," says Mr. PRIM, "how about appearances? In the London season, isn't a 'topper' *de rigueur*?" "My dear old PRIM," says CHARLIE CARELESS, "who cares what you wear? It's what you are. That's the point."



TRIALS OF A NOVICE.

Angler. "HUSH! KEEP BACK! KEEP BACK! I HAD A BEAUTIFUL RISE JUST THEN. I SHALL GET ANOTHER DIRECTLY."

[He did.]

THE RULING PASSION.

"[A correspondent writes to the *Methodist Times* condemning the wicked self-indulgence of ministers who preach long sermons.]—*Daily Paper*.]"

AH, many forms of vice there be—
When drunk, to get still drunker,
To swear, revoke, bet, gamble, tee
Your golf-ball in a bunker;
To fluke at billiards, beat your bride,
Or kill your cousin-german—
But these are venial beside
Preaching too long a sermon.

Like drink, the vice steals day by day
Insidiously on you,
And still the more that you give way
The more it grows upon you,
And you are ever more and more
The miserable worm on
Which all true men should tread—the bore
That preaches a long sermon.

But are we slaves? Can't we restrain
This brutal self-indulgence
That mars our age, and casts a stain
Upon its bright effulgence?

Come! let us boldly face the bore,
And issue forth our firman
To boycott all who preach a more
Than fifteen-minute sermon.

BY A LAW STUDENT IN CHAMBERS.

Wednesday, July 5.

THE days are gone when I used to seek
Refreshment and fun in the Henley Week,
But now all that is a thing of the past,
The pace at the time was too good to last.
Farewell to the straws and the flannel
shirts,
Farewell to the house-boats, launches, and
flirts,
Farewell to champagne cups and cigar-
ettes,
To the gloves and the sweet things lost in
bets;

In chambers, alas, I sit and groan,
Slaving, and writing, and waiting alone.
On parchment and paper with pen and ink
I draw the draughts that I cannot drink.
I'll see if my chief is here . . . I'll try . . .
He's off! To Henley? . . . hem!—So am I!!

SPHERES OF INFLUENCE.

[A Speaker at the Women's Congress suggested that their male opponents should be made to suffer "some inconvenience in private life," observing that the dinner table might become a useful tool in our hands.]

PHYLLIS, when we used to woo,
And on politics debated,
I was Tory, dear, while you
Woman's suffrage advocated.

Married, though with views still sound,
I no longer would be winner
In debate, because I found
You revenged yourself at dinner.

Thus not arguments convince
Me, now yielding on the question,
But your *réchauffés* and mince,
PHYLLIS, and my poor digestion.

A POPULAR ORTHOPÆDIA BRITANNICA.

MR. PUNCH has gathered from correspondence addressed to the papers that there are large quantities of people, apparently in the enjoyment of leisure, who are prepared to set the crooked straight. Crooked, that is, as it seems to them, and straight, in their own private opinion. He is glad to be able to direct the attention of the Press, which publishes their criticisms, to an institution where the real process actually goes on. It is the City Orthopædic Hospital in Hatton Garden, re-opened the other day by H.R.H. the Duke of CAMBRIDGE, whose natural force, constantly shown in personal, as once in official, service of his country, seems not the least abated by advancing years. *Viresque acquirit eundo!* (slightly to modify the Mantuan) is the sincere prayer of Mr. Punch. And by a not inadmissible variation of the usual rendering he would utilise the same phrase for the case of those poor people who receive at this hospital a special treatment for deformity. That their patients may "get strength for going" is the aim of all the other surgeons, and, in particular, of Mr. E. NOBLE SMITH, whose name is so well justified by his work. Mr. Punch is confident to believe that the debt of £6,000 could be paid off out of the purses of his own gentle and generous readers.

AT THE ADELPHI.

Overheard at Mme. Sarah Bernhardt's recent Shakspearian performance.

First Fair Spectator. Why is Hamlet so angry with his mother?

Second Fair ditto. Oh, because—it's in the play, you know. You've read *Hamlet*, haven't you?

First ditto ditto. Oh, yes, of course, but it was long ago, and my French was never very good.

A New Song to an Oldham Tune.

THE WINSTON boy to the wars has gone,
In the beaten ranks you'll find him;
His father's gear he has girded on,
And his MAWDSLEY's just behind him.

AN OLD BOOK WHICH IS NOT AT ALL A
FAVOURITE WITH PRESIDENT KRÜGER.—
MILNER'S *End of Controversy*.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

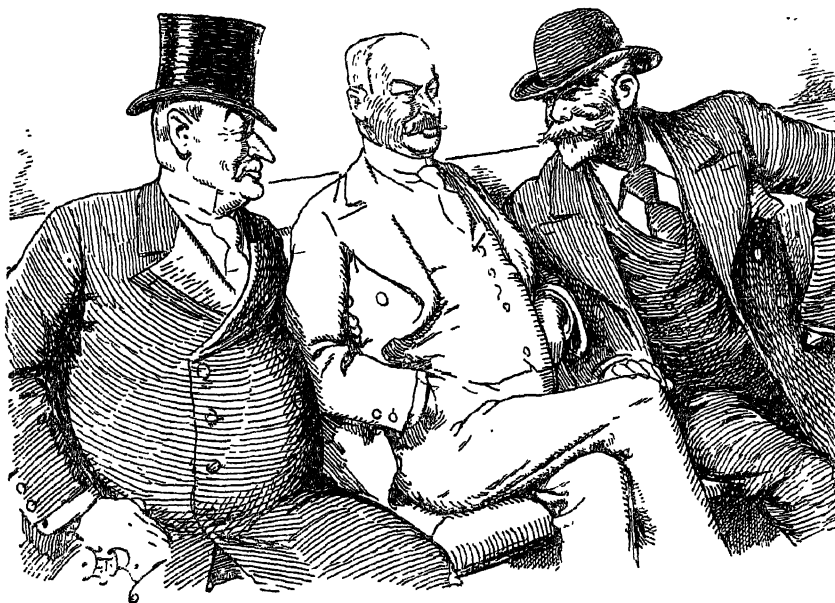
EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, July 3.—“One thing I like about the Opposition,” said SARK, “is their regular habits. They don’t worry you with wondering what they will do in certain circumstances. When, just now, their Leader was on his legs making the almost commonplace remark that till the promised papers about the Niger Territory deal are out he would defer passing judgment on the transaction, I whispered to PRINCE ARTHUR, ‘There goes an hour of your time and at least a couple of divisions.’ I was wrong. They kept it up below the gangway for two hours, and took three divisions. It’s not that they don’t like CAWMELL-BANNERMAN personally, or that they think he does not manage very well as a Leader. The contrary is the fact in both cases. But gentlemen below the gangway are born with instinctive impulse each man to be his own Leader. The only way the Centurion would have got along with them would have been to reverse his word of command. When he wanted a Radical to come he would have said ‘Go,’ and when he desired to relieve himself of his presence he would have said ‘Come,’ and he goeth. The Leader of the Opposition can’t very well adopt that plan, though to outward appearance it comes to the same thing. For as sure as ever he counsels a particular line of action, the battalion below the gangway slope arms and march away in the opposite direction.”

It was CAP’EN TOMMY BOWLES who was responsible for to-night’s performance. Possibly gentlemen below gangway opposite might, for once, have followed their Leader. But the CAP’EN was irresistible. It was like to a class of good little boys at school attentive to the counsel of teacher. To them enters a bold bad boy from



THE GREAT PERIL!
BEFORE WHICH BOTH HOUSES QUAIL.
(After a sketch by Mr. Birrell.)



WELCOME LITTLE STRANGER;

Or, “Out of the Frying Pan into—etc.”

Mr. C-r-t-n-y W-r-n-r, and Mr. J-h-n B-r-n-s endeavour to make Mr. Wh-t-l-y feel thoroughly at home in his new quarters.

the street, who makes faces at teacher, inopportunistly observes “Yah!” and gradually works upon the strain of original sin in the class till they are all in revolt. So when the CAP’EN moved to report progress because, as he said, CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER had not fully entered up the log, the Radicals, unmindful of their Leader’s injunction, joined in; growing momentarily more excited, kept the ball a rolling for two merry hours.

It was fun for them, but it seems to be death for the system of parliamentary Leadership.

Business done.—Niger Territory taken over.

House of Lords, Tuesday.—The LORD CHANCELLOR really doesn’t know what we’re coming to. Only last week, in debate on alderwomen, he had to take the MARKISS seriously to task. Now it is DEVONSHIRE, of all other persons in the world, who is breaking out. Last night, pressed for reasons for the creation of Greater Westminster, the DOOK pleaded sentiment. The DOOK’s remarks on this point were in prose; the idea has, by an earlier hand, been set in deathless verse. The DOOK doubtless thinking of it when he spoke.

“I sit with my feet in a brook,
And if any one asks me for why,
I hit him a rap with my crook,
‘Tis sentiment kills me, says I.”

That bad enough for one week. To-night, on report stage of this same London Government Bill, the DOOK gets up and volunteers to accept an amendment moved by that other swain, the belted Earl of PORTSMOUTH, exempting members of borough councils from service on all juries.

Every hair on full-bottomed wig of LORD CHANCELLOR uprose in consternation. A sight that made the stoutest heart quail. “Surprised, astonished, d—foundered,” LORD CHANCELLOR gasped. The DOOK yawned.

“Oh, it’s of no consequence,” he said. “Say no more about it.”

They didn’t, but House felt that LORD CHANCELLOR had saved the State.

Business done.—Lords passed London Government Bill through final stage, albeit shorn of the grace of alderwomen.

Thursday.—House emptied after division that blasted the hopes of prospective alderwomen. Debate resumed on Military Works Bill. BUCHANAN discoursed at length. Might as well have continued his observations on the history of MARY, Queen of Scots for all the attention he aroused. When he made an end of speaking, up got the SQUIRE OF MALWOOD. Not much seen about the House just now. PRINCE ARTHUR, sharing Treasury Bench with GEORGE WYNDHAM, started.

Soon evident the SQUIRE meant business and mischief. Harked back to old charges of financial heresy, to complaints of supplementary estimates for millions sprung upon House, when it was understood financial scheme of the year was completed. Was a time when these pained reproaches, these solemn warnings might be disregarded. Things different now, with the shoe pinching at the Treasury, with revolt in the camp, and reverses at the polling booth.

ST. MICHAEL, fearing no evil, had returned to his room. Scouts hastily despatched to bring him back. He came in walking delicately, knowing, when he saw the SQUIRE on his legs, that some one was being hewed in pieces before the SPEAKER. “Nothing about the Tithes Bill, I hope?” he whispered to PRINCE ARTHUR, “for, of course, you know I can’t—”

Reassured on that point, he made brief reply and House relapsed into state approaching coma.

Business done.—The Lords, having smothered DESDEMONA ALDERWOMAN with DUNRAVEN’S pillow, the Commons meekly acquiesce.

Friday.—Some time ago House hugely amused at what it pleased to regard as a bull bred by that eminent agriculturist



IN THE ROW.

"SEE THAT OLD CHAP THERE—ON THE COB? WELL, HE'S WORTH A MILLION OF MONEY. THOSE GIRLS ARE MAKING UP TO HIM."

"INDEED! BUT THE GIRLS THEMSELVES ARE WORTH MAKING UP TO—BECAUSE THEY'VE GOT A MILLION BETWEEN THEM!"

HART-DYKE. Talking about JEMMY LOWTHER'S indictment of the LORD CHANCELLOR for having committed a breach of privilege by taking part in election proceedings, H.-D. observed that his right, hon. friend had climbed to the top of the tree and caught a very big fish.

"Haw, haw," members laughed. Fish never climb up a tree; *Argal*, they can't be caught at the top.

But they don't know everything down in the Judee by Westminster Clock. Member for Sark, who has just come in from a visit to the Zoological Gardens, tells me of a fish he saw there, a recent addition to the treasures of the pools. It is the Indian climbing fish, *Anabas* the learned call it. Is found in the rivers and estua-

ries of India, Ceylon and Burma. When it gets weary of the monotony of water it just lands, shakes its fins, climbs the nearest tree and takes a look round. It does not resemble the LORD CHANCELLOR in other respects than that it has an engaging countenance and slightly waddles in its walk. But it was certainly the *Anabas* HART-DYKE was thinking of when he made his famous point.

Business done.—In Committee of Supply.

NOTICE TO THOSE WHOM IT CONCERNS.—Why is it difficult for any black-and-white artist to make a likeness of Mr. Punch's Editor? Why? Because he is not to be easily "drawn."

PULPITOLOGY.

["According to an advertisement of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, 'Dean FARRAR is one of the most eloquent of pulpitologers.'"—*The Globe*.]

THOUGH not omniscient, I've read
As much as most. At college I
Assiduously crammed my head
With every kind of ology.
But neither Don nor stocking blue
Have I e'er come across that knew
A fraction more than I or you
Of this same pulpitology.

What is its meaning? Does it teach
An eloquence volcanic? A
Resistless charm? A power to preach
With magic Honeymantic? A
Strange force that draws the sixpence shy
Into the plate? I know not, I,
Nor any, save perhaps the *Cy-*
-lopædia Britannica.

Of things obscure I'm loth to teach,
Yet of my little knowledge, I
Would venture to explain this breach
Of laws of etymology.
Signs of the *Times* are clear enough
In this sesquipedalian stuff—
The *Times* that have a book to puff,
And hence this pulpitology.

LEGALISED PROVERBS.

WHERE there's a will there's a law suit.
The successful lawyer is a man of actions.
Look before you leap into litigation.

The wise man keeps his own counsel,
and the wise counsel keeps his own man.

Many a muddle makes a muckle for the lawyers.

No suit lasts longer than a suit in chancery.

A conveyancer is never afraid of drafts.
A brief in the hand is worth two in a solicitor's office.

'Tis better to have fought and lost than to have had no case at all.

Little plaintiffs have large fears.
The good solicitor is known by his good deeds.

Two heads, a leader and a junior, are better than one.



"How Grey your Hair's getting, dear! It used to be such a pretty Black."
"Yes, dear, and how Red yours has got! It used to be a pretty Black, too!"



Little Dobbs. "HULLO! WHAT'S THAT? LOOKS LIKE A MOWING MACHINE."

Hairstresser (who does not appreciate "chaff"). "NO, SIR, 'TAIN'T A MOWIN' MACHINE. IT'S MEANT TO GIVE GENTLEMEN FRESH HAIR."

OPERATIC NOTES.

Thursday, July 13.—Alas! Your Operatic Notable, who has been longing to witness the production at Covent Garden of *Messaline*, by one ISIDORE DE LARA, a name in itself suggestive of a romantic operatic tenor with a touch of Byronic poesy in him, was unavoidably prevented by his uncompromising Medicine Man from being present in *propria persona*, and so had to delegate his powers to a competent and perfectly unprejudiced representative, from whose report it appears that the House was filled to overflowing by a most enthusiastic audience; but whether the general enthusiasm, like Bob Acres' courage, gradually "oozed out" before the curtain descended on the final tableau of the third act, or whether from being "general" it became "a trifle too particular," and so continued *diminuendo*, "small by degrees, and beautifully less," it seems certain that considerable leakage of favourable sentiment had taken place during the artistically excellent performance of the work; and it might have evaporated entirely, but for the undoubted superiority of the final scene, aided by the singing and admirable acting of Mme. HÉGLON as *Messaline*, supported by M. ALVAREZ, "going strong," as the gladiator *Hélios* ("quite the *He lion*," as WAGSTAFF took an opportunity of whispering to a helpless acquaintance), and by M. RENAUD, capital as *Harès*. The others were good, but of them my deponent speaketh not. As for the costumes and the scenic effect, the Covent Garden Stage Management seems to have surpassed itself, and then gone one better. Such is the report of The Deponent Representative. As the poet observed of his own John Gilpin, "When he next doth ride abroad, May I be there to see!" so, when *Messaline* is repeated, may it be when "the Rover is free," which is possible on any night save a Wednesday, and your Operatic Notable, *rétabli*, will then and there, sitting as Supreme Judge of the High Court of Punch-and-Judicature, decide whether this present somewhat unsatisfactory verdict is to be reversed or confirmed.

NEW WORDS FOR AN OLD TUNE.

"I AM in a strait, ISAAC GORDON,
I am in a strait, a strait financially.
I have sought help at the Bank, ISAAC GORDON,
And in the humble shop where the Golden Balls hang three."
"Sixty per cent.," said ISAAC GORDON,
"Is all I ask on good security."
The security was sound,
So he lent him fifty pound,
And the borrower the money took, and rejoicing home went he.

"Give me a little time, ISAAC GORDON,
Just a little time for 'turning round,'" said he.
"What's a paltry fifty pound, ISAAC GORDON?
A paltry fifty pound, it is nought 'twixt you and me.
They told me you were kind, ISAAC GORDON,
And treated all your clients tenderly.
You wear a pleasant smile,
And I'm sure you're free from guile,
And I'm drifting to the Dismal Court, the Court of Bankruptcy."

And it's never, never, never, ISAAC GORDON,
Never you that precious fifty pound will see,
Though you call him names by letter, ISAAC GORDON,
And put in an execution on his private property.
You have flung away your cash into the gutter,
And have set the law in motion uselessly.
For the creditors distraint,
And the brokers "broke" in vain,
When a debtor's reached the haven of complete Insolvency.

RATHER STARTLING FOR WILLIAM.

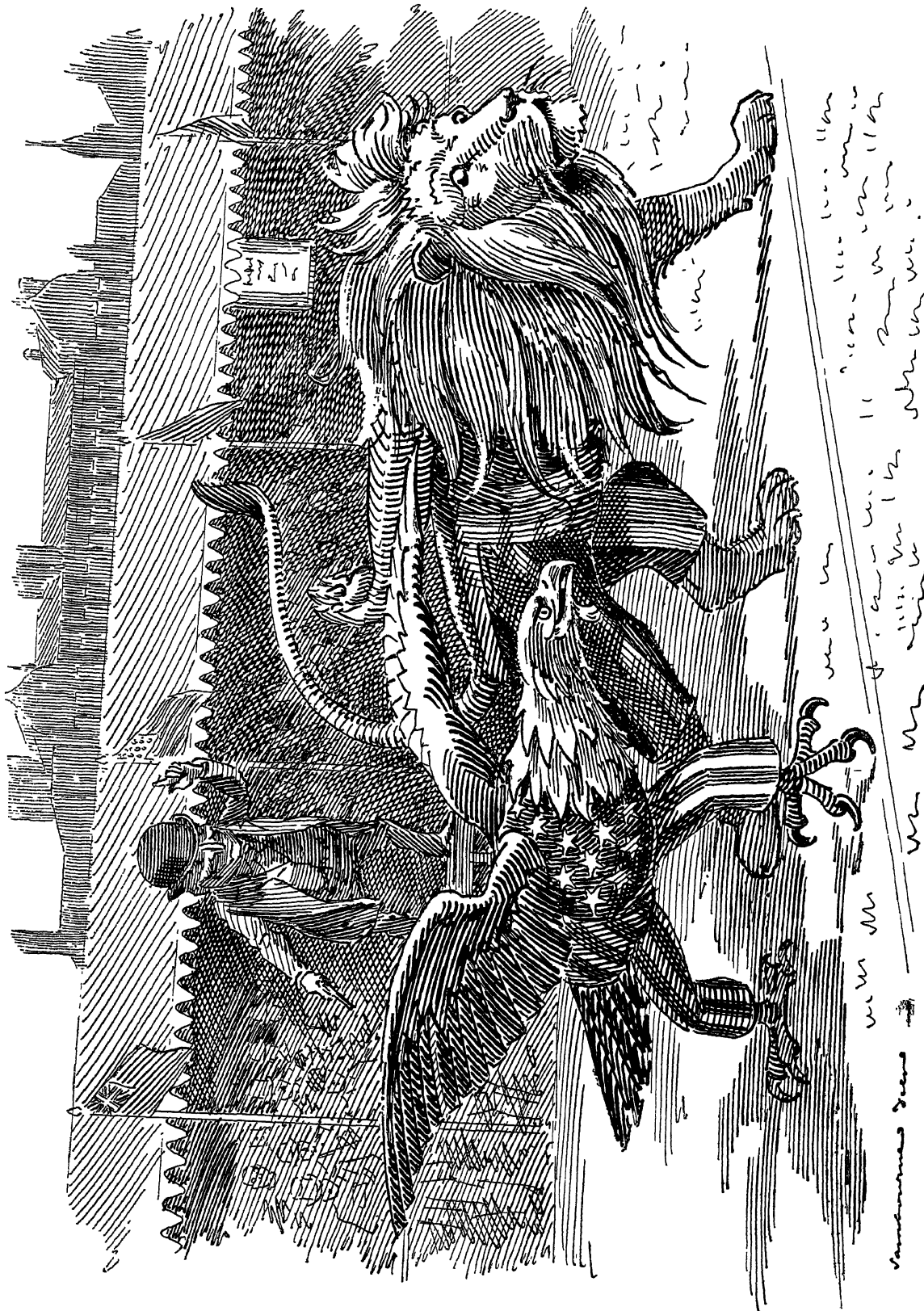
THE GERMAN EMPEROR languidly took up his *Times*. The weather was uncommonly hot. "The place of the Emperor in the Constitution," he read, in the correspondence from Berlin, "is often absurdly exaggerated"—("Hallo!" quoth WILLIAM)—"especially abroad, and nowhere more than in England." ("Hum! I don't know so much about that," muttered WILLIAM to himself.) Then he read on how a judgment of the Supreme Court at Leipzig, in a case of *lèse-majesté*, had emphasized such doctrines as follow; first, "In the German Empire sovereignty is vested, not in the Emperor, but in all the Federated Governments together." ("Oh, indeed!" quoth WILLIAM satirically, "and, may I ask, where do I come in?") Secondly, how wrong it is to speak of "The Sovereign of Germany"—("Depends how he's spoken of," muttered WILLIAM)—or "The German Monarch." ("Because I'm *plus que Monarque*, I'm several monarchs rolled into one!—What next?") Thirdly, "there is no Sovereign of Germany." ("Hallo!") Fourthly, "only a Sovereign German Empire." (!!!)

WILLIAM paused, and then looked around to see if there were any one present who wasn't doing exactly what he ought to be doing, but finding himself "unobserved," he drew a deep draught of the coolest Moselle cup, and in a calmer mood continued his perusal. Then he gathered from the legal opinion there expressed, that, in making a speech from the Throne, as long as the Emperor quoted sentiments, with or without approval, such quotations, as used by His Imperial Majesty, might be freely criticised by any one; but that when the Emperor happened to express "his own personal opinion"—and here WILLIAM, having read to the end, summed it up for himself at the top of his voice, "Then nobody must take any notice of it in any way whatever!"

An aide-de-camp, startled by the explosion, looked in to know if the Emperor had summoned him. "No," brusquely, he hadn't. "Had His Imperial Majesty seen the sentence pronounced on the Socialist editor?" inquired the tactful official. Eh? No. It had escaped the Imperial notice. The aide-de-camp read, "Socialist editor condemned to four months' imprisonment for criticising what he must have known to be the Emperor's private and personal opinions."

WILLIAM breathed easier. "You may leave me." The aide-de-camp withdrew. WILLIAM looked into the silver flagon. There was still some refreshment left. "So perish all my critics. Now," he added gaily, "shall I paint some historical pictures, or have a naval or military review, or—stay—I won't go to Cowes."

WARNING TO MUSICIANS AND INSTRUMENT MAKERS.—There's an old proverb against touching "pitch." Better toss it up.



THE ANGLO-SAXON RACE.

HARVARD AND YALE V. OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE, QUEEN'S CLUB, JULY 22, 1899.

THE SHUTTLE-HEN.

(In humble imitation of that very clever play "The Weather-Hen," now running at the Comedy.)

ACT I. SCENE—MRS. PRIOR'S Boudoir in Regent's Park.

Mrs. Prior. I do wish, MARVEL, you wouldn't write your plays in my boudoir. They're not at all the sort of plays which ought to be written in a lady's boudoir.

Marvel (looking up from his writing). They're far too improper to be written in my study.

Mrs. Prior. At least you might refrain from smoking here.

Marvel. I can't write without smoking.

Mrs. Prior. DICKY thinks it's awfully bad form to smoke in my room.

Marvel (politely). DICKY?

Mrs. Prior. DICKY BATTYE.

Marvel. DICKY BATTYE! You can't expect me to take the opinion of a youth with a name like that.

Mrs. Prior. JIMMY thinks so too.

Marvel (pained). JIMMY! I do wish you would give up calling your friends by these deplorable nicknames. Do, to oblige me.

Mrs. Prior (proudly). JIMMY and I are Pals. We call each other "old Pal" in conversation. Such a pretty habit!

Marvel. Ah, you mean Mr. FERGUSON, the moralist with the atrocious clothes, who always glares at one with the whites of his eyes, in conversation. I wish you'd speak to him about it.

Mrs. Prior (with dignity). Do you wish me to leave your roof?

Marvel. To be perfectly frank, I rather think I do.

Mrs. Prior (scornfully). In order that you may continue to carry on your intrigue with MAUDE VERTUE? By the way, your friends are not always very happily named.

Marvel. *Lucus a non lucendo*, my love.

Mrs. Prior. Then I will go at once. (Puts on hat and feather boa.) Heavens, I nearly forgot IBSEN. (Takes up well-thumbed copy of the Dramatist's works.) Goodbye, MARVEL.

Marvel (returning to his writing). Good-bye. Would you mind closing the front door quietly after you?

Mrs. Prior. Brute!

[Exit C. Presently the front door slams three times.

Marvel (sighing). I knew she couldn't resist slamming that door. They all do it since the Doll's House. But once would have been sufficient.

ACT II. SCENE—DICKY BATTYE's Cottage at Staines. Mrs. PRIOR, clasping IBSEN firmly in her hand, is ushered in by impassive manservant.

Mrs. Prior. Will you say Mrs. PRIOR is here? (Exit man.) How glad DICKY will be to see me!

[Enter DICKY hurriedly. Mrs. PRIOR throws herself into his arms.

Dicky (nervously). Here, I say, you know!

Mrs. Prior. DICKY, I have left my husband for ever. In future I am going to live with you.

Dicky (much confused). Yes . . . but . . . the fact is, my father's here—and Mr. FERGUSON—JIMMY FERGUSON, you know. Won't they think it rather odd?

Mrs. Prior. How provoking! You must send them away at once.



P. L. M. A. 95

"WHAT ARE YOU CRYING FOR, BOY?"—"BOOHOO! FATHER'S ILL IN BED."

"WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH HIM!"—"DOCTOR SAYS 'E'S GOT DRIFUS FEVER."

Dicky. But I can't send Papa away. He'd stop my allowance.

Mrs. Prior (reproachfully). You don't care for me, DICKY!

Dicky. What rot! Of course I care for you awfully. But a fellow can't elope with a married woman under the eyes of his father, can he? It would be absurd.

[Enter Mr. BATTYE and FERGUSON.

Mrs. Prior. JIMMY!

Ferguson (gloomily). What are you doing here, old Gal—I mean Pal?

Dicky (jealous). I say, FERGUSON!

Mr. Battye (suspiciously). Er . . . RICHARD . . . Who is this lady?

Dicky (virtuously). The Trewh, old Pal.

Mrs. Prior. I am Mrs. PRIOR, the wife of the dramatist. I have left my husband and am going to live with DICKY.

Mr. Battye. With my son? RICHARD, is this true?

Dicky (ruefully). Afraid so, father.

Mr. Battye. Indeed! Then I shall stop your allowance.

Dicky (to Mrs. Prior). I told you he would.

Mrs. Prior. Never mind, DICKY. I'll go back to the stage and earn enough for both of us. (Waving IBSEN in the air.) Here is that which shall make our fortunes.

Mr. Battye. That hasn't been my experience of IBSEN productions.

Jimmy. Nor mine.

[Displays a large hole in his coat.

Mrs. Prior. Well, DICKY?

Mr. Battye. Well, RICHARD?

Dicky. Er . . . well . . . the fact is, Mrs. PRIOR, if living on IBSEN means



"WHAT'S IN A NAME?"

(A Sketch at a Regatta. A warning to "the Cloth" when up the River.)

wearing clothes like that, I think I must decline.

Mr. Battye. Quite right, my boy.

Mrs. Prior (with decision). Then I shall return to MARVEL by the next train!

ACT III.—SCENE as in Act I. MARVEL writing plays at a side table. The front door closes with a crash.

Marvel. That door again. It must be my wife. I know her slam. (Enter Mrs. PRIOR.) Is that you, my love? Have you left anything behind?

Mrs. Prior. MARVEL, I have come back to you.

Marvel. Oh, no, you haven't.

[Returns to his writing.

Manservant. Mr. FERGUSON.

Mrs. Prior. JIMMY!

Marvel. Oh, confound.

[Exit C. hurriedly.

Ferguson (in his abrupt manner). Old Pal, what is it?

Mrs. Prior. JIMMY, what am I to do? I left MARVEL this morning to go and live with DICKY at Staines. DICKY wouldn't have me. I leave DICKY and return to live with MARVEL. MARVEL won't have me. I am bandied to and fro like a shuttlecock.

Ferguson (who has views on the Sex Question). Shuttle-hen.

Mrs. Prior. It's the same thing.

Ferguson (briefly). Not a bit. Quite different.

Mrs. Prior. JIMMY, don't argue. And don't glare with the whites of your eyes like that. My husband asked me to speak to you about it.

Ferguson (snappishly). You have no husband.

Mrs. Prior. That unfortunately appears to be the case.

Ferguson (gruffly). What can I do for you?

Mrs. Prior (persuasively). You might run away with me, if you would.

Ferguson. No, thanks. I'm going to Australia. You'd much better stay here.

Mrs. Prior. With MARVEL?

Ferguson. Certainly.

Mrs. Prior. But it's impossible. People don't do those things, as dear Hedda Gabler used to say.

Ferguson. Look here, do you love MARVEL?

Mrs. Prior (energetically). I hate him!

Ferguson. Stay and live with him, then. It's the greatest punishment you can inflict on a husband.

Mrs. Prior. That's not in IBSSEN.

Ferguson. No. It's been discovered since. And remember, no more Battle-dore and Shuttle-hen. It's a dangerous game. (Aside.) Poor MARVEL!

[Exit hastily.

EXCHANGE AND MART.

Two dozen Fish Knives, in good order, handles only missing; will exchange for 200-gallon Galvanised Iron Tank, or anything useful.—P., Box 5446.

Old Bedstead, very rare, owned by Queen ELIZABETH, must sell, owner going abroad.—Apply M.E., Low Street, Shadwell.

For Sale, excellent Towel-horse, in thorough repair, price 10s.; will take 1s.; worth double.—B. 44 K.

What offers? Horse, reversible springless carriage; also pack of cards, nearly new. No dealers.—W., Box 55.

Exceptional bargains. Patent Mechanical Zulu, nearly expired; also Season Ticket, Earl's Court, 1898. First offer accepted. Only reason for selling, hard up.—Q., Box 222.

CRICKET IN DAYS TO COME.

[According to a contemporary, bicycle paths have been recently laid out on several American links, so that the golfers, accompanied by their caddies, can mount their bicycle and pedal after the balls. The Oakland Golf Club is about to construct a private tramway line completely encircling the links; chairs and iced drinks will be provided.]

At the England v. Australian match played at Lord's yesterday, a motor-car was at hand by the batting wicket so that the batsman, after making a hit, could leap into the car and score his runs without much physical exertion; all the fielders, with the exception of the bowler and the wicket-keep, were mounted on donkeys. To gallop after the ball, spring from their steeds, and gallop back was the work of a few moments, and save for the mounting and dismounting, entailed but slight trouble on the part of the fielders.

The bowling-crease was covered with a board, over which the roller-skates of the bowler moved with hardly a motion.

The wicket-keep was supported by a patent shooting-stick seat, while behind the wicket itself was an arrangement in the form of an umbrella, by which the batsmen were protected from the sun.

The umpires were seated in easy chairs to which the umbrella arrangement was affixed, with iced drinks close at hand.

The batsman who was not in play rested quietly in a swinging hammock, while an automatic dummy did the running.

LA FRANCE HUMILIÉE.

GUILLAUME GRACIEUX. HUMBERT CONTENT.

DREYFUS AU SMIN DU LUXE.

VOILÀ le résultat des conspirations du Syndicat de Trahison, aidé par l'ignoble LOUBET, héros des manœuvres mouchardes du Grand Prix, président des assommeurs du Pavillon d'Armenonville! A bas LOUBET! L'espion GILETTA est gracié. GUILLAUME d'Allemagne ose adresser des éloges à la marine française. DREYFUS, sans chaînes, respirant l'air de la France, à son aise dans une bonne chambre, mange de magnifiques repas commandés par l'infâme Syndicat anglais-juif, de luxueux repas où se trouvent tous les plats les plus succulents, sauf le porc bien entendu. C'est à espérer que le Syndicat lui sert des plats anglais, du cabage à l'eau, des mutton shops, du York pudding, de la minth sauce—oh, horreur!—du thé, et du café anglais. Une tasse de café à l'anglaise? Ah non, pas ça! Même pour le plus abominable traître qui ait jamais existé ce serait une torture trop terrible.

Et l'illustre Baron de CHRISTIANI—pour le moment je suis allié et admirateur des nobles, et grand amateur de titres et de "de," ce qui est assez drôle—lui qui a voulu sauver notre malheureux pays en écrasant le chapeau de PANAMA 1^{er}, languit en prison, et mange l'abominable nourriture d'un forçat. Sans aucune doute le Syndicat lui servira tôt ou tard une tasse de ce café anglais, à la mode des coupes de vin offertes par les BORGIA.

A vrai dire il y a des personnes, même DÉROULETTE et le Prince HENRI D'ORLÉANS—encore un titre!—qui disent que DREYFUS est peut-être innocent. Imbéciles! Ça m'est égal. Coupable ou innocent, qu'importe? Il est DREYFUS!

GILETTA gracié! A force de s'humilier devant HUMBERT le misérable LOUBET espère être invité à rendre visite à son ami italien l'hiver prochain. PANAMA 1^{er} s'amusant au milieu des délices de Capoue! Avec lui, son ami DREYFUS, futur président des Panamistes. Et M. DE CHRISTIANI, toujours en prison, pourvu qu'il n'ait pas bu la tasse de café, mangeant du pain des forçats, et buvant de l'eau de Seine, pas encore très-pure!

GUILLAUME gracieux! Oh, honte suprême! L'année prochaine il viendra visiter notre Exposition. Déguisé en femme voilée? Ça se peut. Ouvertement, en ami de LOUBET? Non! Il vaudrait mieux incendier tout que de le laisser entrer.

DREYFUS à son aise! Un vrai luxe de prison, pourvu qu'on ne lui serve pas de la minth sauce.

Et les patriotes? Mais il n'y en a plus, de patriotes, au pluriel. Il n'y a qu'un seul patriote, moi-même. Que faire? Est-ce que je puis rester en France, humiliée par tous les traîtres? Non, mille fois non! Où donc faut-il aller? Pas en Italie, pas en Allemagne, pas en Autriche, alliées de la Triplice. Pas en Turquie, chez l'ami de GUILLAUME. En Russie? Ah non, c'est un climat insupportable, et j'aime la chaleur. En Angleterre? Pays de la minth sauce et du brouillard, impossible! En Espagne, dans un château? Non, on y mange très mal. En Norvège? A Bergen, lieu de l'humiliation de la France, non! Au Transvaal? On y devient riche, mais la brutale Angleterre écrasera la petite République. A Monte Carlo? C'est le territoire d'un Dreyfusard. Partout se trouvent des Anglais, des Juifs, des Dreyfusards.

Sapristi, j'ai une idée! L'Ile du Diable n'est plus occupée. C'est un terrain à louer présentement, comme disent les annonces. Je le louerai, je ferai désinfecter toute l'île, je ferai construire une jolie villa, et j'irai m'y installer, loin de la patrie ingrate, loin des Juifs, des Panamistes, et des traîtres, dans le seul lieu où les Dreyfusards seront désormais inconnus.

HENRI TROFFORT.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

The Strange Story of Hester Wynne (SMITH, ELDER) is strange indeed. G. COLMORE (Mrs. or Miss?) has evidently studied CHARLOTTE BRONTË, run up and down *Wuthering Heights*, and cherishes girlhood reminiscences of *The Castle of Otranto*. The delirium tremens and drink-taint business is not alluring. But, in the main, the incidents of the story, mostly happening after dark, have a fascination that makes it difficult to put down the book till the end is reached. *Jesse Pimpernel* is a good slimy, fly-by-night villain of the melodramatic age. The best drawn character is his mother. Surely, in some gloomy breakfast room, Mrs. or Miss has knelt behind that broad back bent in morning prayer? The book is so powerfully written, my Baronite wishes Mrs. or Miss a pleasanter inspiration for her next work.

The reading of *Appreciations and Addresses delivered by Lord Rosebery* (JOHN LANE) induces the belief that we have in Lord

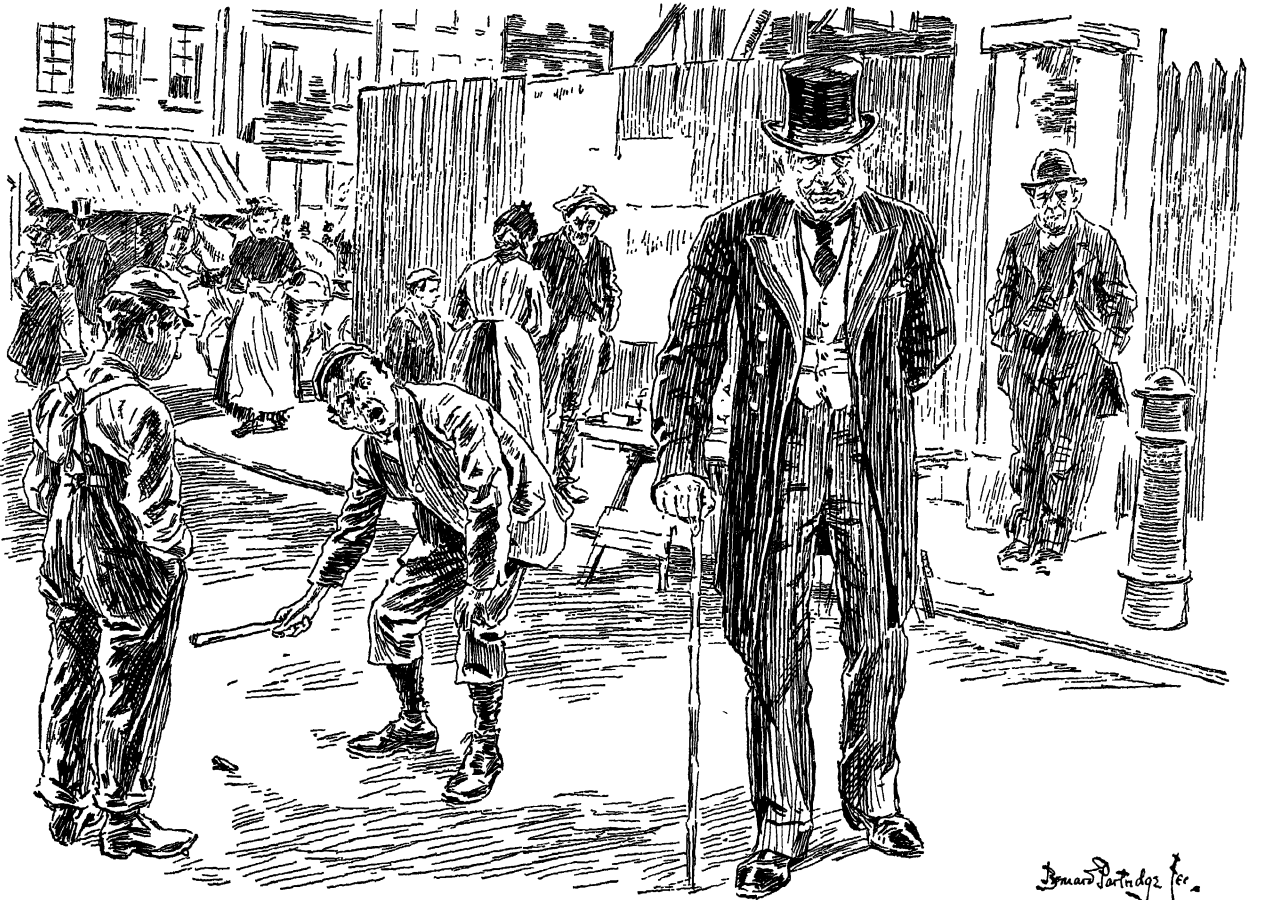


IF WALKING SKIRTS GET ANY LONGER, WE FORESEE A NEW EMPLOYMENT FOR THE LONDON BOY.

ROSEBERY, not one, but all mankind's epitome. A public man who can range from "ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON" to "Sport," from "MR. GLADSTONE" to "The Happy Town Councillor," from "ROBERT BURNS" to the "English-speaking Brotherhood"—not to speak of all the other subjects dealt with in this fascinating little volume—is more than a mere individual; he is a national possession of incalculable value. Lord ROSEBERY has in perfection the light ironic touch, the playful self-depreciation, the rapier-like humour wielded with the deft, unerring skill of a master-fencer—all, or nearly all, the qualities, in fact, that make a public speech a delight instead of a weariness to those who listen. For the purposes of permanency the *Appreciations and Addresses* are, of course, of unequal value, and speaking as a humble reader, the Baron's Deputy prefers the *Appreciations*, most of which have a very high literary and critical value. Mr. CHARLES GEAKE has performed his editorial duties with good taste and discrimination, and his short notes are models of the note introductory.

Major W. P. DRURY, of the Royal Marines, is a writer of short tales somewhat after the manner of Mr. JACOBS, the inimitable, but *non tali ingenio*, which motto may be dog-latinly translated by the average accomplished reader. His book is styled *Bearers of the Burden*, "being stories of land and sea" (LAWRENCE AND BULLEN), and the gallant Major, who, presumably, has already told these stories to the celebrated corps to which he belongs, can be both amusing, as for instance in "Parted Brassrays," and pathetic, as in "Terence of Trinity," and, notably, in "Shinny-beggar," "Second Class Stoker," and "The Man at the Window." The Major's work demands attentive perusal, his style being more narrative than dramatic, and one or two of his stories, at most, will be found sufficient for a quiet hour's relaxation. As the coster says of his walnuts on sale, "Pick 'em where you like," you are safe to hit on a good one, but those mentioned above are "of the best" thinks, and so says

THE BARON DE B.-W.



THE TIP-CAT SEASON HAS NOW COMMENCED.

Street Urchin. "NOW THEN, OLD 'UN—FORE!"

DEPRECIATIONS.

XI.

GULIELMO DEL SARTO;
OR, THE TAILOR-MADE GALLANT.

BUT do not let us differ any more,
No, my LUTETIA—mark the Latin name,
Indicative of homage so removed
I may not call you yet My Paris, Mine,
As lettered on the tablets of My heart.
I think you scarce conceive how bored I
am,

Who love to live upon the lips of men,
And even mobilize the mirth of Punch,
And have of late endured a strange
neglect,
Being, in vulgar language, somewhat
off.

'Tis why, in part, I send the present wire,
Though there be other reasons weightier
still.

And first, to speak of what should move
you most,

My trappings, symbol of the Self within.
Be pleased to figure Me i' th' uniform
Of Admiral of the Fleet, a sombre shade
Less pure cerulean than your Paris blue,
Or ours of Prussia, yet a neatish thing
And rather fetching in a gallant's rôle.
Ah! happy thought! A Romeo, I, who
climb

In fancy from the deck where I compose
Toward you, My Juliet, pictured on the
-poop.

Why was I born a Potsdam Montague,
And you a Champs Elysées Capulet,
With racial feuds to blast our budding
loves?

Far be it from the filial soul of Me
To cast reflections on My Grandpapa
(God rest his bones!) who wrought the
bloody work.

Have I not done his memory all its due,
With marble dower of animated busts,
With brazen statues larger than the life,
With vessels Gross in title as in draught,
With flags that flop in Hinterlandish airs,
And My own name of WILLIAM, one with
his?

I make no mention here of wassail-bowls,
Nor speeches spumed with wine wherein
My fame,

Lightly alluded to, was ever shown
As but a Hohenzollern heritage,
A chronic heirloom. Have I done enough?
I doubt I could not well have done much
more

Though I had been Grandfather to Myself,
One of the few things I can never be.
You smile, LUTETIA? Ah! you cannot
know

What family feeling is; 'tis not your line!
Bear with Me, if for these eleven years,
Doing My duty as a Grandson should,
I seemed to overlook those obvious charms
To which I hope herewith to make amends.
Nor is this, as a fact, My first advance,
Who wooed you once with flattering words
at Kiel,

And sent your proxies homeward much
impressed.

But you were just then lifted up with
pride,
Being courted hard of one whose kiss has
proved

Acid of Tartar. That, I hear, is past.
Besides—your pardon—things have hap-
pened since

(Affaires, you call them) which have further
served,

I' th' poet's exquisitely fashioned phrase,
To "veil your stomach." To our point
again—

How I have held you dear this many a day;
For you were ever dimly in my thoughts
When I would summon fancy to create
Whole waggon-loads of lustrous uniforms,
Superfluous, save for that one quenchless
hope,

Some day to show them forth with dazzling
change,

Moving beneath the eye of you and yours
Mid floral tributes from the Gare de l'Est
To the Arc de Triomphe, appositely named
Against my coming—this next year (who
knows?),

The date, they tell me, of a certain Show,
For which your card is doubtless on the
way.

Drop but the faintest hint, and I am there.
In Me, LUTETIA, you remark a man
(Or will do when you let me come in sight)
World-weary, nursed he not this saving
thought—



“HOCH! HOCH! THE WOOING O’T!”

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Romeo . . .

THE GERMAN EMPEROR.

Juliet . . .

LA RÉPUBLIQUE FRANÇAISE.

JULIET. “WHAT MAN ART THOU, THAT THUS BE-
SCREEN’D IN NIGHT,
SO STUMBLEST ON MY COUNSEL?”

ROMEO.

“BY A NAME

I KNOW NOT HOW TO TELL THEE WHO I AM;
MY NAME, DEAR SAINT, IS HATEFUL TO MYSELF,
BECAUSE IT IS AN ENEMY TO THEE.”

Romeo and Juliet, Act II., Sc. 2.

Your heart is still to conquer! There I have
 The pull of ALEXANDER, else My equal.
 Trifle not, therefore, with My proffered troth.
 Bethink you how great risk the lady ran
 With *Duncan Gray* (Hoch! hoch! the wooing o't!);
 That "haughty hizzie" held her nose in air,
 And "she may gae to—France for me," he said;
 Meaning a warmer place. The time may come,
 I say it with no sort of wish to boast,
 When you may want my hand against the world,
 This mailed fist now cased in velveteen.
 But yet I scorn to menace, as I scorn
 To lure your love with bribes. In any case
 I needs must hold by Elsass-Lothringen,
 Or fail in duty to my Grandpapa.
 It was his humour we should keep the thing;
 A harmless whim that cheered his waning hours,
 And so to be respected. And indeed
 The gift, if Mine to give, were little worth
 Compared with what I offer you—Myself!
 Three bells o' th' second dog-watch? Ho, below!
 Mess uniform of Midnight Sun Marines!

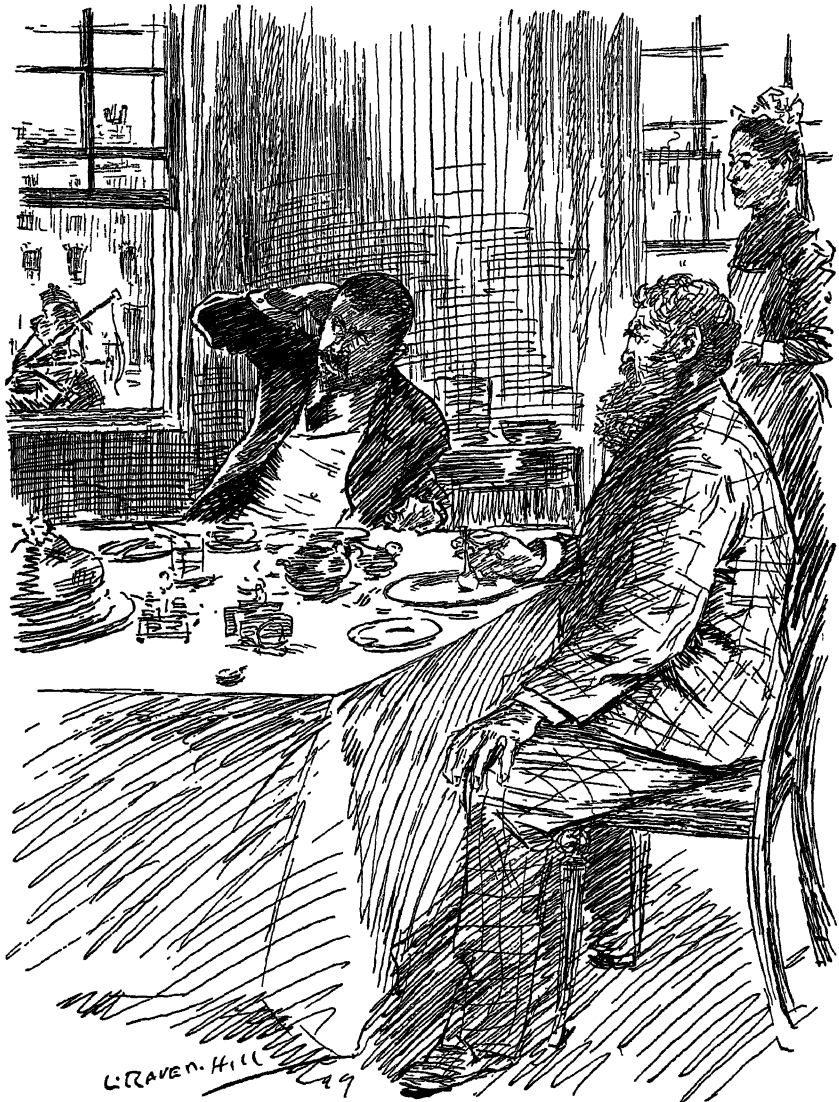
IRELAND V. WALES.—SIR THOMAS LIPTON, on behalf of the *Shamrock*, authorises the Press to deny the rumoured existence of a leak. Quoting from *Fluellen* (*Henry the Fifth*, Act V., Sc. 1), he says, "There is not enough leek to swear by." Is this another insult to the gallant little principality?



THE TAMING OF THE WHITE ELEPHANT.

Uncle Sam. "He's a fine brute, but he takes a tarnation time to tame. I wonder if friend John would buy him?"

"[The feeling throughout America of dissatisfaction at the conduct of the Filipino war is growing daily, and threatens a serious political danger to the administration.]—*Daily Paper*."



Host (with a touch of asperity, as the bagpipes strike up suddenly). "DINNA YE LIKE THE PIPES?"
 Southron (recollecting himself). "OH, IT WAS SO SUDDEN!"

A CLERICAL ERROR.

[One of the papers has been asking, "What is the best way of spending a holiday?" The Rev. SILAS K. HOCKING suggests "total abstinence from tobacco and alcohol."]

If change of occupation
 Be really rest, I said,
 I'll banish, this vacation,
 The weed to which I'm wed.
 I'll none of cham nor sherry,
 Beer, cider-cup nor perry,
 But, if I can, wax merry
 On lemonade instead.

I'll to the Thames. A boat 'll
 No doubt make me forget
 That I have turned teetotal,
 And charm away regret.
 And by the river's ripple
 With KIPLING I will kiple,
 And then I'll crave no tipple,
 Nor e'en a cigarette.

I sought a quiet harbour
 And moored me to a snag,

Embowered in an arbour
 Of gold and purple flag.
 But ah! the more I kiplied,
 The more the river rippled,
 The more I would have tippied,
 The more I craved for shag.

At length, my boat releasing,
 I swiftly pulled away.
 "Ah, give me work unceasing
 If this be holiday."
 And as the dingey stranded
 Beside the "Swan," I landed
 And instantly demanded
 A pewter and a clay.

The Outcome of the Hot Weather.

Brown (perspiring). How many dog-days are there?

Jones (limp). Give it up.

Brown (faintly). As many as there are dogs.

Jones (weaker). Why?

Brown. Because every dog has his day.

[JONES moribund.]



THE "RAISON D'ÊTRE."

He. "AND HOW DID YOU ENJOY HENLEY REGATTA?"
 She. "OH, IMMENSELY. IT WOULD BE QUITE PERFECT IF IT WEREN'T FOR THE EMPIRE'S LAUNCH, AND THE BELL, AND THE STARTING GUN, AND THOSE BOTHERING RACING FELLOWS, WHO KEEP GETTING IN THE WAY OF THE BOATS!"

THE BAROMETER OF FAME; OR, READINGS FROM ANY AUTHOR'S ANEROID.

Letter No. 1.—GLASS RISING STEADILY.

DEAR MR. ROCKETT,—I wish I could tell you how very proud I feel that you should have sent me your lovely novel, *Excelsior*. I have heard such praises of it and was so longing to get it, but little imagined that I should ever possess a copy presented by the author! I devoured it at once and was thrilled and fascinated to the last degree. There are so many things I should like to say to you about it but can't write. I wish you would come to tea to-morrow and let me thank you in person. I shall be in about five, and so delighted to see you if you can spare time to look in. Do come!

Yours sincerely,
 MERCURIA SILVERQUICK.

Letter No. 2.—SET FAIR.

MY DEAR MR. ROCKETT,—How kind of you! I couldn't sleep last night till I had finished *A Trail of Fire*. It is really too enthralling. I simply can't get it out of my thoughts. It must be delightful to be able to write such splendid books. Everybody is saying it is even better than *Excelsior*. Will you dine with us quietly on Thursday fortnight at eight? Quite a small party—only the FITZ-STILTONS and the NORMAN-CONKLINGS, who are dying to make your acquaintance. Please don't have an engagement. With many, many thanks and warmest congratulations,
 Yours very sincerely, MERCURIA SILVERQUICK.

Letter No. 3.—UNSETTLED.

MY DEAR MR. ROCKETT,—I wish I knew how to thank you for your delightful present of *Crepitations*. I haven't dared to begin it yet, because I have such quantities of things to do, and I know that if I once open it, I shall be unable to put it down till I have finished it. So I shall wait until I have a nice quiet

time and can do it justice. With best thanks and all good wishes for its success, believe me,
 Yours always most sincerely, MERCURIA SILVERQUICK.

Letter No. 4.—CHANGE.

DEAR MR. ROCKETT,—I have been so frightfully busy that I have really been unable till now to write and acknowledge your kind present of your latest story, *Purple Stars*. One seems to have so little time for serious reading, but I hope to snatch a spare half hour now and then. What is so nice about your books is that one can take them up and put them down at any moment and feel thoroughly rested. Have you read *Catherine's Wheel*? It is far the most brilliant novel I have come across for ages, and really well-written. Everybody raves about it. I wonder what you think of it?
 Yours most sincerely,
 M. SILVERQUICK.

Letter No. 5.—GLASS FALLING.

DEAR MR. ROCKETT,—Thanks so much for sending me *Ending in Smoke*. You know how interested I am in all your writings. I shall look forward to perusing your latest. I have been meaning to write to you for ever so long—but something has always turned up to prevent me, and I never seem to hear of you now. What a pleasant change in the weather after all that heat! Now I must stop, as I am just off to lunch at the Berkeley to meet that delightful Mr. FLASHLIGHT, the author of *Roman Candles*, which is making such a tremendous sensation. Have you heard of it, and isn't it wonderful? Yours always, M. S.

Letter No. 6.—MUCH RAIN.

DEAR MR. ROCKETT,—Did I write to thank you for *The Fall of a Stick*—or didn't I? It's so long ago, and I have had such heaps to do that I really forget. I am very glad to possess the book. How nicely it is got up! Yours in haste, M. S.

SUPPRESSED STANZAS.

(From Verses on "A Channel Passage, 18—," not by Mr. A—n C—s S—e.)

* * * * *

AND the waiter hearing the thirsty cries made speed and hurried full fain
 To the bar whence "Special" they bade him bring, anon, and yet once again;
 Till a faint cloud menaced with murk and gloom to darken the joys of life,
 And the sense of the rapturous yielded soon to a presage of coming strife.

* * * * *

Stern and stark, and pallid and flushed—alternate, a-gasp for breath,
 To the bulwarks I leaped with a grim green grin, and panted for naught but death;
 One mortal hour (but three hours it seemed) of lurid reckless despair,
 Though the earth might fend, and the sea sink through to the fire I would take no care,
 And with thoughts too strong for the heart to tell, and with pangs too bitter for speech,
 I yearned to throw them where sea-fowls feed, as far as the ken could reach (sic).

Such sorrow, such qualm, such woeful heave of the queasy diaphragm,
 Withed, griped, squirmed, shuddered, and wrung the heart, that had force for never a dram;
 And the cool faint sneer and the mocking brow of those that themselves were free,
 Joined pangs of spirit to bodily throes—the wrath of the tyrant sea;
 And lo! at the sharp clear basin's clang with a groan I sank on the deck,
 And of what more happed in the Channel's Chops I could neither write nor reck.

HOW TO CONVERT A LEE-METFORD RIFLE.—Take it to your "Uncle's." Then, if you leave it in his care, it will have become temporarily a "'pop'-gun."

A GENUINE TRIMMER.—A fair-minded politician who, pen in hand, takes a single sheet of paper and writes equally well on both sides.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

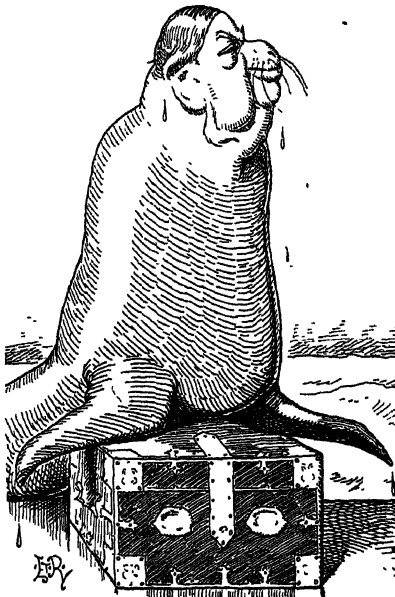
House of Commons, Monday, July 10.—Full muster to-night; Tithes Bill in Committee. Something like return to old fighting form. Benches not only crowded, gathering animated. Seemed at first as if between them SPEAKER and Chairman of Committees would pass the bill, reporting it to House without amendment. At out-set SPEAKER performed "the hat trick." Before single score had been made he bowled over, one after another, the three instructions which stood in front of bill going into Committee. Had he in any one case bowled a wide the game would have gone on all night, Committee being postponed. As soon as House got in Committee, LOWTHER, J. W., took eighteen wickets right off! That beats the record; as indeed does the number of wickets. As a mere matter of fact they were amendments the Chairman ruled out of order. But these things are an allegory.

Ministerialists, rallying round the old flag, were relieved to learn what was expected of them.

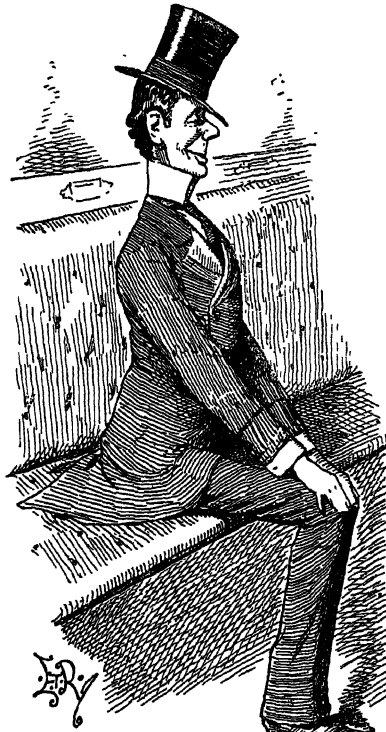
"Vote early and vote often, dear boys," said WALDRON. "But don't make speeches."

WALTER LONG, with a spare dog-muzzle in his coat-tail pocket, naturally quite at home in these circumstances. Looked round with pleased satisfaction as gentlemen below gangway strictly limited their conversation to Yea, Yea and Nay, Nay. Only exception was CRIPPS. CRIPPS the Carrier of much useful information, sound logic, impregnable argument. Obligated to dump down his load somewhere. Spread it out to-night before Opposition, delighted to have drawn somebody. As for CRIPPS, he drew the SQUIRE OF MALWOOD, who plunged into the debate as the seals jump into the blue Pacific at the Golden Gate.

By the way, SARK tells me that when he was at San Francisco watching the seals, he saw one which bore a strong personal resemblance to the SQUIRE; the same majestic presence, the same profile, and



THE SEA-LION OF DEBATE.
(Sir W-ll-m H-rc-rt.)



M'KENNA'S "TRICK"-HAT-BY FAVOUR OF
MR. SAM EVANS.
(Mr. R-g-n-l-d M'K-nna.)

the same aspect of unerring wisdom. But that is another story.

The SQUIRE in his element to-night. Real fighting going on in a field where once before he led a minority to a great victory. Watched with sad interest by ST. MICHAEL AND ALL ANGELS. It is the mere ghost of the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER who occasionally stalks in, sits low down the Treasury Bench, listens to WALTER LONG making the best of a bill which, only last year, ST. MICHAEL declared to be unnecessary and impracticable. The Opposition would rather hear ST. MICHAEL on the bill than CRIPPS. ST. MICHAEL says nothing, though, like a well known bird, he thinks the more.

Business done.—House in Committee on Tithes Bill.

Tuesday.—More than ever like old times. Crowded seats; bicker of many tongues; PRINCE ARTHUR on the pounce; closure; cries of "Gag!" and, that nothing may be lacking, M'KENNA fitting on SAM EVANS's hat in order that he may wrangle with Chairman of Committees on point of order.

Odd thing that other hat trick. When House has been cleared for a division debate is closed. If member has anything to say on point of order he may address Chair if he remain seated with his hat on. M'KENNA literally oozing with points of order, only, at critical moment, he hadn't a hat handy. Remembered what he has read about Mr. G. in similar predicament. It was in the 1880 Parliament, when Mr. G. was Premier. Something occurred to him urgently demanding utterance. Chanced that House was cleared for division; not even Leader might pass the time of day. Mr. G.'s hat in his room; borrowed HERSCHELL's; found it three

sizes too small; no time for selection; hat accordingly balanced on bridge of nose, after manner of conjurer at the fair with piece of straw, while Mr. G. delivered his soul.

So to-night M'KENNA, more fortunate in fit of borrowed hat, observed the quaint ordinance.

An appreciable portion of the so-called sitting spent in walking round the lobbies. PRINCE ARTHUR always ready to fill up any gap in the conversation by moving the closure. That means two divisions, first on the closure, then on the question it has been decided shall forthwith be put. All very well in the temperate zone; with the temperature over eighty in the shade it tells upon some people.

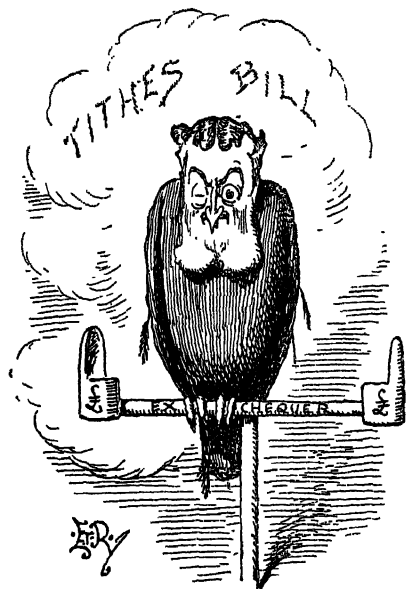
Business done.—Tithes Bill driven through Committee with the hammer of the closure.

Friday.—Four o'clock and a fine morning! Half-an-hour ago daylight, coyly peeping in, found us, still nearly three hundred strong, worrying round the Tithes Bill. Have finished the task, and are going home with the milk. PRINCE ARTHUR has seen it through, so has CAWMELL-BANNERMAN and the SQUIRE OF MALWOOD. The prying dawn creeping about the Treasury Bench discovers some slight touch of pallor on the usually rubicund countenance of the PRESIDENT OF THE BOARD OF AGRICULTURE. It has been a tough job for him, but he has come out of it remarkably well.

As the Tithes Bill prattled to him when PRINCE ARTHUR, taking up the infant, tenderly pressed it into his arms, "Love me WALTER, love me LONG."

"I will," said the PRESIDENT OF THE BOARD OF AGRICULTURE, brushing away an unbidden tear. And he has been true to his pledge.

All the more to his credit since the little Bill has not been altogether what you call a pleasant or a popular child. Nobody, at least not anybody in the House, particularly wanted it. But there it was, unexpected and forlorn. WALTER LONG took it to his manly breast, and now, at this uncanny hour of the morning, having



"A BEGGAR TO THINK."
(Sir M. H-cks-B-ch.)



Ethel (with book). "WHAT'S AN AUTOCRAT, MABEL?"
Mabel. "PERSON WHO DRIVES AN AUTO-CAR, OF COURSE, SILLY."

brought it through all its nursery troubles — rickets, whooping cough, teething, scarlatina, and eke the mumps — triumphantly passes it on for the next stage of its growth.

PRINCE ARTHUR has taken general oversight of the bringing up; the SOLICITOR-GENERAL, Utility Man of the Ministry, has acted as dry nurse; the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER has hovered about the Treasury Bench like a perturbed spirit. WALTER LONG has been in regular unflagging attendance throughout the weary sittings.

Found a companion of his long suffering in Chairman of Committees. Been a hard row to hoe for LOWTHER, J. W. The sort of thing to try a man's mettle. J. W.'s has rung true. Not been any doubt since he took the Chair of his fitness for it. Never before to-night had such arduous job. In its accomplishment has displayed inestimable qualities of fairness and firmness, lightened here and there by flashes of grim humour much enjoyed by wearied Committee. *Business done.*—Tithes Bill through Committee.

MENTHOL CULTURE.—The art of sniffing peppermint.

TEN REASONS WHY THAT CUP WAS LEFT AT BISLEY.

(Compiled by One who "Wasn't in it.")

1. BECAUSE the wind was in the wrong quarter and the sun shining right in my eyes.
2. Because there was no wind, and the range was covered with a mist.
3. Because the other competitors were talking when I was getting my sights adjusted.
4. Because a dog barked at the critical moment.
5. Because the markers were not sufficiently careful to note that a bull is not an outer.
6. Because there is no justice in this world.
7. Because one's own opinion is never taken in preference to that of the official staff.
8. Because the turf was unsuitable to taking up the proper position.
9. Because it was given to some one else.
10. Because, most important of all, there was no chance of doing anything with such ammunition.

THE BIRDS OF PARADISE.

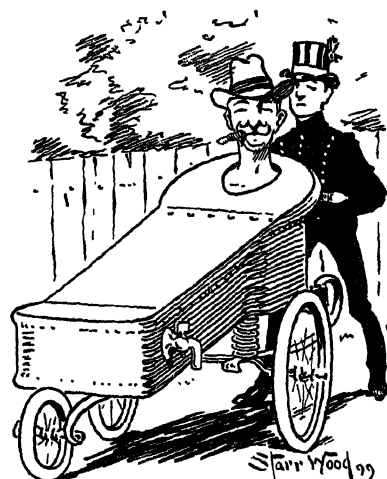
["The wholesale slaughter of birds for fashionable purposes still continues. The last two consignments included 8,000 birds of Paradise." *Daily News.*]

Spare us, ladies! 'tis for you
 That the fowlers snare us,
 That they ruthlessly pursue
 With their guns and scare us.
 'Tis for you that we do fly
 Screaming, wounded, through the sky,
 'Tis for you we drop and die—
 Spare us, ladies, spare us!

Ladies, hear our widowed wail!
 Be a little kinder!
 Look upon the bloody trail
 Fashion leaves behind her.
 Look upon this slaughtered heap,
 Where our hapless brothers sleep,
 Look, oh ladies, look and weep,
 As ye linger near them;
 And these fiedgelings, hear them cry
 When their parents come not nigh,
 Calling in their agony
 Those that cannot hear them.

Birds of Paradise, forsooth!
 Shame, ye mortals, shame!
 Give us, an ye love the truth,
 Give another name.
 Spare your irony; the jest
 Doth not fit you well;
 Look upon this bleeding breast,
 Look on this deserted nest
 And call us, as befits us best,
 Call us birds of Hell.

Nay, but, ladies, can it be,
 You, so fair and pretty,
 Are the tyrants whose decree
 Means our endless misery?
 That your eyes, so fair to see,
 Hold no drop of pity?
 Nay, we will not wrong you so;
 Think upon our sorrow,
 And ye surely will forego
 These poor plumes ye borrow.
 One brief, passing vain delight
 Ye will sacrifice,
 Once again in sunshine bright
 Let us take our glad some flight,
 For with you it lies.
 Free from fear and free from pain
 Let us live and love again,
 And our title still retain—
 Birds of Paradise.



WHY NOT?

The cold water Bath-chair for hot weather.



DREADFUL SITUATION!

Party in Waders (on the shallower side, with nice Trout on). "NOW THEN, YOU IDIOT, BRING ME THE NET, CAN'T YOU, OR HE 'LL BE OFF IN A SECOND!"

CHANCE FOR NEW, MAGISTRATE.

MR. WILLIAM GARRETT, the newly-appointed Magistrate (on the retirement of Sir JAMES VAUGHAN, whose place at Bow Street is filled by Mr. DE RUTZEN, is the author of a work on "The Law of Nuisances." This must be a valuable book, which should be in every magistrate's hands, a pocket version of it in the tunic-tails of every policeman, and a card of compressed laws hung in the hall of every householder or tenant *pro tem.*, so that by consulting it the aggrieved parishioner could at once determine;—

1. How to get rid of an organ-man, with or without monkey, in less than two minutes, without violence or any exertion.
2. How to send a German band packing at one minute's notice without aid of police, and without any overpowering exertion.
3. How to stop at once those terrible nuisances, cab-calling whistles, which only afford maidservants a pretext for going out into the street for a chat with somebody, and to the manservant an excuse for "going out for a blow," while their shrill sounds, frequently repeated at short intervals, rouse sleepers, startle invalids, and cry to "the sleeper awakened" as *Macbeth's* conscience cried to its owner, "Sleep no more!" Then, on the first ten minutes' worth of calls remaining unanswered, the whistling is repeated for a quarter of an hour or more, before it occurs to the blower to run in search of the vehicle wanted.

The present inquirer would like the new magistrate, and every magistrate for the matter of that, to issue a circular strongly recommending the general use of electric communication with a local central office, whence can be "rung up," at all hours and in all weathers, without troubling the servants, a cab, a doctor, a messenger, a fireman, or a policeman. The present inquirer is *not* a shareholder in such a company, but he pays so much a year to it, and twopence or so whenever its agency is employed for cab-fetching, message-taking, and so forth; and if others would only do likewise they would save their servants' breath, and cease to cause their neighbours much irritation. A long course of villainous street organs killed poor JOHN LEROH, and it may soon be expected that on hearing how some literary man living in London is stricken down, we shall, on inquiry, find that he is "suffering from a severe attack of Whistles." If the new magistrate can and will assist his fellow "Beaks" in checking and stopping such nuisances in all districts, then this appeal from the studios, ateliers, bed-rooms, and sick-rooms of London to a GARRETT will not have been made in vain.

GREEN BOOTS.

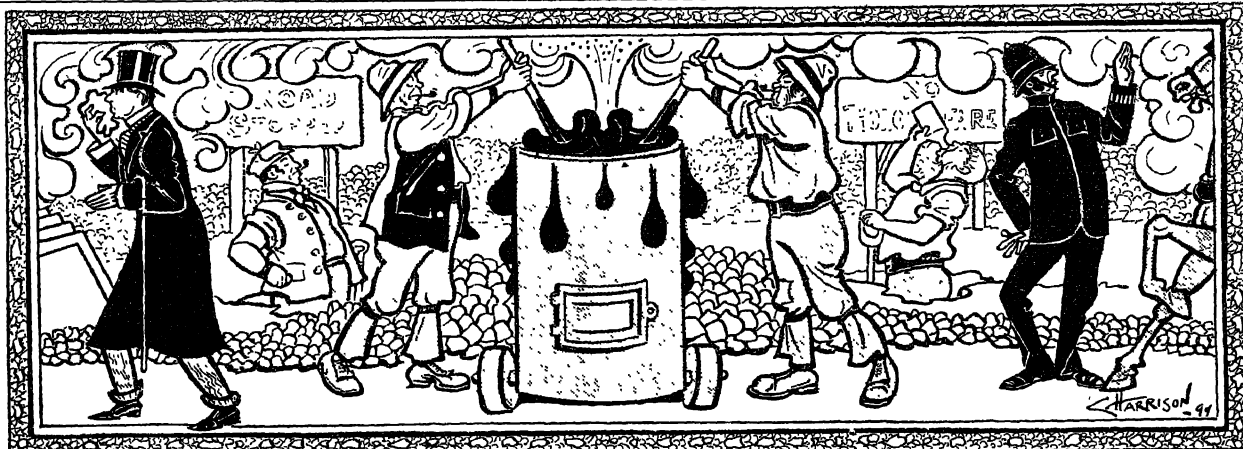
["Lady LONDONBERRY was wearing green boots at the last Sandown Meeting. After all, this is a very sensible idea," &c.—*M.A.P.*, July 22.]

AIR: "The Wearing of the Green."

OH! green's a pleasant colour, "It is emblematic,—eh? If only worn upon your head," some wilful wags may say. They may add, "It suits your lineaments," but that's as it may be, Yet shoes of green 'tis probable that now we'll often see. For they're taking to the colour, that is, in boots, I mean, And there'll be men and women here a-wearing of the green.

THE Babel of Babble hitherto associated with Boulter's Lock on any fine Summer Sunday may be given as an appropriate illustration of "Lock Jaw."

"THE LONDON FACTORY GIRL'S HOLIDAY" is a Matter-of-factory necessity.



SUBJECT FOR A DECORATIVE PANEL.

ROAD "UP." TIME—IN THE HEIGHT OF THE SEASON. PLACE—EVERYWHERE.



DEATH INSURANCE.

Bogus Insurance Sneak (insinuatingly). "ANY CHILDREN OR OTHER RELATIVES TO BE INSURED TO-DAY? NO QUESTIONS ASKED."
Police-Constable John Bull (on his beat, sotto voce). "THERE WILL BE A FEW QUESTIONS TO ASK YOU, MY MAN, BEFORE LONG!"

ENFIN LE CLOU.

To celebrate the Fête Nationale the people of Roubaix indulged themselves with a fight between a lion and a bull. The immense success of this entertainment, rightly condemned by the newspapers of England, where such degrading spectacles are unknown, has at last given an idea for the *Clou de l'Exposition*. It will not be a telescope, or a globe, or a flying machine; it will be this sort of thing:—

CIRQUE ROMAIN.

LE PLUS VASTE DU MONDE.

LE COLISÉE DE PARIS.

Dimanche prochain, à 2 h. $\frac{1}{2}$, Matinée réservée aux Familles.

Combat entre un loup et trois agneaux, le loup muselé. Combats variés entre douze chats et six chiens. Courses de taureaux à la portugaise, organisées par la Société protectrice des animaux. Rien de tué, pas même les chevaux. Sports anglais. Steplechase. Polow - match. Foot-bal à la mode de l'Association. Aucun combattant blessé, pas même le Referé.

Tous les soirs, à 8 heures, superbe spectacle varié.

Anciens sports anglais. Bear-bating. Cock-fighting. Courses de taureaux à l'espagnole. Tous les plus illustres toreros de l'Espagne. Du sang partout. Massacre de chevaux. Six taureaux de tués. Combat sanguinaire entre des lions et des taureaux. Tous tués. Courses meurtrières de vieilles automobiles à pétrole. Explosions. Les machines sautent en l'air. Mort d'un chauffeur au moins. Foot-bal à la mode de Rugby. Les Referés à l'abri des attaques dans une cage de fer. Plusieurs combattants blessés mortellement. Spectacle très sanguinaire.

Tous les Dimanches, à 8 heures, Soirée de Gala.

Combats entre des nègres et des lions. Presque tous tués. Du sang partout. Combats entre un éléphant et cinq nègres. Tous les nègres tués. Combats sanguinaires de gladiateurs. Ballet-divertissement à la mode de Dahomey. Des hommes enterrés vifs. Luites sanguinaires. A 11 h. $\frac{3}{4}$ dernière scène,

LES JUIFS AUX LIONS!

Superbe massacre. Hommes, femmes et enfants. Le plus grand spectacle depuis le temps de Néron. Grand feu d'artifice,

LES FLAMBEAUX DE LA RÉPUBLIQUE!

Des Dreyfusards brûlés vifs. Aucun truc. Tous vivants. A la fin,

FOOT-BAL ANGLAIS!

à la dernière mode. Tous les combattants tués sur place. Assassinat des Referés. Magnifique spectacle extra-sanguinaire.



"DID YER ORDER ANY ILE AROUND THE CORNER?"
 "WHAT DO YOU MEAN BY ILE? DO YOU MEAN OIL?"
 "NAW. NOT ILE, BUT ILE WOT YER DRINKS!"

HEIR SPLITTING. EXTRAORDINARY.

MR. PUNCH, SIR,—Allow me to address you. You must have noticed with regret that of late years there has been a tendency to break up the accumulations of all sorts of curios. An antiquarian may spend a long life-time in amassing the most interesting collection imaginable, and after his death his heir may make ducks and drakes of it, and cause the items to fly to the four quarters of the globe under the stroke of the auctioneer's hammer. Now this is sad, and it is even more melancholy to consider that the law seems disinclined to prohibit the alienation of heirlooms. Under these circumstances it seems imperative that men of taste and culture should protect their belongings by

putting them under the ægis of the nation.

Take my own case. I have a very useful hat that I have worn for years. I know it belonged to my father, and suspect that it came to him from a remoter generation. And what about my sons? Why, they regard the headgear with contempt! Would it be safe to leave it to them as an heirloom, or "hair loom," as they would most probably irreverently term it? A thousand times no! They would certainly find a suitable resting-place for it in the dust hole!

So when I die I leave my dear old hat—the topper of my sire and his sire before him—to the British Museum.

Yours mysteriously,
 ONE WHO REMAINS TILED.

"WHAT IS SECONDARY EDUCATION?" Evidently merely a Secondary Question. But are there not some City officials called "Secondaries?" Surely we've heard of a "Mr. Secondary SO-AND-SO," for example. Is this a "Secondary" who requires "education"? If so, this opens up another subject. Therefore let us first have it defined, "What is Secondary Education? Is it a primary necessity? Does it apply to a certain City class, or to everybody generally?"



"There are more things in Heaven and Earth, Horatio, than are dreamt of in your philosophy."—*Hamlet.*
(*Heard outside a Country Circus.*)

Old Jarge. "WEN YE SEES WOT COMES FROM FURRIN PARTS, BLESS YER 'EART, YE JUST FEELS LIKE A BIT O' DIRT!"

PARTY POLITICS.

[*"A garden-party is a new form of electoral organisation."*—*Lord Tweedmouth.*]

DAPHNE, fair and Liberal maid,
As I linger by your side
In this pleasant leafy shade,
That our Party-funds provide,
Dimly I begin to see
Politics has calls for me.

Not the vulgar, sordid strife
When electors come to grips,
Not hard Parliamentary life,
Urged by unrelenting Whips;
Mine are peaceable designs—
Strictly garden-party lines.

Yes, of jars I must be rid,
And from heat my spirit shrinks,
I prefer to work amid
"Cooling cups and dainty drinks,"
While on canvass when I'm bent
'Tis to the refreshment tent.

Thus beside you I would sit
And of politics would dream,
Till at your request I flit
Seeking strawberries and cream,
Conscious, thus while helping you,
That I serve the Party too.

SUGGESTED NEW NAME FOR SIR THOMAS
LIPTON'S YACHT.—"Jam Satis."



THE SUDAN "FISHMONGER" SETTING HIS
LINES IN THE NILE.

[Lord KITCHENER was admitted, last week, as a member of the Fishmongers' Company, and gave an account of his progress in laying telegraph lines in the Nile basin.]

Chair! Chair! Chair!

LORD SALISBURY doesn't like people to sit
When engaged in their daily vocation;
But the matter of seats is one likely to hit
A Premier, who stands for the Nation.

CHARLES, THE CRITERION, AND A CRITICISM.

So CHARLES WYNDHAM has retired from the Criterion, and is soon to re-open his new theatre. "Success to CHARLES our friend!" is Mr. Punch's sincere send-off. By the way, the *Times*, of Saturday, July 22, in its notice of CHARLES WYNDHAM's last night at the Criterion, said, "It was really Mr. WYNDHAM's acting that gave them (*Pink Dominos* and *Betsy*) their vogue." Also in the same article it was stated, that "occasional revivals of such pieces as *Brighton* and *Betsy* have shown that Mr. WYNDHAM still retains his purely comic powers in spite of his preference for more serious work." Whatever may be the case with the other pieces named, Mr. WYNDHAM's "acting" in *Betsy* had nothing whatever to do with the exceptionally great success of that piece, as, neither on its production nor on any one of its occasional revivals, did Mr. CHARLES WYNDHAM ever play in it.

ARRIVAL OF THE AMERICAN 'Varsity
ATHLETES.—Yale fellow well met!

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

IN *The White King of Manoa* (HUTCHINSON), Mr. JOSEPH HATTON presents a careful and picturesque study of the time of Sir WALTER RALEIGH. We have vivid glimpses of the streets of London in the spacious times of Queen ELIZABETH—the spaciousness, *bien entendu*, not a quality pertaining to the thoroughfares. With Mr. HATTON as guide, we see the narrow ways filled by a motley crowd in russet doublet and hose, the women with square cut bodices, laced stomachers, and cunningly slashed sleeves. Coming to town from Devonshire, *David Yarcombe*, like another hero of romance fixed at the same epoch, goes Westward Ho. How he makes his way into the Inca's sacred city of Manoa, how he is hailed as a messenger from the Sun God, how he rules the people, fights the Spanish and gets back to faithful *Lucy Withycombe* waiting for him in Devon is a stirring story my Baronite recommends to the reader in search of a holiday book.

The Sport of Circumstance is a plain tale of very human interest, admirably told in one volume by C. G. CHATTERTON. The false scent, that allures the interested reader away from the right track, is so artistically laid, that almost up to the end the true road leading to the goal is left doubtful to the deeply interested reader. But what vagary caused Mr. JOHN LANE, the publisher, to choose so unattractive a cover, and so to place the title, throughout the book, as to make every page, with its clear type and large margin, look as if it were a specimen page? This is distracting.

Of all the attractive articles contained in *The Anglo-Saxon Review*, already briefly noticed by the Baron, Lord ROSEBURY's critical essay on "The Great Sir ROBERT PEEL" will be the first to attract the majority of readers. Approbation from his literary lordship is praise indeed, and Mr. PARKER, as editor of these PEEL Papers, must be a proud and happy man on finding his labours thus highly appreciated by so capable and so cynical a critic. In the Baron's opinion, this essay is a perfect work of its kind, indeed, a very model; and, as one dish in the menu of Lady RANDOLPH'S literary banquet, it is so satisfying, that all the other *plats*, excellent though they may be, seem to run some chance of being merely tasted or entirely neglected. *Omne ignotum pro magnifico*, and ROSEBURY on PEEL is Pelion on Ossa, which it will be admitted is sufficient to last the most voracious pike of a reader for a clear quarter of the year.

THE BARON DE B.-W.

94° IN THE SHADE.—Oh, dear! don't mention Egypt! It's too hot to be anywhere near a KITCHENER, and as to going to work with a COOK—! No, no! Away to Greenland's icy mountains or GUNTER's lemon-icy mountains! Only, let's take everything coolly!



Mrs. Stamford Hill. "I HEAR YOU ARE TRYING JOINT HOUSE-KEEPING WITH THE LOVEJOYS. HOW DOES IT WORK, DEAR?"

Mrs. Mincing Lane. "OH, SPLENDIDLY! WE NEVER HAVE THE SLIGHTEST DISAGREEMENT."

Mrs. Stamford Hill. "AH, THE LOVEJOYS ARE SO SWEET AND AMIABLE. I'M SURE THEY WOULD PUT UP WITH ANYTHING RATHER THAN QUARREL!"

THE ETON AND HARROW MATCH.

(Her Account of it.)

GOOD "Lord," how changed is all the place!

That "Mound" is simply hideous,
Compared—ah, well, I'd best efface
Comparisons invidious.

The saying that "old things are best,"
A simple truth expresses—
The saying, though, must not be pressed
In case of hats and dresses.

Still, some with joy the Mound may hail,
Keen folks who watch the cricket,
Can place the field—as "Point," "Leg
ball,"

"Long block-hole," "Cover wicket;"

Who dearly love a "pull to off,"
Applaud the "short-pitched Yorkers;"
Who jibe at fashion-students, scoff
At carriage knife-and-forkers!

The X's carriage, by the way,
(A very ancient queer shay)
I patronized the second day—
Their lunch was most *recherché*.

I sat some time in WALTER's box,
The place resembled Babel,
And MABEL bored me with her frocks,
Whilst I—had tea with MABEL.

Love of good things, it may be, tends
Towards the minor vices—
I own I *did* draw several friends
For strawberries and ices.

I sauntered, gossiped, lunched and teazed,
And flirted—or the men did,
Or one did, anyhow! What need
To say the match was *splendid*?

The cricket?—That I can't recall.
Who cares which side was beaten?
I've only harrowing thoughts of all
The strawberries I've eaten!

(His Account of Her.)

A pretty chatterbox! She said
She loved the game—a sure sign
She is not truthful, I'm afraid.
Her appetite was porcine!

THE PRISONER OF PETERHEAD.

[“A prisoner in Peterhead has written to Lord BALFOUR OF BURLEIGH asking to be supplied with a copy of BURNS.”—*Daily Paper*.]

STANE wa's a prison dinna mak',
'Twas no thae bars my heart that brak',
Nor wearyin' to stretch my back
Among the ferns;
But eh, 'twas langin' for a crack
Wi' RABBIT BURNS.

A weary eighteen months an' mair
They starvit me on prison fare,
An' eh! their cupboard was sae bare
An' mean an' shabby,
They hadna got a line, I swear,
O' matchless RABBIT.

They tried to put me aff, ye ken,
Wi' "Lives o' some successfu' men."
Tho prigs! A milk-an'-water blen'
I canna thole!
Nae vice! I couldna mak' a frien'
O' sic a soul.

They gie'd me WULLIE SHAKESPEARE. Weel,
Nae doot he was a clever chiel
That kent a twa-three things as weel
As you or me,
But oh! for a' they praise him, deil
A BURNS is he!

Na, gie me aye the rovin' lad
Wi' fauts sae plentiful an' mad
That whiles I feel he micht hae had
A shug-wee cell
Alang wi' us, the unco bad,
In this our hell.

One Way of Looking at it.

Susan (to Hannah). What do they mean
by the term "Test matches?"
Hannah. Why, it shows the sort of
players who strike only on the bat.



Mrs. Godolphin. SHALL WE MEET AT DUNCHESTER HOUSE TO-MORROW?"

Mrs. Lascelles. "No. I WAS THERE ON MONDAY. I HEARD THERE WERE A FEW PEOPLE GOING TO-MORROW."

Mrs. Godolphin. "OH, YES. SHE HAS ONLY ASKED QUITE A FEW PEOPLE. ON MONDAY, NOW, I HEAR THERE WAS QUITE A BIG RABBLE THERE!"

THE COMPLETE BOOKIE.

["Many persons frequent St. Paul's for other purposes than worship. . . . A number of book-makers ply their trade there."—*Daily Paper*.]

I 'NEATH this stately dome would be;
These sacred psalms should solace me,
And while they pour from tuneful lips
I'd meditate the latest tips,
And 'mid the ashes of the Great,
The shifting odds I'd calculate.

Of making books there is no end;
In scores my clients hither wend;
All know the place, if place it be—
For who, when judges disagree,
Shall say if place it is, in fact,
Within the meaning of the Act?

Then leave me here on Ludgate Hill;
The site is central, rent is nil,
Nor let th' officious verger scare
The men that come to meet me there.
And when I die—I that have made
More books than all that here are laid—
Oh, grant the one small boon I crave—
Among the bookmen here a bookie's
grave.

At a Problem Play.

Mr. Dinkersheim (*eminent critic*). How did you enjoy the piece, Miss MACGUIDER?

Miss MacGuider. Well, to tell the truth, I didn't know what it was all about.

Mr. Dinkersheim. Excellent. The author gives us so much to think of.

THE DEMOCRAT OF THE BREAKFAST TABLE.

"NE SIT ANCIILLÆ TIBI AMOR PUDORI."

(Lines faintly suggested by a speech of Mr. LABOUCHÈRE'S on the Food and Drugs Bill, and written with respectful acknowledgments to the late Mr. CORNEY GRAIN.)

I do not ask that life should flow
In steady streams of milk and honey;
Not that my portion here below
Should prove exceptionally sunny;
Content with little, getting less,
I neither strive nor shout;
But find in peace my happiness
With honour, or without.

Let others thirst for fortune's dower
And goodly settlements in Goshen,
In me the thought of wealth and power
Produces no profound emotion;
I do not crave for gilded gear
Or crushings from the mine,
And were I asked to be a Peer
I know I should decline.

I count the love of costly drinks
Among the very lowest vices;
To stay my stomach when it sinks
A pewter-pot of ale suffices;
Pleased with my frugal plate of sprats
I want no full-sized fish,
Nor lust for butter laid in pats
Upon a lordly dish.

Desire of women, soft and fair,
Sets not this humble heart a-swell;
Give me a homely wench to share
My unaffected cot, or dwelling;
Not rich in charms, but well enough,
With plain ingredients graced,
She is fulfilled of such a stuff
As suits my simple taste.

Solid of substance, even dense,
Perhaps a trifle pallid-looking,
She serves my need at small expense
For purposes of general cooking;
The pattern of the perfect wife
A working-man should wed,
To lubricate his wheels of life
And oil his daily bread.

At times as though to touch my heart
And rise a little in my favour,
I see her try some trick of art
To make her dull complexion braver;
Worldly device of woman's wit!—
What should she know of that?
A rustic nature rudely knit
Of beef and mutton fat!

Though she should mask the pallor due
To sixty-five per cent. of dripping,
I fail to find her native hue
In need of any such equipping;
Lilies that lure the browsing bee—
Such is my milk-white queen!
As butter in the mouth is she,
My melting MARGARINE!

Kruger's Chorus.

(New words to an old tune, addressed to Oom PAUL by his admirers.)

WHEEL about and turn about,
And jump JIM CROW,
Every time you wheel about
You puzzle JOE!

A LOCOMOTIVE CERTAINTY.—IRON RHODES from the Cape to Cairo.

THE MEMBER FOR BORDEAUX.—M. JULES "CLARET"—IE.



“THE BETTER PART OF VALOUR.”

MR. PUNCH (“everybody’s friend,” to the COLONIAL SECRETARY), “NOW, MR. CHAMBERLAIN, ALL THAT’S NECESSARY IS AN EXCHANGE OF NOTES BETWEEN YOU AND OOM PAULI, INSTEAD OF AN EXCHANGE OF SHOTS, AND THEN YOU CAN SHAKE HANDS.”



"COMIN' UP TO 'YDE PARK TO 'AVE A BAVE, 'ARRY?"
 "YERS—AN' 'AVE ALL ME CLOVES RUN ORF WIV. NOT IF I
 KNOW IT!"

TO THOSE WHO LIVE OUTSIDE GLASS HOUSES.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—A meeting has just been held to protest against the opening of the Crystal Palace on Sunday. The main form of argument was the "preservation of the English Sabbath." What this valuable birthright means I, for one, know not. But as an Englishman, I do confidently state that the right to enter the Crystal Palace on the Day of Rest is one which should be dear at the present cheap prices by rail and otherwise to the B. P., which likes to enjoy a little more rational melody than is afforded by Salvation Army Bands and ranter vocalists, freely given outside the building. When such singers as Miss CLARA BUTT, Miss MARIAN MACKENZIE, Miss ELLA RUSSELL, Madame AMY SHERWIN, Mr. ANDREW BLACK, Mr. WATKIN MILLS, and Mr. GREGORY HAST, come forward in the Handel Orchestra to proclaim, in conjunction with Lieutenant SOMMER and the band of the Royal Engineers, the mightiness of minstrelsy "to soothe the savage breast," and that, too, in aid of the PRINCE OF WALES'S Hospital Fund which profits by the shilling paid for entrance, it seems to me that carping criticism is disarmed. Is it

a question of "desecrating the Sabbath?" Certainly not; especially as "the Sabbath" is the seventh day, i.e., Saturday. It is a question of whether the devotion of music can be opposed to the self interest of cant. I passed the portals of a church in Norwood last Sunday. Outside there were over a dozen carriages. They were owned by the opponents of so-called "Sunday Labour!"

Yours, SYDENHAM HILL.

THE POLICEMAN.

["Iceland has just started a policeman. Hitherto he has had nothing to do."—*Daily Paper.*]

WHO would be
 A policeman bold
 With a coat of blue
 And nothing to do,
 Over the sea
 In Iceland cold?—
 Wouldn't you?

I would be a policeman bold—
 Not one of your constables that stand
 The whole of the day where the 'buses run
 In the heat and dust of the broiling Strand,
 Where the glass is ninety odd in the shade
 And goodness knows what in the sun.

OPERATIC NOTES.

July 17.—Alas, poor YORICK! Opera season slowly coming to an end, and, like the dying swan, singing sweetly to the last. A *propos* of swan, *Lohengrin*. Mlle. STRAKOSCH a charming *Elsa*, singing well; MARIE BREMA as *Otruda*, splendid both as to voice and acting; Herr DIPPEL as the hero, good.

Wednesday being the night of Mr. Punch's Hebdomadal Board and Cabinet Council, it was impossible for His Special Representative to be present at the second performance of *Messaline*, and on Friday—alas!—a previous engagement, entered into ere he had foreseen the possibility of a third representation of *Messaline*, prevented his attendance, so, quoting BYRON, he observed at 8 P.M., Friday,

"'Tis now the promised hour, that must proclaim
 The life or death of LARA's future fame,"

i.e., as far as this opera is concerned. Perhaps on the stage of Covent Garden, DE

"LARA, too, is there,
 With self-confiding, coldly patient air,"

expecting Mr. Punch's final verdict. For at the *première* it was impossible to decide. No doubt

"The first success to LARA's numbers clung."

And then follows a line—*abst omen*—

"But that vain victory hath ruin'd all."

"So mote it not be"; and should the Ruling Operatic Powers, embodied in the Sagacious Syndicate, decide to reproduce *Messaline* in the early weeks of the next season, then may Mr. P.'s Representative be there to see, hear, and to determine. Till then M. ISIDORE DE LARA's work can stand down to come up for judgment when called upon.

Monday.—The Last Night of Opera announced, with MELBA as the final firework, so that it may not fizzle out, but depart with a bang! In our regretted absence, may the Diva be there in the best of health and voice to sing the part of *Juliette*, and may she return to us next year better than ever, if that be possible.

Sic transit gloria Operæ Coventgardenensis. Hope Sagacious Syndicate is Satisfied. Hope, likewise, that their "friends in front" are equally pleased. What sort of a sing-song season has it been? Well—nothing very startling; nothing that has been "the talk of the town." It has pursued "the even tenor" (soprano, etc.) "of its way," and if it has made an "even tenner," says WAGSTAFF, who can't resist the chance, "or so, out of it, why so much the better for the Successful Syndicate." Till next season, farewell. *Valete et plaudite!*

OPINION OF MR. DE VEREY HARDUP.—Judging papers by their titles, I should say that the one promising the least pleasant reading for most of us must be *Dun's Review*, from which I see quotations in the *Times* "Foreign Markets" article.

His throat is parched and his neck is flayed,
 And his soul doth sigh as the long hours lag
 For a big, big drink and a pipe of shag

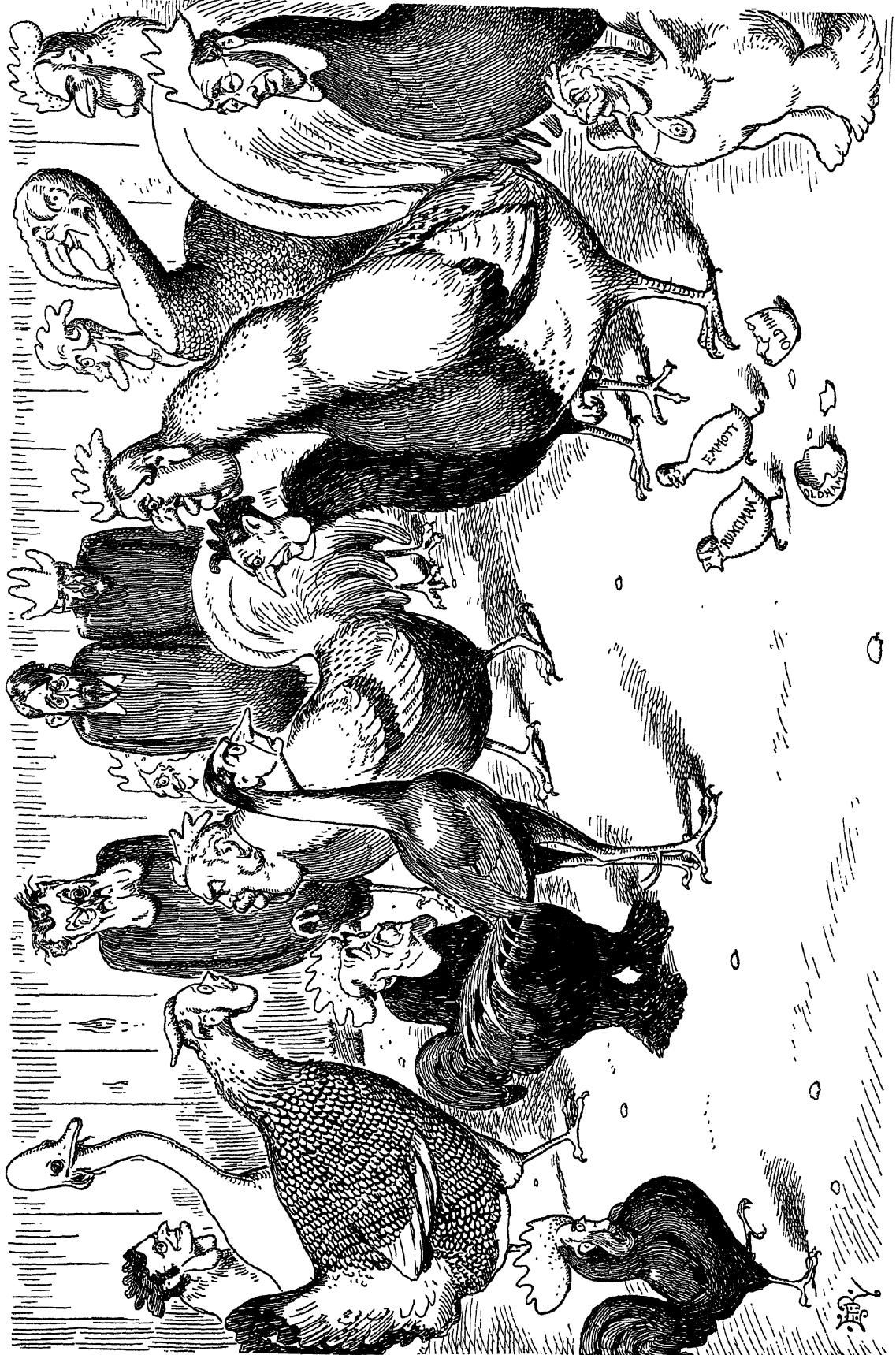
Wearily, wearily,
 And he watches the horses that pant and strain
 And struggle and fall and struggle again
 Drearly, drearily.

But I would sit on an iceberg cool,
 And dabble my feet in a clear, clear pool,
 And paddle and play like an urchin gay
 Just free from school.

And at night to the arca I would go
 And call the cook to come out to me
 Quietly, quietly;
 She'd bring me a baron of beef or so,
 And a glass of beer with a good brisk head,
 Or whatever the Icelanders drink instead,
 Quietly, quietly.

And when I had eaten and drunk with a will,
 My pipe of clay she would deftly fill,
 And take just a whiff as she passed it to me
 Laughingly, laughingly.

Oh, what a happy life 'twould be,
 With a coat of blue and nothing to do
 But a dear kind cook to court and woo.
 Verily this is the life for me,
 We would live merrily, merrily.



THE WESTMINSTER POULTRY SHOW.



Photographer (in the hope of softening the expression of celebrated, but austere Dean, turns on phonograph). "NOW, SIR, WOULD YOU KINDLY LISTEN TO THE MUSIC JUST FOR ONE MOMENT?"
[But unfortunately the selection was "Betty Bellew, of the Frivolity, in her celebrated popular song, 'They all are after Larky Ticksy Wicksy.'"]

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, July 17.—A rosy blush mantled PRINCE ARTHUR'S ingenuous countenance just now. Talking about the arrangements of the Session, he observed "the House will naturally desire to know what business may be got through before the 12th of August." In these dull times Members as thirsty for a joke as pants the hart for cooling streams. When you come to think of it, nothing really funny in mentioning this particular date at this precise moment. When a joke is in question the House is not to be denied. Couldn't have laughed more heartily had PRINCE ARTHUR asked the Clerk at the table to pass him the salt. He hastened to explain that the 12th of August happens to be the last day of the week, and without reference to other interests or avocations, it would appear convenient to bring about the Prorogation on that date. Whereat there was another burst of laughter.

Such a merry, light-hearted lot! with the thermometer at 80° in the shade and the heavens black with sulphurous thunder clouds.

This temperature seemed appropriate for discussion of Food and Drugs Bill, which is largely concerned with butter and margarine. JOHN LENG, Knight, could scarcely conceal his emotion when he rose to defend margarine against aspersions which, he said, found issue in the bill in the display of almost insane hostility. According to Sir JOHN, margarine, whilst one of the most misunderstood, is one of the most delicious

products of Nature. Whether taken hot on toast, or cold with sliced bread, it brings about in the well-balanced mind a condition of ecstasy not known in connection with other refreshment of equally innoxious character. It soothes the sorrows of infancy, it buoys up youth, it mellows middle age, it appetises the octogenarian, and it costs eightpence a pound.

Only one drawback to the perfect enjoyment of this Dundee rhapsody. It should have been moulded in the form of verse. True, several times—as when he told that beautiful story of the dying soldier, the one-armed brother, the setting sun, and the quarter-pound packet of margarine—Sir JOHN, unconsciously perhaps, fell into the measured cadence that MILTON spoke. Doubtless warped by the customs of debate in the House, the notes of his oration were originally cast in prose and, in the main, he was able to preserve its manner.

WALTER LONG, in charge of the bill, evidently profoundly affected. Sat with closed eyes, lips slightly parted, chest rising and falling with the slow, regular movement of a Summer sea. Looked as if margarine would not melt in his mouth.

Only JIMMY LOWTHER obdurate. Had enjoyed his triumph earlier in the sitting; had gloated over RITCHIE'S agonised look when PRINCE ARTHUR announced the withdrawal of the Undersized Fish Bill. That in an ordinary man might have gratified the lust of conquest. But JAMES implacable against margarine masquerading as butter.

"Why," he asked in stern tones, contrasting painfully with LENG'S musical

notes, "do you colour margarine the same tint as butter?"

He didn't mention it, but in his secret soul the Right Hon. JAMES thinks a nice dark blue is the colour for ordinary margarine, the better sorts in vermilion, and the very best (recommended for five o'clock tea) got up in rich bright orange.

Business done.—End of Session brought in sight.

House of Lords, Tuesday.—Standing at bottom of Parliament Street, waiting to cross over to Palace Yard, beheld a strange sight. A penny 'bus pulled up. From the common, or garden, seat descended a tall figure that struck me as familiar. Could it be? No, it was impossible. That threadbare coat, that hat whose nap did not seem capable of surviving another forty winks, those hollow cheeks suggesting that for sole sustenance the body was sustained on small crusts of bread carried about from house to house in the coat-tail pocket—it could not be the most noble the MARQUIS OF LONDONDERRY.

Yet it was.

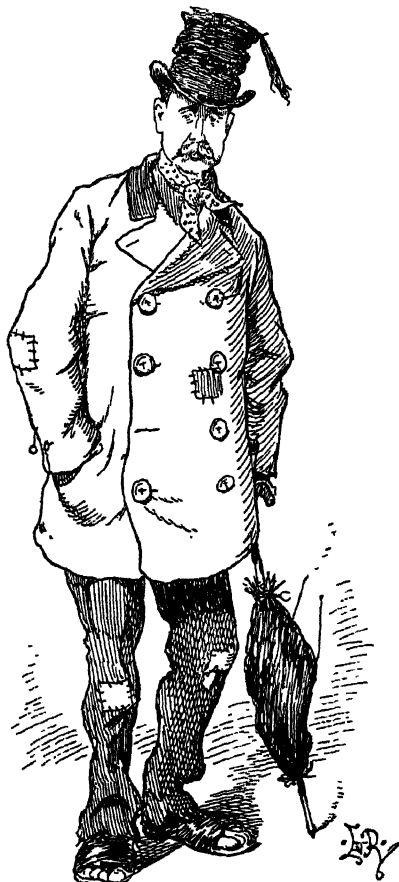
Shortly after, throned upon another penny 'bus, came his grace the DUKE OF ABERCORN, and LORD INCHQUIN, both got up in same poverty-stricken attire as LORD LONDONDERRY. 'Busman told me that when they mounted they asked "if he took two for three ha'pence?" Apparently much distressed when he explained that the regulations of the Company prohibited concurrence in a proposal which had usage to recommend it in the case of penny oranges, bloaters, and other small articles of commerce.

Overtook LONDONDERRY crossing Palace

Yard. "What's up?" I asked, "or rather, are coals down? Is this the concomitant result of what we see in all the papers just now, 'Coals at lowest Summer prices'?"

"No," said the Most Noble, furtively ascertaining that no unprincipled fellow-passenger on the top of the 'bus had robbed him of his crusts. "Fact is, TOBY, we, the Irish landlords, are having a go at the Government to-night; demanding compensation for moral and intellectual damages arising out of recent land legislation. They've been giving out money all round. Why should the Irish landlord wait? We're going to put INCHQUIN up to utter our plaint. Give an INCH, you know, and we'll take an ell. ABERCORN and I will follow. Thought it best to do the thing thoroughly; so got ourselves up a bit. Fancy that will fetch them," he murmured, looking admiringly at a little patch neatly let into his threadbare sleeve. "If, when I am speaking, I could only manage to have BATTERSEA sitting near me in his perennial Sunday suit, the contrast would be complete. Would be worth at least five votes. But of course he's on the other side."

Little plot succeeded admirably. The MARKISS, for whose sympathetic ear and eye the thing was primarily devised, not in his place. Unintentionally ASHBOURNE greatly aided the impoverished peers. The sight of him, plump, well-favoured, well-dressed, jingling guineas in his pocket, whilst he urged his starving brethren to



PITY THE POOR LANDLORD.
"Fancy that will fetch 'em, Toby!"
(Lord L-and-nd-rry.)



NATURAL HISTORY—A FACT.

Mary Ann of Shoreditch (on her first visit to the country, coming suddenly upon a field of barley). "OH, I SY, 'LIZA, COME QUICK! LOOK 'ERE! SRIMPS A-GROWIN'!"

"take a practical view of the subject," clenched the thing. On a division Government were defeated by 39 votes against 34.

Business done.—The Bitter Cry of the Irish landlords effectually heard in the Lords.

Friday, 1.52 A.M.—Tithes Bill, of which every one is tired to death, got out of the way before dinner. Rest of sitting devoted to Food and Drugs Bill. The KNIGHT OF DUNDEE contributed notable phrase to discussion.

"There are," he said, glancing slyly at JOHN MORLEY seated at front bench below him, "cross currents in the grocery business."

For a moment members, thinking he spelt his currants with an "a," accepted a reference to some acidity of temper manifested by the dried fruit. But the look of self-consciousness on countenance of HONEST JOHN showed that the KNIGHT'S reference had a personal point.

Interesting discussion followed on the bearings of skimmed milk. Fatherly hearts on both sides touched by conviction that the preparation, lacking in nourishment, should not be palmed off upon the unsuspecting babe. How was this to be prevented? Admitted that the most precocious infant could not be expected, on sampling its bottle, to detect lack of

nutritive quality in the flavour of its contents. Family men like Lord BALCARRES and IAN MALCOLM gave themselves up to close consideration of the problem. BALCARRES suggested that condensed (or skimmed) milk should be sold only in coloured bottles. MALCOLM, drawing on his experience in the nursery, took objection that in the twilight there would be difficulty in discerning the distinction of colour.

"Why not, Mr. SPEAKER," he asked, "have a three-cornered bottle? At the moment it was touched, Sir, you would know where you were, even if, as sometimes happens, the night-light had gone out."

CHRISTOPHER TROUT BARTLEY was disposed to pay to the suggestions of his hon. friends the full consideration they deserved. But, having in the course of years been waked up oftener in the night than either of them, he thought a label would suffice. Speaking as a grandfather, he suggested that bottles containing the product should be labelled "Bad for Babies."

WALTER LONG said he would consider the matter, and, it being now nearly 2 o'clock in the morning, debate stood adjourned.

Business done.—Tithes Bill read a third time. Majority less by one half than which carried the second reading. *Verb. sap.*



LIVE STOCK.

Little Miss Townley. "WAS THAT HONEY WE HAD AT BREAKFAST 'HOME-MADE,' MR. STUBBS?"
Farmer Stubbs. "WHY, SURELY, MISSY."
Little Miss T. "OH! THEN I SUPPOSE YOU KEEP A BEE?"

A "FIRST-CLASS FIXTURE."

OUR own cricket-reporter is spending his holiday in Slocombe, a village in the depths of the country. During his stay there he witnessed a match between Slocombe and the neighbouring hamlet of Mudfield. From force of habit he felt compelled to write an account of it, which reads as follows:—

Old King Sol was on his best behaviour for this important occasion, Jupiter Pluvius being in temporary abeyance. The announcement ran that the upright sticks would be implanted in the grassy sward at 2.30, but it was nearly three o'clock when, Slocombe having won the toss, its first two wielders of the willow emerged from the pavilion—from the bar of the "Red Lion." These were the sexton and the postman, both batsmen of great reputation. Doubtless they would have wreathed their brows with fresh laurels on the present occasion, had not the sexton been given out l.b.w. in the first over on the appeal of long-leg, while the postman, in skilfully playing back to a half-volley, contrived to disorganise the symmetry of his timber-yard. However, on the vicar and his gardener being associated at the wickets, a magnificent stand was made. Not until ten runs would have been registered on the telegraph-board—if there had been one—was the reverend gentleman dismissed for a carefully-compiled four, consisting of two leg-byes (described as "its off the foot" by the Slocombe umpire, and so credited to the batsman), and two singles.

After his dismissal a spell of quiet play succeeded, the most noticeable feature being some smart fielding on the part of a cow grazing round the pitch, which received the ball full on her side, thereby depriving the batsman of a couple of runs. The Mudfield bowling was very deadly, and two of the Slocombe batsmen retired



Duet by the Little Man and Woman of the old-fashioned Automatic Barometer:—

"After years of life together,
 After calm and stormy weather,
 Strangers yet!"

NEWS FROM THE NETHERLANDS.

Utrecht, July 19, 1899.

EDELACHTBAAR MR. PUNCH!—Here is a briefkaart from the top of the Dom Toren, whence it is the fashion to send these all-prevailing missives.

The tramway still runs through the west door of this same building and between it and the nave of the church. With a large dwelling-house halfway up inside the tower, it surely takes the record for an architectural freak.

The half-mile of Maliebaan (six rows of lime trees) is in full bloom and smells nicely. Some of the Utrecht canals are also in full bloom, but those of the Hague have a far finer bouquet. There is also a very good one just outside the Central Station at Amsterdam.

Friesland in this temperature is a misnomer. It was so hot at Leeuwarden a few days ago that we noticed that the Oldehove Tower couldn't stand up straight, while the old ladies had to wear metal helmets to keep themselves cool, and the very waiters were obliged to overcharge us, unless, of course, the extra amount was for the time they kept us waiting.

Holland is now annexed by the United States. Every one meets speaks American. The change of régime is being quietly but effectively carried out by small travelling parties of about a hundred and fifty each, who arrive in the dead of night and occupy the chief locations. The Pilgrim Fathers have now become Tourist Poppas and Mommas. A squadron of American "Summer girls" get there all the time, while singly she is even more irresistible. At least, so they say.

Broek is fallen from its first estate, and is no more offensively and exaggeratedly clean. It is not now necessary to put on new patent leather shoes when entering the village; and several blades of grass were out of place when we filed through to pay our respects to the nonagenarian, MEVROUW FREGERES, sitting in state in her garden front, and to blunder into the *mairie* instead of the model cheese farm.

Marken still stands where it did, with its three-year-old children dressed up like old women, 'cute enough to reject English pennies as "*niet goed*," and to haggle over terms before submitting to be kodaked.

It is a delightful country, and its strong point is means of transit—but that is no news.

Yours, Hooking it home *viâ* Harwich,

Z.IJ.X.

hurt. Just, however, when a "rot" appeared imminent, the blacksmith came to the rescue with a fine display of hitting, and when he was at last dismissed by a smart catch at extra-longstop he had amassed no fewer than eight runs. Thanks largely to this dashing innings, the Slocombe total reached twenty-two. After a somewhat lengthy interval, the players returned from the "Red Lion," and the Mudfield team took possession of the wickets. Their men shaped exceedingly well, and hit the bowling to every part of the field where there happened to be some one who could hold an easy catch. However, their score rose steadily, and eighteen runs had been compiled—including a five, four of which were due to overthrows—when there were still three wickets to fall. At this critical point the Slocombe umpire came to the rescue, and by his masterly decisions enabled his side to secure a glorious victory by no fewer than three runs. He had a splendid analysis, working out at seven appeals, five distinct untruths, and seven wickets. It is commonly reported in Slocombe that several members of the winning team are to be invited to play for England in the next test-match.

A DISTINGUISHED CONVALESCENT.—The President of the United States is, we are happy to say, now fully recovered from his recent attack of neur-Alger, and his friends are congratulating him upon having so successfully shaken off that obstinate complaint.



"A BLOT IN THE 'SCUTCHEON.'"

General de Gallifet (the Armourer, to Madame la France). "IT'S HARD WORK, MADAME, CLEANING UP THE OLD SHIELD!"

THE RHYME OF A GROUSE-HUNTER.

In the country of the heather,
When the bloom is on the blaze,
In the thund'rous sultry weather
How I hope for better days.
When July is done and over,
Then fly North, O! London mouse,
And in heather be in clover,
When you're dining off the Grouse!

THE POINT OF VIEW.—III.

DEAR MR. PUNCH.—Having been compelled, during the last few years, to devote a large amount of valuable time to the question of EDUCATION, I trust you will allow me to express a perfectly unbiassed opinion on the subject. The danger before us is overpressure. That will be admitted generally by all thoughtful scholars, no matter of what school. It seems to me, then, that many of the so-called "lessons" might be banished altogether from the curriculum, and that the time thus gained—not already occupied by the usual holidays (which might be lengthened)—could be devoted to strengthening the physical basis, by recourse to cricket, to football, and to other manly sports. A scarcely less important grievance lies in the vexed question of pocket-money. There can be little doubt that parsimonious habits are engendered by any undue restrictions in the usual weekly allowance. This should be given with a free hand, so that a liberal attitude in regard to all trifling luxuries can be learned in youth. Further liberty might be accorded in the matter of hours for rest, and it would probably be found a wise course in the case of public schools, to provide each student with a latchkey, and to abolish all irritating restrictions as to "bounds."

There are other points that I would have liked to have touched on, as, for example, the catapult (a most valuable means of acquiring a knowledge of municipal govern-



ment), which head-masters, uniformly, seem to condemn—but I fear to trespass further on your space.

I am, dear Mr. Punch,
Yours with respect,
T. BROWN.



"I DON'T ARST YER FER MONEY. I DON'T WANT MONEY. WOT I WANTS IS BREAD. AVE YER GOT SUCH A THING AS A BIT O' BREAD ABOUT YER, ME LORD?"

SOMETHING MORE THAN GUSH.

(A Plea for the Little Ones.)

He. I wonder if I shall go this year?
She. Ah, you should. Last Summer it was prime.
He. You went, and know all about it?
She. Yes. Such fields and such trees, and such a sea!
He. What's the sea like?
She. Oh, lovely! Going on for miles and miles and miles.
He. Bigger than the Serpentine?
She. The Serpentine! Why, it's hundreds of times bigger than the Serpentine.
He. And you get away from the houses?
She. Of course you do. Only sky and flowers, and new milk, and all that's nice.
He. No doctors?
She. None. Only kind people. Such a good time we had. Law, it was lovely!

He. Ah, I daresay. But, you see, I've never been!

She. I've once. But how shall we go again?

He. Yes, how?

Mr. Punch (suddenly appearing). By the Public putting their hands in their pockets. And they will, you take my word for it, my dears.

[Scene closes in upon a tableau of Hope, to be followed, it is trusted, by Charity. Lady Jeune's Holiday Fund for choice.]

To a Tennis Player.

THAT you are "one to love" is trite but true,
"Lett" all gifts from above descend on you, ["score,"]
If to your "vantage" may you always And find in pleasant "lines" good luck galore.

[August 2, 1899.]



"VIDE UT SUPRA."
"THE SAD SEA WAVES."

Certes, I cannot solve the mystery,
For 'tis beyond the long arm of conjecture,
Inscrutable. So, baffled and at fault,
I can but leave the riddle still unread.

FROM A BACHELOR UNCLE'S DIARY.

MUST really study the "Hunting" in
the "Encyclopaedia." Feel sure the
information will be invaluable.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLEY,—The Hunting
part inklosed will interest you as your a
master of hounds but I spose you orredy
know most of the tips weve put in Thanks
for the stamse you sent thers a stuning
cricket batt to be sold chepe hear in a
shop winder it's a ripper my batts broken
witch is rather a pitty ass the seesen's
getting on well thats orl from

Yours affeckshuntly MAX.

Hunting.—This trooly brittish sport
afords ampul skoap for the horsmans
currige and a-dress the latter is wite
breaches and red coat tho they corl it
pink but that's rot I know becos Ive
hunted sos STINKER but hes only been
wunce Ive bin twice my uncles a master
of Hounds you know you do it with a dear
and a lot of spotted dogs and those who
follow are orl mounted on hunters. The
English Hunter is a nobil animal (mine
wen you catch the dear you dont kill it
and wen I arsked for the Brush the Hunts-
man geered at me and sed youde better
try a comb ass well. Fockshuntings the
sain only its rather diffrunt becos you
do get the Brush and give it to the feller
whose ride the farrest or whose jumpd
the most fenses I forget witch.

Hokey.—This gain is playd with a curfd
stick and a ball witch orlways seems to
be catshing your shine. ROBINSON minor
got an orfool crak last harf on his noce

but its ushally shine that sufer. It
mutch rezembels Goff but is maweggsiting
becos wen a fellers going to hit you can
charge him and noek him over witch is
orlways joly for you tho not for the feller.
To doo this at Goff would not be eattyket.

A BALLADE OF AVERAGE
HAPPINESS.

WHY cavil of palace or cot,
And of Fortune's discrepancies prate?
Of how A. his millions has got,
Yet lives at a ruinous rate,
While poor beggar B. at his gate
Must alms of his charity pray?
Whether slender or large man's estate
He only can dine once a day.

Ah! cease to endeavour and plot
With energy, early and late;
Don't agonise winners to spot,
Nor about sound investments debate;
The topmost in Church or in State,
For title, position and pay,
Though men on his grandeur dilate,
He only can dine once a day.

Then gird not at Poverty's lot,
For Fortune's good favours ingrate,
So long as you've pulse in the pot
The cravings of hunger to sate;
Though such-a-one, dining at eight
Can swagger in stalls at the play,
While you for the gallery wait,
He only can dine once a day.

The prince, who from elegant plate
Eats soup, fish, game, poultry, entrée,
The pauper, with skilly elate,
Each only can dine once a day.

MOTTO FOR A GREEK PROFESSOR.—Man
wants but LIDDELL here below.

A RIDDLE UNREAD.

["Sir Georges MORLEY, the Leader of the
Liberal Party."—*Paris Paper.*]

The name I know not, yet methinks it
seems
Strangely familiar, as a face once seen
In some dim dream, long-vanished. What?

You say,
Myself? I' faith, just for one flash of time
I saw myself therein, but swift it passed,
Reason returning. No Sir GEORGE am I.
Sir? Nay, with your good leave, I've
titles none,

But dub me still plain "Mr." even as he,
That light of literature who, yesterweek
Scanning expectantly the birthday honours,
Sought for his name, but seeking found it
not,

Despite his crafty letter to the *Times*.
Nor am I GEORGE. The MORLEY I admit,
And aptly the coincidence of name
Had half deluded me that it was I
But for the definition of the man
That points to—nowhere—least of all to me.
For how should I be called a leader? I,
Who neither lead, as was the wont of
leaders,

Nor follow, as their modern custom is?
May, an you talk of "Leader of the Party,"
I know not what you say, for 'tis a term
That haply once connoted something, now
Hath neither connotation, denotation,
Intension nor extension nor content;
But like some old Homeric adjective,
Whose meaning in the mists of Time lies
hid,

'Twill soon become a theme for college dons
To prose upon, while undergraduates,
Crammed i' the various readings o' the
phrase,
Will wag wise heads o'er the disputed
points,
The while they comment learnedly thereon.

THE COUNTY [COURT] JUDGE.

["There should be a Court of females to try these dressmakers' cases. Ladies would be better judges of these things than I."—*Judge Emden.*]

OH! pity my sorrows, and give without grudge
Your sympathy kind to a County Court Judge;
I crave your compassion, for all will agree
That if I try the men, still the women try me.

How can a mere male be expected to tell
If a bodice is cut *à la mode* and fits well?
How settle the merits of corsets when he
Hasn't got the least notion what corsets may be?

As a County Court Judge, I'm expected to know
The milliners' laws and the profits also,
But though I have lived in a gown, I confess
I've the vaguest ideas concerning a dress.

MOORE'S Handbook I've read till I fuddled my brains,
I know about railways but not about trains;
And the Court is convulsed and the dressmakers score,
When a skirt has been cut and I can't find the gore.

In cases like this it is obvious then
That women are far and away the best men,
And I therefore propose that the Bench be supplied
With one or two females, such suits to decide.

They needn't, of course, know too much Greek or Latin;
What boots Roman law, if they know Roman satin?
They'd take to the Bench like a baby to milk,
For we'd limit selection to those that wear silk.

Such a court would sweep clean as a newly bought besom;
They'd dress the dressmakers that sought to address 'em;
We'd soon hear the end of this milliners' fudge,
And life would be sweet to the County Court Judge.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

THE chief peril that environs *The Solitary Summer* (MACMILLAN) is found in the fact that the anonymous author wrote *Elizabeth and her German Garden*. The critic and the public are assured in advance that a second book from the same pen is not likely to be so good. My Baronite is not quite certain that in this case the anticipation is controvertible. Nevertheless, *The Solitary Summer* is charming. It presents many pictures of rural scenery in North Germany, and gives vivid pictures of home life in a remote German village. There is a delightful view of the garden at daybreak on a June morning. In quite a different style, equally attractive, is the account of the military manoeuvres against the young lieutenant, temporarily quartered upon the author's household. "He was the most beautiful specimen of his class I have ever seen, so beautiful, indeed, in his white uniform that the babies took him for an angel visitant of the type that visited ABRAHAM and SARAH and began in whispers to argue about his wings." How he couldn't be got rid of, how talk had to be made through dreary hours, morning, noon, and night, and how at last the worn-out hostess retired to her bedroom with a supposititious cold and an unpleasantly real bowl of gruel, is told with tender humour. Best of all is the disclosure made of the inner life of a sprightly, sensitive, wayward woman, affectionate and prejudiced. Only, my Baronite grows weary of "the Man of Wrath," and thinks the details about sitting on his knee and the like were better kept for home consumption.

"If you care," says my Nautical Retainer, "for the pure poetry of imagination, disguised as prose, you will yield helplessly to the exquisite charm of colour, and rhythm, and feeling in *FIONA MACLEOD'S Dominion of Dreams* (CONSTABLE). I understand that the identity of this delightful author is shrouded in mystery. Myself, I am distracted enough already by the personality and environment of authors, and I would gladly read all my books as if they were nameless manuscripts picked up on the shore of a dissolute island. But there are qualities here in the book itself which provoke curiosity as to the writer's sex. Only a woman's sensitive touch could so have perfected the delicate grace of 'The House of Sand and Foam'; only a man's wit would have dared to relieve the fantastic tragedy of 'By the Yellow Moonrock' with these light pleasantries upon the influence of usquebaugh. One is reminded of the parody of EDGAR POE, in Mr. SWINBURNE's comment upon the relations of



IN A HUMANITARIAN AGE—AND WITH WEATHER 92° IN THE SHADE
—WHY SHOULD NOT ROBERT HAVE A SEAT TOO?

GEORGE SAND and ALFRED DE MUSSET at Venice—"he was a woman and she was a man—in that kingdom by the sea." But not to commit myself about the sex of *FIONA MACLEOD*, I shall call it a fëy, a good fairy that presides with magic wand at the new birth of Celtic lore. I never had the Gaelic, at least not badly; but if the legends in the book before me have lost anything of their original romance by conversion, then my respect for that cryptic language has, if possible, acquired a yet more abysmal profundity.

In *Men's Tragedies* (MACMILLAN), by R. V. RISLEY, intended to be short stories about "men who" either "hated," or "cared," or "bored," or "fell," or "sneered," or "killed," or "died," there is so confusing an attention to detail, that the principal figures are almost lost in the crowd of accessories. Once hit off the right line of any one of the tales and the experienced "skipper" may interest himself in the book during an otherwise idle hour. Why spell gaiety "gayety"? 'Tis a trifle, but it is typical of the style. THE BARON DE B.-W.

OUR LEGAL CORRESPONDENCE.

TRAVELLER.—By travelling in the manner you describe, viz., under the seat, you render yourself liable to "stoppage in transitu," and to completing the rest of your journey on foot "in custodia legis." The authorities on this point are very clear. See *Constable's Reports*, P.C. X. Y. Z., Vol. XIV., pages 72-85.

JUSTICE.—If the Defendant lost, you being Plaintiff would win, and vice versa. Consult a solicitor.

STUDENT.—Can only spare space for half your questions. "Aggravated assault" explains itself, an assault which aggravates or annoys you. "Damage fesant," a badly shot pheasant. "Simple larceny," taking an empty purse out of a pocket in which a sovereign is lying loose. "Misdemeanour" is of course the demeanour of an unmarried woman, or in plainer language, the airs she gives herself.

INSTANCE OF "SPEAKING UNDER CORRECTION."—"Oh! Please, Sir! don't, Sir! It wasn't my fault! (Swish.) Oh! (Swisher.) Oh!! (Swishest.) Oh!!!" [Scene closes.]



Gracie. "AUNTIE ELLA, I'VE FOUND OUT SOMETHING. MAMMA TAKES OFF HER FRINGE EVERY NIGHT BEFORE SHE GOES TO BED."
 Aunt E. "HUSH, GRACIE DARLING! THAT'S LETTING THE CAT OUT OF THE BAG!"
 Gracie. "NO, AUNTIE, IT WAS THE HAIR OUT OF THE NET!"

Benjamin Patridge fecit

"SOMETHING LARGE AND ROUND."

(After Southey.)

It was a summer evening,
 Old Gaffer's work was done,
 And he before his cottage door
 Was sitting in the sun,
 And by him trotted out and in
 His little cherub, CHAPPIELIN.

Old Gaffer saw the lusty lad
 Hold something large and round,
 Which he in sporting with his mates
 Had casually found;
 Quoth he, "Now tell me what is that
 Which looks so round and smooth and fat?"

Young CHAPPIELIN was full of mirth,
 He twinkled with his eye,
 And thus addressed the aged man
 Who sat expectant by:
 "Only another dole," said he;
 "It is a famous Ministry!"

"Down at the Voluntary School
 They're lying all about;
 And lately in the parson's glebe
 I've seen them peeping out;
 There's heaps of things like this," said he,
 "Dropped by the famous Ministry."

"But tell me how they manage it,"
 The ancient man he cries;
 "Where do they get the money from,
 These men so kind and wise?
 And if it isn't for the war
 Perhaps you'll tell me what it's for."

"It's for the aged," said the boy;

"Good dotards in decline
 Who never went to gaol without
 The option of a fine;
 If they are very good they may
 Have shilling pensions every day."

"A noble scheme," the Gaffer said,
 And heaved a happy sigh,
 "But tell me all about the cost,
 It must be rather high;
 How do they haul the shillings in?"
 "Taxes and rates!" said CHAPPIELIN.

"The working public wants to pay
 For people on the shelf,
 Unless a silly fool has saved
 Enough to keep himself;
 And then, of course, he don't come in,
 Oh, no!" said little CHAPPIELIN.

"If men like me," the Gaffer said,
 "Just blow their weekly wage,
 You say they'll see us nicely through
 A soft and green old age?"
 "It sounds a little strange," quoth he,
 "But 'tis a famous Ministry."

"Great praise Sir MICHAEL he has won,
 And generous JOSEPH too!"
 "But is it not," the Gaffer asked,
 A funny thing to do?"

"There are some funny points," said he,
 "About this famous Ministry!"

THE Cheerful Idiot wants to know if
 hic-cups come from hock-cups?

CRICKETIANA.

(By our own Irrepressible One.)

AFTER the match at the Oval the
 Australians felt very Surrey.

F.-LAVER gives a taste for the game.

TRUMBLE spells his name a letter too
 previously.

GREGORY's powder never fails.

KNOX is the man for all round hitting.

TRUMPER always answers to his partner's
 call.

DARLING is sometimes too dear.

ABEL uses a cane-spliced bat.

HAYES is not often in a fog.

WORRELL will battle anybody.

RICHARDSON keeps things "up to dick."

LOCKWOOD generally has a KEY with him.

MILLER always keeps up the fight.

NOBLE can nob(le) wickets without being
 no-balled. ("Oh! Police!")

JOHNS is a wicket man.

JONES is a "tail pitcher."

LEES is never the dregs of his side.

BROCKWELL can match the Crystal
 Palace pyrotechnist for grand displays.

IREDALE can in his wrath pile up moun-
 tains of runs.

MCLEOD prefers a cool Ma-cloudy day.

HOWELL? Answers himself.

WOOD— [Here enter Policeman. Exit
 Irrepressible quickly.]

GOLF MOTTO.—The "Hole" hog or none.



“SOMETHING LARGE AND ROUND.”

IT WAS A SUMMER EVENING,
OLD GAFFER'S WORK WAS DONE,
AND HE BEFORE HIS COTTAGE DOOR
WAS SITTING IN THE SUN,
AND BY HIM TROTTED OUT AND IN
HIS LITTLE CHERUB, CHAPPIELIN.

OLD GAFFER SAW THE LUSTY LAD
HOLD SOMETHING LARGE AND ROUND,
WHICH HE IN SPORTING WITH HIS MATES
HAD CASUALLY FOUND;
QUOTE HE, “NOW TELL ME WHAT IS THAT
WHICH LOOKS SO ROUND AND SMOOTH AND
FAT?”

YOUNG CHAPPIELIN WAS FULL OF MIRTH,
HE TWINKLED WITH HIS EYE,
AND THUS ADDRESSED THE AGED MAN
WHO SAT EXPECTANT BY:
“ONLY ANOTHER DOLE,” SAID HE;
“IT IS A FAMOUS MINISTRY!”



"SO THIS IS YOUR NATIVE PLACE, PAT?"

"YES, YOUR RIVERENCE—THAT IS, PAR-R-T OF THE TOIME!"

OVERCROWDED.

["There are 70,000 professional beggars in London."—*London Mendicant Society's Report.*]

SEVENTY thousand!

No wonder the profession's worse than ever,

We should never
Have allowed it
To become so overcrowded!

For with such a competition
'Tis impossible, you know,

To keep up the position

That a gentleman should show.

Oh, no!

'Twould be merest imbecility

To hold the possibility
Of living, when the trade has sunk so low,
And so

We may as well all make our bows, and
Retire from business. Seventy thousand!

Time was I did a very pretty
Business in the City,
Kept my horses,

And I dined on twenty courses.
But alas! I was reduced to
Tripe and onions long ago,
And the cham that I was used to
Has forgotten how to flow,

Heigho!

Time was we lived in clover,
But our palmy days are over,
The profession is no longer any go,
And so

We may as well all make our bows, and
Retire from business. Seventy thousand!

TAKES A LOT OF BEATING.—A donkey.

BOUND TO BE READ.

[It is asserted that a book must have a scarlet cover to attract the attention of the public.]

Bind your bantling in *blue*,
And the prospects in view
Will be much of that hue!

Bind your *opus* in *pink*—
To the limbo 'twill sink
Of waste paper and ink.

Bind your booklet in *black*,
And as sombre, alack!
Is its ruin and wrack.

Bind your poems in *green*,
And soon 'twill be seen
Pretty verdant you've been.

Bind your *chef-d'œuvre* in *brown*,
And "done ditto" write down,
You hope for renown.

Bind your offspring in *slate*,
And you've not long to wait,
Ere that colour's its fate!

Bind in *buff* or in *white*,
Or a *Yellow Book* write,
And disaster invite!

But bind in bright red
Your production instead—
O'er the world it will spread.

How can Episcopal authority henceforth
object to the use of incense in churches,
seeing that the Bishops themselves have
been acting as "censors?"

NEW WORDS FOR AN OLD TUNE.

Mr. Ernest Williams (author of "*Made in Germany*") addresses Britannia:—

WHEN other ships to other marts
Their tales of freight shall bear,—
When all your honest merchants' hearts
Are breaking with despair,—
When Ministers no longer blink
The Truths which now I see,—
When that time comes, I rather think
That you'll remember ME.

When vanished Trade shall make you note
The words you now despise,
And you at last perceive the mote
That beams* within your eyes;
When all the commerce you possess
Is gone to Germany,
My only consolation is
That you'll remember ME!

* Presumably a reference to the size of the
"mote."

A GARDEN PARTY IN THE TEMPLE.

BENCHERS on the benches—in the garden.
Bar ceases its moaning and visits other
bars for refreshment. Choir-boys of
Temple sing glees in the grounds, and find
grounds for their glee in cakes and cool
drinks. Chairs and tables are scattered
about on the lawn, whereat cups of tea,
claret and champagne, strawberries and
cream, ices and cakes, are served for the
comfort of the Inner (Temple) Man and his
guests. The Middle-man also enjoys this
entertainment.



OUR DOMESTICS.

"LISTEN, JACK. I'VE PUT DOWN 'KITCHEN AND SCULLERY MAIDS KEPT; ONLY TWO IN FAMILY; BEER ALLOWED; NO DAIRY; EXTRA HELP WHEN REQUIRED.' NOW, CAN YOU SUGGEST ANY OTHER INDUCEMENT I CAN OFFER?"

"WELL—YOU MIGHT ADD 'CHARMING SCENERY!'"

THE SKELETON TOURIST'S VADE MECUM.

(A Forecast for the coming Season.)

Question. What is your object this year?
Answer. To follow the precedent of former Summers, and get over as much ground as possible.

Q. How do you manage this?

A. With the assistance of a ticket guaranteed to make distance a greater consideration than scenery.

Q. Is it necessary to examine the places en route with much careful consideration?

A. Certainly not, as the Guide-book of the place visited will supply the compulsory omissions.

Q. What are compulsory omissions?

A. Objects of interest left out for want of time to give them an inspection.

Q. How long would you give St. Peter's at Rome?

A. A quarter of an hour, and the Colosseum at the same place ten minutes.

Q. Could you not spare more time than this from your holiday?

A. No; for luncheon and dinner have to be taken into consideration in the touring table.

Q. What object of interest would you examine in the land of the midnight sun?

A. The sun at midnight, if it happened to be shining.

Q. And if you visited the Rhine by the railway, what object of interest would chiefly attract your attention?

A. The interior of the compartment in which you happened to be travelling.

Q. What advantage would you derive from your tour?

A. The satisfaction of explaining to non-tourists where you had been rather than what you had seen.

Q. Do you consider that your mind

would derive much benefit from your rapid locomotion?

A. Not much, nor my body either.

Q. But I presume your outing would justify the title of this Vade Mecum?

A. Most certainly; because, by the end of your journey, you might accurately describe your condition as one who had been reduced to a skeleton.

PIGTAIL VERSUS FRINGE.

["CHINESE DOMESTIC SERVANTS.—A London householder, finding it impossible to obtain domestic servants, proposes to employ Chinamen instead, and solicits the co-operation of about fifty householders similarly situated in order to reduce the expenses of agency in China, passages, &c. Experience is to the effect that Chinamen make good servants; are civil, honest, sober, reliable, and invariably good cooks.—Address in the first instance, &c."—*The Times*.]

LAWK-A-MUSSY, MARY ANN,

'Ave you 'eard the litest plan?

Which it ain't no laughin' matter, you'll agree,

'Ere's a party, if you please,

Torks of bringin' in Chinese

For 'to tike away the bread from you an' me.

Wot's a Chinaman? A saint!

Oh, 'e's nothink less, 'e ain't,

For 'e's civil—'ere's 'is character, you see,

Yus, it's true, I tell you strite,

For it's down in black an' white,

Which it's meant to be a 'it at you an' me.

Then in course 'e's sober. Yus,

That's another 'it at us,

Which it ain't no fault of 'is that 'e's tea-tea,

Cos the merest hinfant knows

It's the only thing 'e grows,

An' 'e ain't a-got no beer like you an' me.

Now I tells you, MARY ANN,

Which denige it if you can,

If we ain't a-lookin' sharp it's all U P,

For it's pigtail versus fringe,

And they'll do their best to singe

All the forrids of the likes of you an' me.

TO THE TREASURY, ON READING CERTAIN CORRESPONDENCE.

[The Trustees of the National Portrait Gallery applied to the Treasury for a grant to purchase portraits of (1) The QUEEN, by WILKIE, and (2) CHARLES THE FIRST, by MYTENS. The Treasury refused the grant, adding, "that in acquiring examples, regard must be had to the celebrity of the person represented rather than to the merits of the artist."]

If to be famous were to be

Unknown to thee,

Or that thou hadst not heard

Of me one little word;

Then, Treasury, I e'en might claim

One leaflet from the laurel crown of fame.

Yet shall I of a truth infer

Thou knowst not her

Whose royal banner flies

Under a thousand skies.

Nor e'en that head which caused to stick

So oft the manuscript of Mr. Dick?

Nay, this could scarce be believed be

Even of thee,

Yet if to be unknown

And famous were all one,

Then prithee, come, explain to me

What this celebrity of thine may be.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Lords, Monday, July 24.—Regarded in his capacity as a member of the High Court of Parliament, the Peer's lot is not a happy one. Through the first and fresher half of the session he has nothing to do. In its closing weeks he has dumped down upon him the accumulated work of the Commons; is expected before the dinner-hour, at a single sitting, to dispose of stage of bill debate on which may have occupied the Commons for a fortnight. To do him justice, he is usually equal to this call. As his dinner-hour is

by a movement of the eyebrows, inquire when, in dealing with a bill, vague reference is made to such an assembly.

To-night, the Tithes Bill coming on for second reading, the Lords bravely dealt with it as if it were a meteorite come down with the last thunderstorm. SELBORNE, in a speech an hour long, was evidently amazed at the originality of his views and arguments. His buoyant air of conviction almost communicated itself to the bishops. On introducing bill in Commons WALTER LONG effectively cited opinion expressed many years ago by Mr. G. that the tithe-reaping clergy were suffering from undue rating. If he had gone a little further back he might have quoted a

irradiated with anticipation of surprising triumph, "what did Mr. GLADSTONE say on this subject? I hold in my hands—," and then came the venerable quotation.

Next to SELBORNE's ingenious delight at this startling contribution to the controversy was the polite appearance of almost startled surprise on the countenance of noble Lords.

"Dear me," they seemed to say, "that is a clincher. Wonder nobody ever mentioned it before."

Business done.—Tithes Bill read second time by 113 votes against 23.

Tuesday.—Since BOBS carried the British flag to Kandahar he has not done so much marching and countermarching as he



THE GREATEST HONOUR OPEN TO AN ENGLISHMAN.

LORD KITCHENER OF KHARTOUM, ESCORTED BY LORDS CROMER AND ROBERTS OF KANDAHAR, CONCLUDES A TRYING MARCH IN DIFFICULT COUNTRY.

8.15, he likes to get away not later than a quarter to eight, and habitually succeeds.

Where the particular hardship comes in is in respect of the inevitable result of the Commons having the first cut at the cake. When it reaches the Peers it is but a dry remainder biscuit. Everything that might have been said has been repeated *ad nauseam*. The newspapers and the public were tired to death of the theme long before the Tithes Bill reached its tenth day in the Commons. Can't be expected to wake up fresh when in course of time the topic is taken up by the Lords.

This truism makes the more delightful the sublime assumption on the part of their Lordships that till they took the matter in hand it was never heard of.

"Who is CONNIE GILCHRIST?" the judge blandly asked in a famous case. "What is the House of Commons?" noble Lords,

string of passages from Mr. G.'s speeches in which he foretold the ruin of the realm if the Parliamentary franchise were lowered from the point at which it stood sixty years ago. But the declaration from this particular authority on the question immediately before the House was a palpable hit. In long succession of speeches that followed, whenever supporter of Tithes Bill found himself pumped out, he always quoted Mr. G.'s opinion. At last ominous burst of coughing frightened off member observed to be approaching the thread-worn tag.

To-night SELBORNE brought it out with freshness and exultation that would have abashed Little JACK HORNER seated in his corner, making memorable discovery of the plum.

"My Lords," he said, taking up a sheet of paper from the table, his countenance

accomplished this afternoon. The leading idea of the plan of campaign was to bring in the SIRDAR to sign the roll of Parliament and take his seat as Baron KITCHENER. CROMER, on temporary leave from Cairo, assisted at the ceremony. The three Peers, arrayed in scarlet gowns slashed with ermine, looked imposing; but nothing to Norroy King-at-Arms, with the Tabard displayed on his comely back.

Common people walking into a room with intent to take a seat, find a chair and straightway sit down. Not so with noble Lords for the first time entering the gilded chamber. First they, with their escort, march in single file up to the Woolsack, whereon sits the LORD CHANCELLOR, his three-cornered hat on his head.

"Lord KITCHENER," says Black Rod, jerking his thumb over his shoulder at one of the cloaked figures.



"I SAY, NELL, THE DAD SAYS THAT HE REMEMBERS THAT OLD BOY WHEN HE HADN'T A SHIRT TO HIS BACK, AND NOW HE HAS THOUSANDS."

"GOOD GRACIOUS, HOW EXTRAVAGANT! AND HOW HOT!!"

"Ah!" says the LORD CHANCELLOR, coldly.

May be all right, but would never do to have a trick played off upon him. It might be Lord KITCHENER, and again it might not. Anyhow, not being sworn in is not yet a Peer, and therefore beneath notice. KITCHENER, abashed by austerity of LORD CHANCELLOR, fell on his knees and held out a roll (not bread, of course, but of parchment). LORD CHANCELLOR implacable; beckoned to Black Rod, who took the thing in his hands.

KITCHENER, quite crestfallen, walked back to table accompanied by BOBS and CROMER. BOBS very angry at treatment of his young friend. SARK says he told him after that it was all he could do to prevent himself from taking off his cloak and pitching into the LORD CHANCELLOR.

It was all part of the ordered business. When the Clerk at the table had gabbled over the contents of the Roll, new Peer signed his name in a book. Then order was given for slow march to the bar; sharp wheel to the left, up the gangway, and the three Peers sat all in a row on top bench. KITCHENER timidly glanced at LORD CHANCELLOR. Would he relent? Yes, there he was lifting his three-cornered hat. The cloaked Peers rose from their

far-off seats, doffed their hats and sat down again. No sooner settled than LORD CHANCELLOR lifted his hat again. Three Peers up like one man returning salute. Ice once broken, no end to LORD CHANCELLOR's affability. He actually raised his hat for a third time as if he'd only just seen the gentlemen in the red cloaks. Of course they had to get up and bow again. "Better get out of this now," BOBS whispered. "Can't be playing this game all night."

So without waiting for further signal from the Woolsack they rose and, still in single file, walking slowly, as if to a funeral, they passed up the floor, skirting the Woolsack on the way out by the Throne. KITCHENER thought after what had happened earlier he would cut the LORD CHANCELLOR. But HALSBURY not to be denied. Held out his hand, which KITCHENER could not refuse to take.

"Very warm to-day," said the LORD CHANCELLOR, just as if he had not earlier snubbed the new peer. The worst of it was, as Baron KITCHENER of KHARTOUM subsequently remarked, there was no possibility of denying it. So they parted, to all appearances, friends.

Business done.—"Lord KITCHENER OF KHARTOUM presents his compliments to

the Right Hon. the SPEAKER, and begs to acknowledge the receipt of the Vote of Thanks passed by the House of Commons."

House of Commons, Saturday morning.—Something of a fillip last night when House filled up for debate on affairs in the Transvaal. But paralysis, long setting in, now firmly grips the Session. The Government Whips going about the Lobby with their hospitable inquiry, "Will you dine here to-night?" find responses fewer and fewer. Members already beginning to dine at home.

One gallant band set off for Norway to play at Parliament. Not enough for them to have lived—or rather vegetated—through the dreariest Session of modern times. Just about the time when the end is in sight they eagerly fare forth over sea and land for Norwegian Capital, where they will set up what they call an Inter-Parliamentary Conference, a sort of Babel of a House of Commons, wherein representatives of every nation, Jews, Medes, Persians, and dwellers in Mesopotamia, will make speeches to each other in their own tongue. Mr. WEIR and Mr. CALDWELL will represent Caledonia. What a time they will have to be sure!

Business done.—Colonial Vote, involving acceptance of Transvaal policy, carried without division.

PRETTY FAN'S AIRS.

(A Summer Idyll.)

THOUGH I dare not call you dear,
Do not love you, would not kiss you,
FAN, to you I'd fain be near
(For I could not bear to "Miss" you).

Though the world's censorious eye
Close together oft has seen us,
Yet, 'tis useless to deny,
Coolness often comes between us.

As the throngs around you see
(Ah! FAN, did it never strike you?),
Lovers though they may not be,
There are very many like you.

Lingering in your atmosphere
(I, too, like you well as any)
Yet I must not call you dear—
For you only cost a penny.



"Plaze, Zur, Feyther says, if you'll let un, he'll cut your 'Air for nothun, 'cos Mother wants to stuff an 'Assock!"



Our Artist (who has strolled into a London Terminus). "WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH ALL THESE PEOPLE? IS THERE A PANIC?"
Porter. "PANIC! NO, THIS AIN'T NO PANIC. THESE IS EXCURSIONISTS. THEIR TRAIN LEAVES IN TWO HOURS, SO THEY WANT TO GET A SEAT!"

A DOG AND HIS DAY.

(Written on the spot.)

6 A.M.—Woke up the household by barking at the sweeps next door. Know them well. Never met a burglar. Fancy I should like them.

7 A.M.—First appearance of cook without her boots. Coming down stairs in the hope of passing master's door without being caught. Barked. Row. Cook received warning, and chivied me. Showed fight, and went off with her boot-lace. Eat a few inches of leather and a couple of wired tags. Indigestible.

8 A.M.—Went for the postman's fingers. Missed them, but eat a letter. Caught it from the boys. Took refuge in my favourite corner.

9 A.M.—Begged at breakfast. Don't care

much for marmalade and porridge. Mutton chop bone good, but better for a couple of days' keeping.

10 A.M.—Exit master. Jumped up, and came down rather roughly on the mat. Chivied the cat.

11 A.M.—Taken up my position in the flower-stand in the dining-room window. Coign of vantage for barking at the passing policeman. Makes him so wild when I have no muzzle. He vows vengeance, calling me "his beauty."

12 NOON.—Chivied the cat. JANE having taken a letter to the pillar-box opposite, managed to escape. Immediately arrested and carried off to the police-station. Barked.

1 P.M.—Still barking.

2 P.M.—Still barking.

3 P.M.—Rescued. Brought back in

trouble. Existence at the police-station a blank. Too terrible to remember. Hope I bit somebody. Fancy I munched a pair of regulation boots.

4 P.M.—Asleep.

5 P.M.—Asleep.

6 P.M.—Awoke in a bad temper. Chivied the cat, and got through the backs of some of the best books in the library.

7 P.M.—Superintended the dishing-up of the dinner. Cleared some of the plates—prematurely.

8 P.M.—Sent to rest in disgrace.

9 P.M.—Eat my muzzle. A piece of good work to wind up with, at any rate. Closed my eyes with a tranquil conscience. Barked at a policeman—in my sleep!

FACE VALUE.—Good looks.



THE RECENT DECISION OF THE POLICE COMMISSIONER TO ALLOW NO MORE CRICKET IN THE LONDON STREETS HAS SERIOUSLY AFFECTED THE POSITION OF THE TOOK'S COURT ELEVEN. IT WAS A VERY CRACK TEAM—SEE WINDOWS.



"SUCCÈS D'ESTIME."
(At the Theatre Royal, Hague.)

Actor-Manager De Staal. "THEN, I TAKE IT, I MAY INFORM THE AUGUST AUTHOR, WHO IS NOT PRESENT, THAT HIS PIECE IS A—
AHM—QUALIFIED SUCCESS?"

A MODERN MATERNAL DILEMMA.

YOUNG HARRY BRETT—the tiresome boy!—
Vows he's engaged to VIOLET;
While ARTHUR, to complete my joy,
Insists on marrying HILDA BRETT!
He's one of quite the modern school,
Assures me in a manner cool,
Off-hand and hearty,
That love will always find a way
(Whate'er this gibberish may convey)
"Aut vi aut arte."

'Tis true that ARTHUR'S nearly nine,
And all the others seven or eight,
Yet these engagements, I opine,
Are rather too much up-to-date.
To all my troubles I've to add
That Mrs. BRETT should give—too bad!—
A children's party:
And this is what I want to know—
Ought they to be allowed to go?
Ought VI? Ought ARTY?

THE POINT OF VIEW.—IV.

MR. PUNCH, SIR,—The "Great Servant Question" is coming to a crisis. As I said to a friend of mine last night, what young ladies in service want is *more liberty*. They must have time for biking and other amusements, and for "walking out,"—which is *most important*. As to "no fringe"; well, I never heard such impertinence. And those hideous caps and aprons too! Why, if a young lady can't dress as she likes *where's the use of being anything?*

If you want to make your servants cheerful and obliging, don't bother them with orders. Leave them to *do everything their own way*, and I think you will be surprised! It would be a good plan to take turns with them in the kitchen. Why shouldn't the mistress cook the dinner three days a week, while the master might wash up and break the usual quantity of china? The cook could sit in the dining-room, where she might *entertain her friends*, whilst the table-maid might practise her piano-lessons in the drawing-room. Where only one servant is kept,



there would be no difficulty, if the family set about the matter heartily, in amusing her for a few hours, if the weather prevented her going out with her young man.

Yours, JEMIMA.



AT A GARDEN PARTY.

Lady Vere de Vere (to distinguished foreigner). "YOU MUST EXCUSE ME. I KNOW IT'S AWFULLY SILLY OF ME. I KNOW YOUR NAME SO WELL, BUT I CAN'T REMEMBER YOUR FACE!"

THE FIRST OF THE SILLY SEASON.

DEAR SIR,—I see in one of your daily contemporaries that a horse, losing a shoe, knocked up a blacksmith, put out its hoof, and secured the necessary repairs.

But this is nothing to what my black poodle did during the recent hot weather. Apparently suffering from a headache, Ponto called upon a local vet, put out his tongue and paw, and subsequently paid for a ticket, in postage-stamps, for Paris, and stayed for three weeks at the Pasteur Institute.

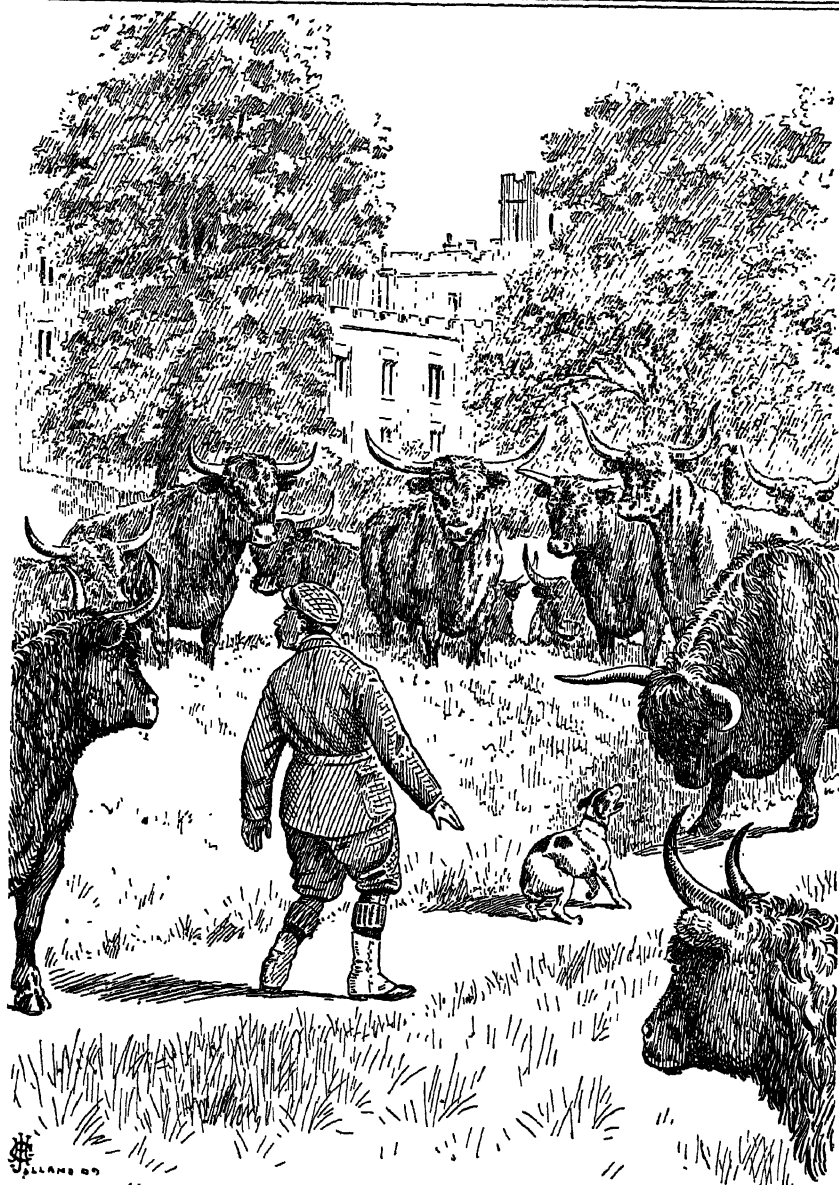
But the conduct of an animal friend of my cousin beats the record. The creature finding itself alone in the country, determined to come up to town and have a good time of it. It dined at a pleasant restau-

rant, managing to take its meal (literally) under a table-cloth. Then it went to the Crystal Palace, and thoroughly enjoyed the exhibits of the Article Club and the paintings in the Picture Gallery. It also delighted in the *Dream of Whitaker's Almanack*. From Sydenham the adventurous animal started for Earl's Court, and not only descended the chute, but went up in the Gigantic Wheel. It after this attended a music-hall or two, and obtained admission and grilled bones at my cousin's favourite club.

And to make the matter stranger, the animal was only a pig. Not a learned pig. His education had been neglected.

Yours rationally,

COLNEY, HATCH & CO., UNLIMITED.
The Retreat, near Hanwell.



"MOTHER, CALL THE CATTLE HOME."

MR. POTTLETON INVESTED IN A HERD OF HIGHLAND BULLOCKS FOR GRAZING, CONSIDERING THEM AS AN ORNAMENT TO HIS PARK. MR. POTTLETON IS BEGINNING TO WISH HE HADN'T.

INTERESTING ITEMS FROM INSULAR REFUGES.

(From Our Special Correspondents.)

BURNLIP.—The weather here is truly seraphic, and reminds one of that usually attributed to the Garden of Eden. Thousands of tourists from the Midlands are mingling with our aristocratic patrons, among whom may be noticed the Duke and Duchess of CASA REALE, Prince BECCAFICO, the Earl of STRIPPIT, the Hon. — BROWN-JONES, Sir REGINALD and Lady RIPPER, and Doctor DIONYSIUS DUNBER, of Chicago. A curious accident happened to one of our fishermen yesterday. He was angling for whiting when, to his great surprise, he succeeded in hooking a lobster-pot, to the great amusement of hundreds assembled on the pier. The Catch 'Em Alive Oh! Company are playing to fair houses at the Imperial Theatre.

CURDMOUTH.—Under the beneficent auspices of Phœbus Apollo, our hotel-keepers and landladies are enjoying a right royal harvest. Bedrooms are at a premium, and the absence of "Norfolk Howards" in every domicile has been guaranteed by the Mayor and Corporation. That elegant steam-yacht, *The Crocus*, is now plying daily between this town and neighbouring ports. She generally boasts a full passenger list owing to the attractive strains of Signor GOBBONI's string band and the courtesy of Captain LANDEMALL, her gallant commander. It is reported that the cousin of the chef of the GERMAN EMPEROR is staying at the "Cat and Candlestick," and the Royal Ensign of the Fatherland is now freely displayed in the High Street. Every one who stayed away from here last Monday must have enjoyed Bank Holiday very much. The residents didn't.

WOUNDBURGH.—"Welcome all guests"

was the fitting inscription in coloured oil lamps displayed last night over the entrance to the Music-hall gardens. It applied not only to the magnificent, dainty and serio-comic show supplied by Manager MICKLETHWAITE, but also to the honest money-making hand held forth by every inhabitant to the stranger, who wants well doing. Never before has he been so well catered for. An American citizen remarked on Thursday that the donkey in Woundburgh could not be equalled at Saratoga or Brighton Beach. The winkle season is now in full swing, and cabs and crabs are running neck and neck in the race for popular custom. Mr. ANGUS O'FLAHERTY, the celebrated Scottish tragedian, opened last night at the Terpsichore Theatre in *The Delights of the Deuce*. The vicar of the chief parish is suffering from lumbago.

[We are unfortunately unable to print further communications from our correspondents this week owing to brain-pressure on vacuity.—ED.]

SUGGESTIONS FOR AN EXTRA TEST MATCH.

(By a Thoroughly Practical Organiser.)

THAT the first innings be played in England, and the second in Australia.

That the eleven be sixteen, so that the choice may be larger.

That the bowling be revised, and the old rules restored.

That a Colonial not to be an Englishman, and an Englishman not to be a Colonial.

That everything be equal, and no advantage be allowed to either side.

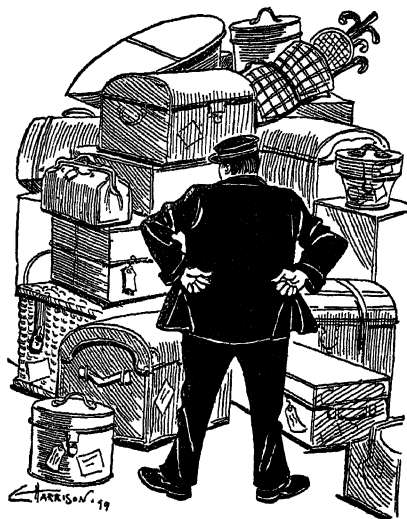
That all the expenses be paid somehow, but gate money be abolished.

That the best side be allowed to win on the plain understanding that both sides are equal.

After a Visit to the Zoo.

Uncle Jim. Well, TOMMY, which is your favourite animal?

Master Tommy. Oh, the yellypump was so large, and the hittipopotimus had on an ugly mackintosh. I fink I liked the guinea-pig best.



A REAL GRIEVANCE.

Porter at Junction. "PHEW! ALL THIS LUGGAGE REGISTERED IN ADVANCE AND NOT A BLOOMIN' TIP DO I GET FOR HANDLING IT."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

MR. WILFRED WOOLLAM, believing that I am not, save owing to some accident or blunder, ignoring *Child Illa* and *Other Poems*, by WILFRED WOOLLAM (Sheffield, J. A. BAIN; London, SIMPKIN AND MARSHALL), ventures to ask if the volume duly reached me. Many influential journals, it appears, failed to receive their allotted copies, and *Punch* may have failed where neither the *Spectator* nor the *Daily Chronicle*—so Mr. WOOLLAM informs me—succeeded. I know not. On the Baron's shelves are many volumes, and perchance on some inaccessible shelf *Child Illa* may be reposing, with the dust of eight months lying thick upon her. Step-ladders and investigation are alike unnecessary, I am glad to say, for Mr. WOOLLAM, with a generosity that does equal credit to his heart and his head, has sent me a fresh copy of his soul's outpourings, which, at his special request, I now proceed to examine.

It appears that in an ancient land, date uncertain ("when it boots none to know," says Mr. WOOLLAM), a knight had been for seven years engaged in the seductive and mysterious occupation of riding to and fro over the turf and by the surf. He was all alone, "But letters from the king he bore And the mien of high degree," just as on a celebrated occasion *Miss Bolus* went home in a flood of tears and a sedan chair. This knight never supped twice in the same place ("And never twice o'er festive board His smile or jest was thrown"), but having supped, he saddled and flew—I retain in my prose as much as possible of the original poetry—sighing "Not there," while "his steed's hoots cried, 'The Past! The Past! The Past!'" which, I may remark in passing, is a cry that the merely mortal hoots of no self-respecting earthly steed have ever emitted in my hearing. But then I never heard them say "Proputty," or anything else, so I daresay Mr. WOOLLAM is right all the same. However, the knight came to *Child Illa's* castle and stayed there seven days. *Child Illa*, it should be noted, was a lady; she had nothing to do with *Childe Harold* or *Childe Roland*, who to the dark tower came; she was a different sort of child altogether, and the mysterious knight fell in love with her—in fact, he went on loving her till, by a pine-roofed, lonely shrine, he told her his name was *Dondelume*. This didn't startle her at all, for when the knight added that none knew it, and that 'twas seven years gone since one had called him *Dondelume*, she merely remarked, "It will be known to fame." Shortly after this there was a battle, though I can't quite make out what it was about, and *Sir Dondelume* took part in it. Just before it began he received from *Child Illa* a curt message which made his face and his heart as clay. This message ran: "My lady's thanks to the stranger knight, Her compliments and good-bye." *Sir Dondelume* spurred into the fray and performed the prodigies that are usually associated with mediæval, armour-clad combats. Eventually, however, when The sun's last ray showed ghastly-gay Stained banners, broken arms, Glad gallant knights, sad sickening sights: War's horrors and its charms—eventually, as I say, *Sir Dondelume* was struck by an arrow, a style of weapon which it was seemingly unfair to employ, and died, after having received a final visit from *Child Illa*, thus bringing the poem to a somewhat unhappy conclusion.

There are many other poems, but I cannot deal with all. I may mention, however, "Mr. Smith," of whom the author says:

Of him no rich and kind papa,
No scheming poor mamma afraid is;
He's lots of friends—is loved—yah, bah!—
By two sweet ladies.

Mr. WOOLLAM evidently has a hearty dislike for "that beast, that dog, That four-legged SMITH" (note the *crescendo* of the epithets), and not without reason, for either of these two sweet ladies might have been Mr. WOOLLAM's bliss, had not the four-legged one intervened. But a poet's lot is traditionally unhappy, and women often bestow their affections on strange monsters. There are 342 pages in Mr. WOOLLAM's book.

Most interesting and entertaining is the volume of *Pickwickian Studies*, by PERCY FITZGERALD, published by the New Century Press, thereby suggesting that here, at least, is a work which the new century, with its new types of men and manners, will not willingly let die. The labour bestowed by Mr. PERCY-VERING FITZGERALD on the details of so many *Pickwickian* scenes is amazing. Had CHARLES DICKENS confided the scheme, or scenario, of some of his most farcical situations to his keenly critical admirer, it is highly probable that many of them, including that of *Mr. Pickwick* in the spinster's bed-room, would never have been written. The genius that gave *Pickwick* to the



Little Ethel. "MR. RICH, WE'RE NOT ALL MADE OF DUST, ARE WE?"
Mr. Rich (benignly). "YES, MY DEAR."
Little Ethel (triumphantly). "OH, WELL, YOU AREN'T, 'COS PAPA SAYS YOU SPRUNG FROM NOTHING!"

world was above all rules except those that manage stage effect. Who for the first time in the full enjoyment of a comic situation in *Pickwick* would have cared, at the moment, to inquire into the probabilities? Now, when all the scenes and characters are so familiar to us, Mr. PICKWICK FITZGERALD's *Pickwickian Studies* sends us back to the book itself with freshly awakened interest. By the way, Mr. FITZGERALD recounts how *Boots at the White Horse* was played in 1843 at the Ipswich Theatre, and "This," says Our Percy-vering historian "was, of course, our old friend *Boots at the Swan*, which FRANK ROBSON, later, made his own." "FRANK" is a slip of the memory for "FRED." It was FRED. ROBSON, "Little ROBSON," who made one of his exceptional successes as *Jacob Earwig*, in the farce of *Boots at the Swan*, a character originally played, if the Baron remembers rightly, by KEELEY.

The Crime in the Wood, as bottled off by T. W. SPEIGHT, in twenty-one chapters (JOHN LONG, yes—decidedly long), had better have been left where it was, i.e., in the wood. It is a story that, years ago, might have served some dramatist as a melodramatic plot for the Adelphi or Princess's, and before that, for the good old "transpontine theatres." Had the materials of this story been adroitly dealt with, after the manner of *Sherlock Holmes*, and had the style been modernised, it might have served the purpose of beguiling a leisure hour.

THE BARON DE B.-W.

"OVER!"

Now with this man I'll make a match,
For all report him a good-catch.
He asked me on the popping-crease,
And swore his love would never cease.

FLORAL FAVOURITE AMONG PAWNBROKERS. —The Pop-py.



Traveller (to Irish porter labelling luggage). "DON'T YOU KEEP A BRUSH FOR THAT WORK, PORTER?"

Porter. "No, YER HONOUR. OUR TONGUES IS THE ONLY INSTRUMENTS WE'RE ALLOWED. BUT—THEY'RE AISY KEP' WET, YER HONOUR!"

[Hint taken.]

"LET US GO HENCE."

LET us go hence, my tongue! they would not hear
Not though we tempted them by talking sense;
Even a new joke would not draw a cheer;
Let us go hence!

The **SPEAKER**'s pew is empty; gone the mace;
Gone, too, the lone hat of the last M.P.;
Let us go hence, my tongue! it is no place
For you and me.

For now the politician's pulse is stirred,
He pants for other gayer scenes than this;
Northward he moves to give the early bird
A safety miss;

All ways he radiates to summer seas,
A bucket and a spade in either hand,
To build his castles in unclosed ease
Upon the sand.

Though Oom be obstinate as any swine,
Though all the hounds of war be ripe to slip,
No less our friends will practise in the brine
Their daily dip.

The **Primate** may pronounce the censor's use
Improper save for sanitary needs,
No less our vagrants on the air will loose
Their lightish weeds.

The lagging Season lurches out of mind
Where limbo waits it, easy to forget;
Silly it was, and now there looms behind
A sillier yet.

The giant gooseberry renews its strength;
The monster serpent, comatose in caves,
Lithely unravels all his lustrous length
And rules the waves.

The publishers sit by the running brooks
Or wait till autumn for the leaves to fall;
Meantime we pass from undistinguished books
To none at all.

Solitude settles on the torpid town;
A paltry million here and there remains;
Almost alone the cracksman saunters down
Suburban lanes.

Hunger and Duty and the burglar's aim—
Mere Art for Art's sake—hold their prisoned prey;
Only the ornamental workers claim
Their meed of play.

"Peace!" cries the minor bard, and folds his wings;
Round at the Hague the Huis-ten-Boschers cease;
Peace is their prayer, peace even from the things
That make for Peace.

AT GOODWOOD.

Miss de Courcy (the famous Polynesian Soprano). Why is there a "birdless grove" here?

Lord Chesterfield Smith (gallantly). Because the birds knew that a syren was in the neighbourhood.

Brute of a Bookmaker. Any price Bird of Paradise!

PERHAPS.—If things go right in a Chamberlainic direction, Johannesburg may be renamed Joechamberlainesburg or simply Joe-hannesburg.



A FREE HAND!

HARTHUR B. (to the Butler). "WELL, THANK 'EVINS, MR. SALISBURY, THEY 'VE ALL LEFT THE 'OUSE!"
JOE (the Buttons). "NOW WE CAN DO JUST AS WE LIKE, AND NO QUESTIONS ARST."



"TWO LITTLE DEMOISELLES FROM SCHOOL."

First Little Demoiselle. "I DON'T WANT TO BE MARRIED, AND I DON'T WANT TO BE AN OLD MAID."

Second Little Demoiselle. "THEN GET MARRIED AND BE DIVORCED!"

FROM A BACHELOR UNCLE'S DIARY.

"THIS post brings last instalment of my nephews' 'encycloppaejaer.' Seems to treat several subjects within very limited space. Glad my small remittance appears to have been appreciated."

DEAR UNCLE CHARLEY,—Thanks orlly for your jenrous tip witch I divided between me and STINKER according to seeny-ourorrity I mean that ass lme a yeer older I took a trifool maw than him I bort that Criket batt its a stuner Hoping youle like the inklosed, Your affeckshunt nephew MAX.

P.S.—The price of this wurks a bob We maik the littul fellers rite it orl out and give them 3d this shows a hansom prophet.

Riding.—You do it with a hoarse and a saddle and bridel and stirps Wen it trots you rice jently and then come down agane holding on well by the hoarse's hed and if nessesary by the saddle ass well Wenever you fall orf mind he dussent step uppon you Riding is mutch reckomended for the lifer but shood not be indulged in to eggsses ass it herts orlly afterwoods.

Shooting.—This seams dangerus at first becoss the beginer will freequently let off his gun without meening to and wen it hits a keaper thers an orlie row but you must Percyveer and orl difficultys will be smounted The Cartrige shood never be put in the hole at the top and ramd down as formally but now thers a hinge and you lode from there and not from the muscule of the gun You shut one eye and look along the barl ass you aim at the vicktim then shut both eyes and pull the trigur it maiks an orlie row thats the wurst of it Its not a bad doge to wate till annuther feller shutes at a cufey of birds and then fire too and say thats my bird I think Praps the feller will look sick but that dussent matter This is only reckomended to the kneefite ass the eggspurt will find it unnessry.

Skating.—This is an eggillyrating tho slipry sport One of our fellers can cut ses at least he ses so but its rather funy that he ses he carnt do it wen ennyones looking This creates distrussed I dont bleeve mutch in fellers who can only do things wen no ones looking do you You begin by holding on to anuther feller if heal let you and then you strike out furst one foot and then the uther till you fall down then you get up and do it agane till your profishent Grone up peepole orlways look sollum wen their skating but this is purely opshonal.

Sliding.—Is like skating You taik a run then stick your feat together and slide If you fall sum uther fellers shure to fall

over you but taik it in good part and do not cherrish angry felines and do not hit him for doing what he canot help, unless its one of the littul fellers then of coarse I shood joly well smak his hed.

Swimming.—A plessent parstime mutch in voag wenever thers enuff water to do it in I saw a feller jump orf the Peer at Shrimpington but I think he was an ass dont you it was 200 feet high or 20 feet I forget witch Strike out bolely and with conphidince Larst harf I was striking out bolely wen I hit RAWLINSON minor on the noce he sed you clumpsy rotter what are you doing I sed shut up young blob-face or Ile give you a joly good liking arfter school Ass England is an lland suroundid by water every Brittish boy shood lern to swim.

FINIS—THE END—THATS ORL.

PATRIOTICS.

(From a Traveller's Log-book.)

I.—THE LONDON BUS.

O SHADE of Shillibeer,
The Bus's pioneer,
Return again to London Town and note our modern traffic!
Come back and take a ride,
Sit, as of old, inside
And at our sixty years' advance your joy will be seraphic!
Mark, how when Fahrenheit
Reads ninety, we sit tight
Within a box on wheels, whence draughts are carefully excluded;
How we progress along,
An ever-hurrying throng,
Five miles an hour, which almost is a faster pace than you did!
At night the feeble ray
Of one oil lamp will stay
The passengers from wasting time and money o'er the papers;
And then in exit rash,
Against the roof you'll smash
Your topper, which is good for trade—so say the silk-hat shapers!

Note, too, our lovely roads
Paved in all kinds of modes—
They're up-and-down (more often "up") and full of sweet surprises;
With pleasure will you jump,
For instance, as you bump
To Kensington or Notting Hill o'er holes of different sizes.
As for electric trams,
They're nasty foreigns shams,
And so's an awning, waiting-room, or correspondence-ticket;
JOHN BULL prefers to rush
(Like football-scrum) and crush—
The stuffy, lumbering London Bus has precious few to lick it!



ODD MAN OUT.

A Genuine Peace Conference.

The newspapers say that Mr. McKinley and Sir Wilfrid Laurier will meet while both are on holiday, and that "they will settle the Alaskan matter off hand." Mr. Punch ventures to submit a simple method of arbitration not suggested at the Hague.



SUNSET IN THE PARLIAMENTARY "OBERLAND."

IN THE EARLY DAYS OF AUGUST THESE LOFTY AND INTERESTING EMINENCES VANISH INTO DARKNESS AND SILENCE. THEY RE-APPEAR IN FEBRUARY.
(Our Artist regrets he is unable to give any idea of the magnificent Gully that divides the two ranges.)



TRIALS OF A NOVICE.

Unfeeling Passer-by. "SAY, MISTER! ARE YOU FLY-FISHING OR 'EAVING THE LEAD?"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, July 31.—MR. GEDGE has no confidence in the LORD CHANCELLOR, regarded as a dispenser of legal patronage. Himself a family man, he thinks the virtue of family affection may be carried too far. Hence his desire to interpose to-night in debate on proposal to create a new judge.

"All very well," said Mr. GEDGE. "No objection to increasing strength of the bench. But with whom is to rest the appointment to so desirable a preferment?"

The SPEAKER, smelling a rat, blandly suggested that before the line of argument were pursued it would be necessary to show its relevancy.

"Exactly, my Lud," said Mr. GEDGE, momentarily led astray by the judicial tone of SPEAKER's remarks. "It stands thus. If this new judge is to be appointed by the LORD CHANCELLOR, some of us might have want of confidence in the LORD CHANCELLOR."

The SPEAKER was now convinced. He not only smelt the rat. He saw it moving in the air.

"That," he said, "is too remote."

Hard, this, on Mr. GEDGE, who, early in the Session, prepared a few remarks on general subject of LORD CHANCELLOR'S distribution of patronage. For long time notice of motion on subject stood on paper in his honoured name. Had no luck at the ballot; seemed as if opportunity had fled; when here comes this motion by PRINCE

ARTHUR on question of creating new judge. Mr. GEDGE's eagle eye discerned his opportunity. Hunted up notes of discarded speech; brought them down to House, and looked forward to a pleasant evening.

Then comes the bland SPEAKER with the abhorred shears and cuts him up on points of order.

Again and again he returned to the attack. Ever the shears closed with swift snap. At length Mr. GEDGE dropped back in his seat, defeated, oppressed with expectation that the LORD CHANCELLOR, thus delivered out of his hands, would beat his own record in the appointment to the new judgeship.

"Rather hard on GEDGE, I must say," observed SARK. "I like his bull-dog tenacity. House may laugh at him or yell. SPEAKER may rule him out of order; if he thinks he's on the right tack he comes up serene, indomitable. Never has had quite fair play. House from beginning insisted on regarding him as a joke, and keeps it up. If they would only listen to him they would find he usually knows what he's talking about, and puts his case well. Reminds me of another legal luminary, whose fame lives in a couplet:

Persuasion tips his tongue when'er he talks,
And he has chambers in the King's Bench Walks."

Business done.—Quite a lot.

Tuesday.—*Nemo me impune lacessit*: which, freely translated, means "The Lords had better not touch TIM HEALY'S Bill." Unmindful of their doom, they

riddled the Dublin Corporation Bill, which a few weeks ago TIM triumphantly carried through the Commons. To-day it comes back almost unrecognisable by its anguished parent. Not a time for idle tears. Must stir up Commons to revolt against the tyranny of the other chamber.

In vain CARSON urged that if Lords' amendment be disagreed with Bill will be lost. TIM recalls the fine scene in CORNELLE'S play, where Horace laments the disgrace he insists has been brought upon his name by the flight of his son in combat with the Curiaes.

"Que voulez-vous qu'il fit contre trois?" asks Julie.

"Qu'il mourût," the old man passionately responds.

"You'll kill your Bill if you insist on this course," said CARSON.

"Let it die," said TIM.

In vain EDWARD CLARKE, shocked at prospect of affront to an assembly that numbers in its ranks two archbishops and four and twenty bishops, called upon the Government to come to the rescue. Ministers stood aside and let TIM fight it out untrammelled by the Whips. Members in both camps, delighted at opportunity of giving the Lords what Dick Swiveller's friend, the Marchioness, used to call "a wonner," trooped into the lobby, guided by the light that flashed from TIM'S sword. When figures announced it was found that the Lords had been beaten by more than three to one. Business done.—Merrily mopping up work of the session.



"HOW GENTLE LOVE THE SOUL TRANSFORMS!"

Lizzie. "OH, WOT A LOVELY PLACE 'AMPSTEAD IS! AIN'T IT, 'ARRY?"

'Arry. "YUS. 'AMPSTEAD 'UD BE ORL RIGHT IF IT WASN'T FER THE NASTY COMMEEN PEOPLE WOT YER MEET 'ERE ON A BANK 'OLDERDAY."

THE GREAT—UNKNOWN.

IN London you may ever find
Great Britain's "lions," from the latest
Financier to the men of mind,
The best and greatest.

Some great men always must and will
Be recognised by lounging gapers,
Thanks to the comic and the il-
-lustrated papers.

At B-Bs, Lord S., or ARTHUR B.,
The ill-mannered crowd will stare un-
-duly;
They know their B-RNS and JOEY C.,
And even H-L-Y.

While some, of whom the public talk,
In various ways of light and leading,
By kinder fate unnoticed walk
Through crowds unheeding.

Of folks who study those they meet
'Tis known to very few beholders
How many great men in the street
With them rub shoulders.

For instance, there's your *vis-à-vis*
Inside a 'bus or third-class smoker—
A statesman, whom you took to be
Some sort of broker!

That stolid-looking lump of clay—
Is X., detective, London's smartest!
That shabby clerk—is JONES, R.A.,
The well-known artist!

The pushing person you rebuke,
On whom you pour your wrath's full
vials—

May chance to be the noble "Duke
Of Seven Dials!"

The stranger with the queer-shaped head
And not the snowiest of collars
You try to snub—is Doctor Z.,
The prince of scholars!

In this a pretty moral lies.
Of seeming scallawags a few are,
It may be, great men in disguise—
As great as you are.

Then be less haughty and constrained,
Discard the stiffness of the steeple;
Some unawares have entertained—
Distinguished people.

Reader, it even well may be
That somewhere, though you did not
know it,
You've had the luck to meet with ME,
The blameless Poet!

LOOKING AHEAD.

1900. The London University success-
fully established in the Imperial Institute.

1901. Branch Establishment of the
Royal College of Surgeons located in the
School of Mines.

1902. Royal College of Physicians annex
Diploma Gallery of R.A. for a lecture-hall.

1904. British Museum put at the ser-
vice of the Governing Body of the new
Technical Knowledge Society.

1906. Passing of the Act for Improving
the Condition of the Public by utilizing
Places of Recreation in the Cause of Pro-
gress. Short Title, Abolition of Cakes and
Ale Bill.

GUP FROM GIB.

SOME time ago the morning papers pub-
lished a home letter from a young Guards-
man at Gibraltar. Here is another from
the same shrewd observer. His spelling
is hazy, but his glance is keen.

Barracks, Gibraltar, Monday.

MY DERE MAIMIE,—Sumwuns gon and
printed the letter I sent you and now the
Generuls and Guvernors that I told you
about are orl orful mad and I feel just like
wun duz wen wuns swollerd orl the shooger
and Nurs cums along. Thare ar sum Orful
Big secrits here and thay ar told to orl
the furrin people that cum here to look at
us just so's to friten them.

Tuday I am playin at Tom Tiddler's
Ground, its a drefful funny game. I stop in
a place corld Gard and a lot of sentrys
stand outside pertendin to stop the Span-
yards from runnin onto our ground when
nowuns lookin. Thay no its onely play
coz nowun wood cum heer in the Summer
if he hadent got to but it dont do no harm
coz the sentrys hav onely got old guns to
play with that carnt go orl.

Thare ar a grate lot of Mareens heer
sumtimes, thay say this is a orful nice
place but thats only coz the Guvernor told
them so and o corse thay berlied him,
thayd be orful clever peepel if everiwun
dident orlwase go tellin them silly storys.
Orl sorts of things gro heer.

The ensines lyke this place a lot coz
moostarches gro heer just as quick as
mustard and kres Sum hav got horrid
funny wuns ime goin to send yoo pikchers
ov them with thare names underneeth as
soon as I lern to dror proper.

I think it was a drefful mistake bildin
Gibrorlter heer it ort to hav bin put up at
Earls Cort sumware in the shade.

I sharnt put my name at the end of this
coz ime orful yung and onely just joind
and ort to be sittin still sayin nuffin.

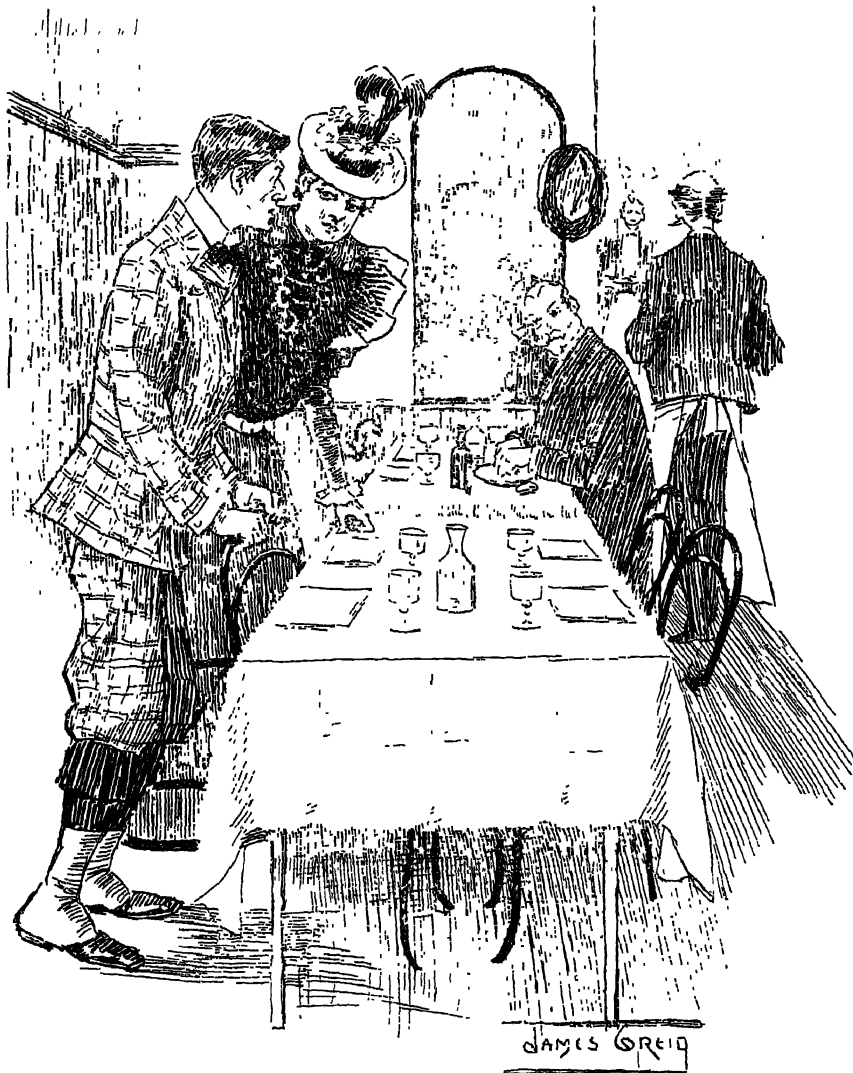
But its orl qwite troo.

POST CARD

THE ADDRESS ONLY TO BE WRITTEN ON THIS SIDE

Miss Lydia Lawson
37 Lower Grosvenor St
London

THE EFFECT OF A FORTNIGHT'S HOLIDAY IN
[WALES ON YOUR SPELLING.]



PERFECT TRANSLATION.

Youthful North Briton (on honeymoon tour, proud of his French). "GASSONG! LA—LE—LE—CART—"
 Garçon. "OUI, M'SIEU, TOUT DE SUITE!"
 Admiring Bride. "LOSH! SANDY, WAT DID HE SAY?"
 Youthful North Briton (rather taken aback). "AWEEL, JEANNIE, DEAR, HE KENS I'M SCOTCH, AN' HE ASKED ME TO 'TAK' A SEAT'"

ODE TO THE IMPERIAL INSTITUTE.

(In humble imitation of the Ode which Sir Lewis Morris wrote twelve years ago to the same august building.)

WITH voice subdued and humbler music sing!
 Our ode, alas! to-day is quite another thing
 From that which proudly rose to Heaven
 Sometime in 1887.
 Delusive hopes, distracting fears,
 Have both alike given place to jeers,
 And Britain, Britain, all our jubilant
 tongues are mute
 When any one alludes to the Imperial
 Institute.

"Our Britain, issuing at a call of Fate's,
 From her lone islets in the Northern Sea
 Donned her Imperial robe," Sir LEWIS
 MORRIS states.

And so, to mark the Jubilee,
 With general joy and national subscrip-
 tion
 (And hostile talk from Mr. LABOUCHERE)
 A building of a quite ornate description
 Upraised its stately pile into the air.

Twelve years have passed and we behold
 A different scene, and—painful to be
 told!—

To-day we see (the fact's beyond dispute)
 The Board of Works has bought our In-
 stitute.

The Eastern Wing, by its decree,
 Will house the London University;
 The Fellows, huddled in the West,
 Will read the papers with diminished
 zest;

A fact all kindly persons must regret
 Although it frees the Institute from debt.

So let us "Rule Britannia" sing
 And any other cheerful thing

Which this sad moment may efface
 And put one less depressing it its place.
 Whoever holds the helm of State
 (Sir LEWIS says it) England shall be great.
 He tells us with complacent mien,
 "Nigh half the race of man is subject to
 our Queen."

So, though the Institute's decline may
 make us tearful,
 The outlook, on the whole, is tolerably
 cheerful.

A SUMMER EPIDEMIC.

DOCTOR, you gravely shook your head
 As I described each symptom strange—
 Jarred nerves, no appetite—and said,
 "What you want, my dear Sir, is change."

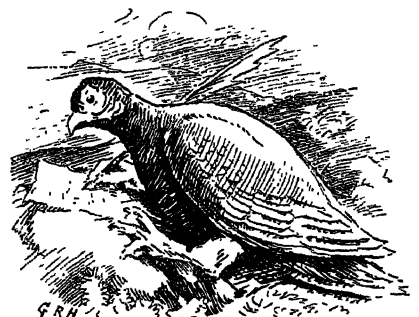
Then from my pocket ruefully
 (Where pounds are scarce and shillings
 scant)

I drew the guineas for your fee.
 Yes, change, indeed, is what I want!

THE POINT OF VIEW—V.

Glen Parritch, N.B.,
 The Twelfth.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—Here is the 12th
 again—an unlucky day in our family—and
 I snatch a moment, before business hours,
 to protest against the invasion of this
 historic glen by a crowd of tramps with
 firearms, who come, they say, "to make
 bags," but who are no better than they
 should be. Even Parliament, I am told,
 was "up" three days ago, that the M.P.s
 might be let loose to over-run Scotland
 in this bag-making business. Bags, it
 seems, are more important than Old Age
 Pensions and the rest. Ours is not a
 long-lived family, and I have no personal
 bias in the matter, but I would have
 greatly preferred that Parliament should
 have sat right through the autumn, and
 thoroughly discussed the Old Age Pensions
 Scheme. Besides, the moors in autumn
 are very unhealthy, and the number of
 shooting fatalities is appalling. Last year
 ever so many of my relatives were victims.
 They say that London in August and
 September is healthy and stimulating, and
 full of interest. If M.P.s and others want
 to be bagmen they should go into the trade



at home and not worry us. That's my
 view, Mr. Punch—but there goes a shot,
 so I must fly.—Yours moonrfully,

A. CEEPER.

SAD FATALITY TO ONE OF A SHOOTING
 PARTY ON THE MOORS.—On returning
 home, after a most successful day's sport,
 just as he entered the garden he was
 taken from life by a snap-shot.



Russian Bear (jealously). "LOOK HERE, I SAY! IF THERE'S ANY HUGGING TO BE DONE, I'LL DO IT."
 "China is warned that an alliance with Japan would give Russia the greatest offence."—*Daily Paper.*

"WHEELS WITHIN WHEELS" STILL RUNNING.

O! GOOD old Screen Scene from the *School for Scandal*, that, like Charity, hides such a multitude of dramatic weaknesses! Invariably effective; and here it is again modified, indeed, but as fresh as ever in Act I. of an Original Comedy by R. C. CARTON, entitled *Wheels within Wheels*, at the Court Theatre. This play, however, does not depend on the incidental reminiscence of SHERIDAN's device, nor on its resemblance to our old friend *Frou-Frou*, but on its comedy characters, who are most artistically made to interest the audience in a fresh combination of somewhat hackneyed materials. Miss COMPTON, with her fascinating smile—a thorough *bonhomie*—is excellent as the aristocratic bohemian widow, Mrs. Onslow Bulmer, and the feather-headed, flirting, fashionable young woman of fashion finds a clever representative in clever Miss LENA ASHWELL. Mr. GEORGE BELLAMY'S *Eaves*, the valet, is so good as to deceive the audience into thinking there is some deep design underlying his actions, which, however, whatever may have been the author's original intentions, the unfortunate *Eaves* is not permitted to work out; he blooms in the first act, and then a nipping frost, and he is neither heard nor seen any more. Such, too, is the fate of the comic waiter, Mr. LISTER, in Act II. For the "pick'd man of countries," the travelled gentleman, Lord Eric Chantrell, who has been everywhere, done nothing, and remains the simple, chivalrous Colonel Newcome, unspotted by his worldly experiences, no better representative could be found than Mr. DION BOUCICAULT. Mr. ERIC LEWIS as nervous, selfish Sir Philip Curtoys, M.P., is very amusing; and Mr.



OVERHEARD SUNDAY MORNING AT THE "ZOO."

'OH, I SAY, GEORGE, LET US GO INTO THE REPTILE HOUSE AND SEE IF THERE'S ANYBODY THERE WE KNOW!'



THE FRENCH TWEEDLEDUM AND THE RUSSIAN TWEEDLEDEE.

According to the Russian newspapers, the visit of M. Delcassé to Count Muraviev has given a fresh proof of the identity of the French and Russian foreign policies. [N.B.—The identity of the French and Russian Foreign Ministers needs no fresh proof.]

"Do you think it's going to rain?" said Alice. Tweedledum spread a large umbrella over himself and his brother. "No, I don't think it is," he said; "at least, not under here."

THALBERG plays the most ungrateful part of a would-be co-respondent with such tact as to command sympathy for the man who could risk so much for such a little idiot of a woman.

But the gem of the piece—the JIM of the piece—is Mr. ARTHUR BOURCHIER as *James Blagden*. He is, in every sense of the word, immense. From the first moment of his appearance on the scene, until his final exit in the third act, the audience are convulsed. As a finished picture of a modern type of How-we-live-now Man, not too young and not too old, it is simply perfect. "Laugh! Lor! I thought I should ha' died," as Mr. CHEVALIER sings, in the "Old Kent Road"; and if the piece

depended only on this one character, its success is assured. Indeed, there is in this part the germ of a character which—if only the author of its being feels it—could be developed into something as phenomenal as was *Lord Dundreary*. "We know that man!" as Mr. SYDNEY GRUNDY said in *A Pair of Spectacles*. He comes—not only from Sheffield, but from England, and he is to be found as a representative of the loud-toned, slangy, jolly-dog sort of superior *Bardolph* that makes this type of Briton so unpleasantly popular at home and abroad, especially abroad. Mr. BOURCHIER may have had many a better part, but never one with which his name will be more closely associated. "*Il grandira!*"



SCENE—A Shooting Party, August 12 (M.F.H. is introduced to distinguished foreigner).

"YOU HUNT MUCH OF THE FOX, MONSIEUR? I ALSO, AND HAVE ALREADY OF HIM SHOT TWENTY-FIVE, AND HAVE WOUNDED MANY MORE!"

MR. PUNCH'S DRAMATIC RECIPES.

No. IV.—HOW TO BE AN ACTOR-MANAGER.

To be an actor-manager is at once so agreeable and so profitable an occupation that no excuse is offered for setting this recipe before our readers.

It is agreeable because it is well known that actor-managers subsist almost entirely on oysters and champagne, which they consume at all hours of the day and night; that they are the adored of ladies and the darlings of Society; and, last but not least, that they may ultimately aspire to a knighthood, and even (who knows?) a baronetcy and a seat on the Privy Council. So triumphant is Democracy.

It is profitable because, if you are an actor-manager, you can yourself select the plays in which you are to appear, and see that the parts which you undertake are suited to the display of your peculiar gifts. Nay, if they are not so suited, you can alter them.

In the same way, if any other character in the play has effective situations which threaten to overshadow those in which you appear you can cut them out or, better still, incorporate them in your own part. This may not improve the play, but that, after all, is a minor consideration. You can afford to put the fat in the fire when all the "fat" is your own.

It may be imagined that the aspiring dramatist will, at times, object to this sort of treatment being meted out to his work, dramatists being proverbially difficult to convince that they exist, not to produce

good plays but to provide a suitable setting for an actor-manager. But this is a difficulty which may easily be got over. A threat of not producing his play at all will quickly bring almost any playwright to reason.

Another and an easier way of getting over this difficulty may be mentioned,—never to produce the works of living authors. Dead men utter no wails. If you confine yourself to producing, say, the plays of SHAKESPEARE, you are quite safe from petty annoyance of this kind. The dramatic critics may utter a word or two of protest, but nobody ever listens to the dramatic critics.

With SHAKESPEARE, therefore, you will have a free hand. You will probably find

it expedient to "cut" him considerably, and present him in three acts. That is the most modern way of dealing with him, and after all, modernity is everything. If you find that he has become too short under this drastic treatment you can expand him again by an inserted tableau or two, and by delivering your own speeches with impressive slowness, punctuated by gulps.

In compressing SHAKESPEARE, it is well to remember that the structure of the play is of minor importance. What is really necessary is that *your* speeches should be preserved intact, and that the act-drop should never fall save when you are occupying the centre of the stage. Any violence to the text will be justified which enables you to observe these vital necessities.

Thus if you play *Iago* you will have to cut out most of the speeches of *Othello*, and if you play *Othello* you will have to similarly curtail the speeches of *Iago*. On the whole it would be wiser for you not to attempt the *Moor* at all as there are difficulties in preparing a version on these thoroughly modern lines. This may perhaps account for the fact that the play has not been given by any actor-manager in London for more than a generation.

It might be thought that actor-management on these lines would lead inevitably to the Court of Bankruptcy, and, indeed, this often seems to be the case. But no really prudent actor-manager ever looks so far ahead as that. He feels that his own acting is sufficient unto the day.



Distinctly overheard on a Cab-rank during the recent hot weather.

"Is my hat on straight, dear?"

THE STORY OF A CRISIS. A.D. 19—.

(Communicated by Mr. Punch's Vagrant.)

(By African Cable from Our Special Correspondent.)

Vineyardtown, Nabothsland, August 1.—Grave events have taken place here. For a long time past British residents in this country have had to complain of intolerable oppression, which culminated yesterday in a decree issued by the so-called legislature and signed by King KOKO. By this decree access to the Royal Rum-Palaces is denied to all foreigners who cannot produce a certificate of having resided five months in the country. The British Rum-Drinkers Association has issued a fiery protest, and a petition is being extensively signed for presentation to the QUEEN. Relations between the British residents and the native blacks are strained almost to breaking point, and unless strong measures are taken by the British Government, it is felt that England will be permanently disgraced. A member of the legislature has just drunk a quart of rum defiantly in the presence of a large gathering of Englishmen, who were compelled to endure this outrage in silence. If this continues, the worst is feared.

(Extract from Leading Article in the Daily T-I-gr-ph, August 2.)

Our patience has been abused, our moderation has been interpreted as cowardice, and all our efforts to secure justice for our fellow-subjects have been met by trickery and evasion. The question goes far deeper than the mere right to drink rum without vexatious restrictions. Our position as a world power is involved, and not all the taunts of Little Englanders can bring us to abate one jot or tittle of our just demands. Let King KOKO take heed while there is yet time. War may be distasteful to us, but there is something worse than war, and that is dishonour. We are glad to recognise from the tone of the Colonial Secretary that there will be no shrinking on his part. In the meantime the worst friends of peace are those who, in the House of Commons or the press, belittle the righteous claims of the British Rum-Drinkers Association.

(Extract from Speech of Secretary of State for Colonies, August 2.)

My conscience, at any rate, is clear. At the very outset of these negotiations I explained to King KOKO that he was a thief, a liar, a scoundrel, and a drunkard. (Loud cheers from the Ministerial benches.) While declaring that I had no desire to intervene in the internal affairs of his kingdom, or to menace its independence, I insisted that the decree relating to foreign rum-drinkers should be withdrawn at once, and that all foreigners should be promptly admitted to the Royal Rum-Palaces. Failing this, I told him that I was prepared to enforce my demands with an army-corp. Honourable members will agree that it was impossible for me to go further than this in the path of concession and conciliation. If we are not to see the sun of our empire set for ever we are bound to support the demands of our fellow-subjects in Nabothsland.

(By African Cable from Our Special Correspondent.)

Vineyardtown, Aug. 3.—The position here is becoming more and more impossible. Murders of British subjects occur every day. One hundred men have been added to the army. This step is obviously preparatory to an invasion of British territory. A fleet of ten war-canoes is ready to sail at a moment's notice. The Colonial Secretary's speech has given great satisfaction, but immediate action is necessary.

(Various Cables.)

The Premier of New South Wales has offered a regiment of one thousand lancers fully equipped for service in Nabothsland.

The Premier of the Dominion of Canada has placed two hundred Canadian militiamen at the disposal of the British Government.

The Rajah of Sarawak has offered to lead a corps of fifty Dyak Head-hunters into Nabothsland.

The Guernsey Militia have volunteered *en masse* for service against King KOKO.

The Malta Fencibles have decided to send a representative body of ten to take part in any expedition against King KOKO.

Colonel ROOSEVELT's Rough Riders have intimated their desire to fight side by side with the British in Nabothsland. In a published interview, Colonel ROOSEVELT declared that blood was thicker than water.

(Extract from Leading Article in the T-m-s, August 4.)

By this time King KOKO must have been undeceived. If he counted on dissensions in the Cabinet, or on the support of the



Dinah. "OH, MOTHER, MY FINGERS ARE SO SORE WHERE THE NASTY NETTLE STUNG ME!"

Mother. "NEVER MIND, DINAH DEAR. PUT YOUR FINGERS IN YOUR MOUTH—THAT WILL STOP THE PAIN."

Dinah. "I CAN'T, MOTHER. THEY ARE TOO DIRTY. PUT THEM IN YOUR MOUTH, PLEASE!"

Opposition, he reckoned without his host. The feeling of the nation is unanimous on this point, if on no other. Moreover, the gratifying despatches from our various colonies and dependencies which we publish this morning show plainly that if the worst comes to the worst we can reckon on the support of English-speaking men in every part of the world. Whether it will be necessary to accept these generous offers of help is, of course, another question, but the mere fact that they were made shows how widely the Imperial spirit is spread abroad.

(Extract from the Westminster Gazette, August 4.)

We have before this counselled calm and patience to our pushful Colonial Secretary. All we can do at this juncture is to repeat the advice in emphatic terms, remembering, as fair-minded men ought to remember, that, while there is much to be said on both sides, there is, perhaps, more to be said on one side than on the other.

(By African Cable from Our Special War Correspondent, Vineyardtown, Nabothsland, November 5.)

The British expedition has arrived here. A careful investigation has shown that the Royal Rum-Palaces contain no rum, but only distilled water in casks. The President of the British Rum-Drinkers has fraternised with King KOKO. Peace will soon be re-established. An address of thanks to the Colonial Secretary is in course of signature.

CONGRATULATIONS.—Mr. JOHN LATEY, for so long associated with the *Illustrated London News*, and known to all as the able editor of the *Penny Illustrated*, is now editor of *Sketch*, vice Mr. CLEMENT SHORTER resigned. Good. Mr. LATEY is the very man to conduct a journal which must be highly popular with both sexes, for as our German Professor observed, "He is a shentleman, though, at the same time, he is always a LATEY."



VERY DRY WEATHER.

"OORAY, BILL! 'ERE'S LUCK! I GORR' 'NOTHER TANNER! LESHGOBACKAG'IN!"

"EASY DOES IT."

SIR,—Why these "Silly Season" complaints about slow travelling? I am neither a Hare nor a Tortoise. The Tortoise won in the long run: no matter. When I become a Journey-man, then, like *Johnnie Gilpin*, I am "on pleasure bent." Ergo, I do not want to be discharged as from a catapult, and to arrive almost before I've started, for then "I don't know where I are," as the poet sings. But I like to take it easy, and to be absolutely safe. I very much prefer to have plenty of time, *en route*, allowed for refreshment, to being harried and hurried into a violent indigestion. If I am going to Paris or Brussels, for example, from Victoria, London, I require nothing better

than a good hour at least for a "square meal" at Calais. "*Festina lente*" is my motto, as it should be that of all sensible travellers. Why this violent demand for more speed? Why this cry for hurry, hurry, hurry?

Quick travelling and leisurely feeding, that's my motto, whether going away for my holiday or returning home after it. My ideal is the early train, 9 A.M. to Dover, then by 11.0 boat to Calais, where I arrive at 12.20. I do not want to start again for Paris until 3 P.M., by which time I shall have sufficiently refreshed the inner man, soap-and-watered the outer man, and then, at peace with all the world, I can snooze till the hour of arrival in Paris.

Yours, "FACILE PRINCIPES,"
I.e., An Easy First Class Traveller.

SOME OF OUR GUARDIANS.

I.—THE MANCHESTER GUARDIAN
(MR. SCOTT, M.P.).

"There have not been many new reputations made on the Liberal side."—*Daily Chronicle*, in a review of the past Session.]

"WHEN in the *Chronicle* of wasted time" (SHAKESPEARE) I saw the Session summed and sized, I used the following expression—"I'm Surprised!"

Fresh laurels on our side, it said, were few; MORLEY had ceased to be a leading star; ASQUITH, alas! had grown addicted to The bar.

Young HERBERT as a Whip had played the man;

STEADMAN had come distinctly to the fore; Though BURNS had been a touch less beefy than

Of yore.

Bold PICKERSGILL, the pride of Bethnal Green;

Welsh GEORGE; that Poplar person, SYDNEY B.—

Their praise I saw; no mention could be seen

Of me!

When I observed that you recording scroll Held no allusion to the name of SCOTT, Then I remarked (communing with my soul)—

"What rot!

"Have they mislaid my memory, dour and braw,
Who dared to sit upon the Dervish loot?
Forgotten Little England's latest raw Recruit?

"How with the Sirdar's sword my sword I crossed,
And cheek by jowl with LABBY all alone Over the MAHDI's head so nearly lost My own?

"I made the vogue of Manchester revered;
London devoured my *Guardian* with its lunch;
Not less than twice my outward form appeared
In *Punch*!"

So soon forgotten!—like the noble dead Whose mention passes out of common use;
For instance, theirs who braved a "gory bed"

With BRUCE.

Great SCOTT! (not meaning Self, for Heaven knows

I would not humble other Scots that way)

I'll share a proud oblivion with those "Wha hae!"

FACTUM EST.—Mr. Justice STIRLING decided, last week, that the theatres at Fulham, Notting Hill, and Stoke Newington, are "London Theatres," and so the defendant, ABUD, was restrained from representing the *Pantomime Rehearsal* at these places. Evidently an action of the defendant's nipped in a bud.

MOTTO FOR THE OTOLOGICAL CONGRESS.—
"The story of our lives from ear to ear."



HIS STRONGEST WITNESS.

TRUTH (to CAPTAIN DREYFUS). "COURAGE! MON CAPITAINE!"



Genial Navy (who has not received quite the impression that Militiaman Bangs intends to convey). "SAY, BILL, BE A BAD JOB IF OLE KRUGER 'APPENED TO KETCH SIGHT OF 'IM!"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

In *Full Cry* (F. V. WHITE & Co.), by Mr. RICHARD MARSH. But why the author so styled his novel is, to the Baron, a mystery even greater than that enshrouding the actions of the hero of the story. In this novel the secret is so well kept that the veriest sleuth-hound of a reader, possessing the very keenest scent for the traces of crime, will be at fault until the penultimate chapter, which ought to have been the last. *Vive MARSH* and mystery! In a last paragraph Mr. MARSH says, "The mists of romance still envelop *Helen Fowler*. After such a beginning, who can say what is likely to be her end?" Who? Why, you can, Mr. MARSH. The very name suggests nets and entanglement. Tell us, too, what became of "young *Angel of Treswithian*." *Helen* and *Her Angel*. There's your title. Write about them. Quick MARSH!

In a charming essay, written during his sojourn in Italy, LEIGH HUNT comments on the immortality of books. Mines are exhausted, cities perish, kingdoms are swept away, man weeps with indignation to think that his own body is not immortal. "Yet this little body of thought that lies before me in the shape of a book has existed thousands of years, nor, since the invention of the Press, can anything short of an universal convulsion of Nature abolish it. . . . To a shape like this turns the placid sage of Academus, to a shape like this the grandeur of MILTON, the exuberance of SPENSER, the pungent elegance of POPE. May I hope," HUNT pathetically asks, "to become the meanest of these existences?" The aspiration breathed seventy-six years ago is realised. Under the sympathetic editorship of Mr. POTTER BRISCOE, Messrs. GAY AND BIRD have included a selection of HUNT's essays in their charming series of bibelots. These daintily-bound volumes, a library in themselves precious to the lover of books, would have delighted the author of the essay quoted. The last two generations get their idea of LEIGH HUNT from *Harold Skimpole*. DICKENS's caricature was, my Baronite admits, pitilessly like the baser parts of the man who, invited by Lord BYRON to visit him in Italy, landed one day with a wife, a draggle-tail of seven children, and ate the poet

out of home and Pisa. In this little volume we have the better part of a man of genius, a master of the English tongue.

Why should I have been selected to review *Willow The King*, by J. C. SNAITH (WARD, LOCK & Co.)? Am I fit for the stupendous task, I whose active cricketing days came to a timely end just a quarter of a century ago, I of whom it was then written in "Characters of the School Eleven," that I was "a hard hitter without sufficient defence; wild, but often successful, bowler; good field on his day"? Is this a proper qualification for one who is to pronounce an opinion on a book which is practically one long scoring-book, with a love episode thrown in, and of which the characters talk familiarly of certain august beings, wielders of the willow and compilers of scores, as "STODDY," "RANJI," "CLEM. HILL," and "JIMMY DOUGLAS"? Obviously it is not, and, therefore, if I err in anything let Mr. SNAITH impute the blame, not to myself, the slave of duty, but to the Baron who—see how infectious the book is!—sent me to the wicket and told me to do what I liked with the bowling. I may say then that Mr. SNAITH has written a lively book in a style that is almost exuberantly lively, and that every devotee of cricket will find much in it to amuse and delight him. Nowhere else has this humble writer seen so good a description of the wretched nervousness that afflicts a conscientious young cricketer who has to go in first in a big match. And there are other incidents equally well described. But do all cricketers talk the fearful, the perpetual slang that is talked by Mr. SNAITH's heroes? His heroine, Miss *Laura Trentham*, the cricketing sister of four superlative cricketers, is in slang the worst of the family. "I know the HORACE father means," she observes, alluding to the friend of VIRGIL and MÆCENAS, "a fat old boulder who was always thirsty. Awful fond of wine he was, awful fond. Don't think he was ever in condition. As for his jaw, it was something frightful." Even amidst the protection of the context these terrible words, and many others of a similar nature, jar on the ear with the sound of a misused slate-pencil. However, Mr. *Dimsdale* had to marry this lady, slang and all, and from the epilogue I gather he did it like a man. His life will evidently not be all beer and skittles, though it will certainly consist largely of stone-inger and cricket.

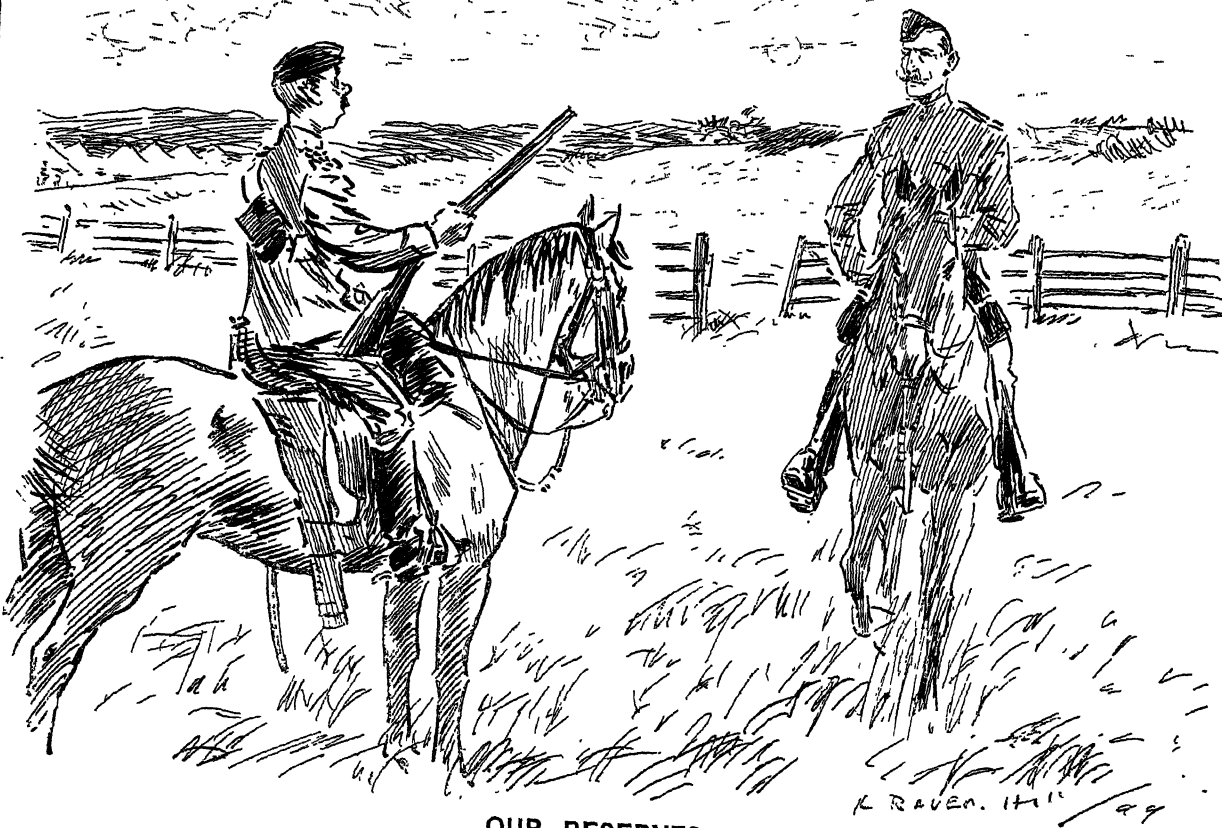
Mr. GUY BOOTHBY, in his story entitled *Love Made Manifest* (WARD, LOCK & Co.), sets himself to show how two unfortunate beings, one the victim of a kindly but mistaken impulse, the other acting partly out of a dutiful wish to help her impecunious father and to retain a splendid position in society, are compelled by a cynical fate to fall into each other's arms, and to retire to a remote island far away from the gay, giddy, and scandalous world, which, they think, had they remained in it, or had they returned to it, would have held aloof from them, despite the fact that *Claude*, the lover, has already achieved fame in art, literature, and the drama, and is being lionised by those "Leo-Hunters" who care very little for a Lion's morals as long as he, or she, be a veritable Lion, and willing to figure in the genteelst of salons. Granting the solidity of the foundation (and any one will ungrudgingly grant so much for the pleasure given him by its author), the structure built on it is an excellent piece of work. Mr. GUY BOOTHBY is to be heartily congratulated on that portion of the narrative which may be taken to represent his own dealings with publishers and theatrical managers, and theirs with him. Let him write a novel called *Paradise and the Publisher*, and then a companion to it entitled *Millions from Managers*. Both these romances, if founded on delightful facts within his own private and personal experience, will encourage many a trembling neophyte, in literature and drama, to pursue the flowery, very flowery, paths that lead to fame and fortune. *O literary puer nimum ne crede Guy Boothby!*

THE BARON DE B.-W.

WHY SHOULD THE ANGLER WAIT?—It will be some time, says the *Globe*, before the angler "will be able once more to fish for salmon in the Thames." Why shouldn't he "fish for salmon in the Thames"? That he should catch salmon there is quite another matter. "I can call spirits from the vasty deep," says *Glendower*. "Why, so can I," retorts *Hotspur*; "or so can any man; But will they come when you do call for them?" Admitted that the prospects of salmon-catching are fishy, then how much greater the excitement if the odds be ten thousand to one against a salmon being caught! There's a game of speculation for a Waltonian. Evidently "millions in it."

FOR THE HOT WEATHER.—In the battle of life, when is a man likely to feel limp and cottony?—When he's worsted.

[Iced drink and silence.]



OUR RESERVES.

Adjutant. "WHAT ARE YOU?"

Outpost. "VARMER, ZUR."

AN EDUCATIONAL DUET.

"I seriously doubt whether reading, writing, and arithmetic, and that very useless branch of knowledge—grammar—are the best intellectual bases on which to develop the intelligence."—*Sir John Gorst, Vice-President of the Committee of Council.*

"I would merely sound a warning against the danger of getting scholarships . . . They put a premium on precocity . . . The only safeguard is to live in an atmosphere of 'athletics.'"—*Dr. H. H. Vice-Chancellor of Cambridge.*

Sir J-in G-rst.

No doubt you have read in your Whittaker's list

Of a mythical body that don't exist;
On education its labours are spent,
And I, if you please, am its Vice-President.
Of course, in the House, for the look of the thing,

The praises of Latin and Greek I sing,
Arithmetic, too, I laud to the sky,
But that, you may take it, is all in my eye.
Entre nous, my friend, there is far too much
Of reading and writing and spelling and such,

While as for grammar, 'twixt you and I,
It's a perfectly valueless quantity.
So long as a boy grows stout and tall,
Let him spell as he pleases, or not at all,
For thus alone will we save the nation
From the curse of the century—Education.

Dr. H-H.

A Vice am I, and can therefore speak
Of the relative merits of cricket and Greek,
And it is my opinion calm

That the former quite easily bears the palm.

It keeps the mind alert and fresh;
While books are a weariness of the flesh,
They spoil the eyes, and on the whole,
They dwarf the body and stunt the soul.
When I was a lad, I was far too wise
To read for scholarship or for prize,
And as the result I am Vice, you see,



Raven. "Hulloa, old chap, how are you?"

Grouse. "Pretty cheap."

Raven. "Never mind. You'll be worth a lot before the end of this week!"

Of this highly respectable 'Varsity.
Then drive to off, and drive to on,
And never think about lecture or don,
For thus alone you will save the nation
From the curse of the century—Education.

"COME AND TRIP IT AS YOU GO."—This is essentially the time for trips, and perhaps the most pleasurable, while certainly the most original, is that which is "personally conducted" by Mr. T. H. S. ESCOTT, who takes us *A Trip to Paradoxia* without troubling us to pack our portmanteau, or leave our Lares and Penates.

Saying "Beau" to a Goose.

A "FRUMIOUS" bounder called BEAU-REPAIRE thought he'd got in the kneau:
When he saw it was "spoo!",
He sadly sighed, "Ouf!"
Mais c'est un peu trop fort et trop cheau!"

The *Times* "special," describing the appearance of Captain DREYFUS, said that "the features were not drawn." Not drawn! and with artistic journalists in court ever on the pencil-pounce?

CITY QUERY FOR HESITATING ARTISTIC INVESTOR.—Which is the better value for money, Rio Tintos or Mezzo-tintos?

STYLE OF LEGAL QUESTIONS TO BE PUT TO FRENCH POACHERS IN ENGLISH WATERS.—"Fishing Interrogatories."

BEATUS ILLE QUI PROCUL NEGOTIIS.

JONES, old boy, ah, there you stick,
On your desk your elbows rubbing,
Up to every dodge and trick,
At your ceaseless money-grubbing;
Chacun à son goût, they say,
'Tis your *métier* and you love it,
If you like it, well—you may;
I've, thank Heaven, a soul above it.

Far from London's sweltering heat,
Now the corn is ripe and yellow,
Here I find a lone retreat,
Where the atmosphere is mellow,
Where unclouded is the sky,
Where the shades are green and grateful;
Where a man can live and die
Far from all that's foul and hateful.

Still fresh beauty, day and night,
Here the simple fancy captures;
Each hour finds its own delight,
Winning souls to higher raptures;
Moor and mountain, loch and sea,
To the heart's recesses reaching,
Move to quiet reverie,
Lessons of contentment teaching.

Ah! then, friend, why fuss and fret,
Year by year to fill your coffers?
While you've life and vigour yet
Taste the blessings Nature offers.

P.S.—If you chance to hear
(Though "good things," I know, get
scanter)

Of some good thing, not too dear,
Let me have a wire instant.

LES SPORTSMANS D'OSTENDE.

AH, the brave sportsmen! All that
there is of most *chic*! Yet there is not
much sport at Ostend. Some people,
bourgeois sort of people, indulge in fishing
from the pier. But that is not *chic*. Nor
does it seem particularly amusing. In
the blaze of sunshine under that cloud-
less Ostend sky, which, when the wind is
northerly, is almost as blue as the sky at
Genoa, it seems warm work to turn vigor-
ously the handle of a windlass and to land
a few sprats. The other day an amateur
fisherman, a mere amateur, caught a
plaice, probably a two-ouncer, but the
dense crowd collected round this finny
monster of the mighty deep prevented
any accurate estimate of its weight.



CRICKET PHRASES ILLUMINATED. No. I.

"THE MANAGING COMMITTEE REGRET THAT THEY CANNOT LET OFF MR. BRADLEY IN THE KENT v. AUSTRALIANS MATCH, BUT THEY HAVE REQUESTED MR. MASON TO DO WHAT HE CAN TO REST MR. BRADLEY DURING THE MATCH IN VIEW OF THE TEST MATCH ON MONDAY NEXT."

Let us leave the *bourgeois* sportman. *Les sportsmen comme il faut* occupy themselves in a more exciting way. There are horse races, which they attend in superb costumes, including white boots, bright blue or pink waistcoats, and white kid gloves. *Absolument à la mode anglaise*. There are automobiles, driven by elegant *chauffeurs*. And above all, there is the pigeon-shooting.

Ah, *voilà le vrai sport*! That is the sort of thing for the brave sportsmen. They drive to the luxurious building of the *Tir aux Pigeons*, a brand-new structure as yet hardly finished, and there, consuming cooling drinks, they sit in the shade under a spacious verandah, bright with flowers and pretty dresses. When their turn comes, in their enthusiasm for sport they disregard all fatigue, and, walking two

yards out into the burning sunshine, they stand—yes, actually stand!—to shoot. Then they hurry back to be revived with more drinks, and to sit with the ladies, whose bright eyes glow with admiration beneath their black lashes at the surpassing valour of their friends. And the smiles of those red lips! *Sapristi!* For the black and red, *le rouge et noir*, s'adresser chez M. CHOSE, coiffeur.

The present writer is not a sportman, but he perceives that the *Tir aux Pigeons* is a noble sport, as in England. Most of the shooters miss their birds, but that he attributes to compassion rather than to clumsiness. All these innocent creatures must not die, even to gratify the glorious love of sport. Ah *ça, non!* Sometimes the brave *tireur* will hit only the wing, and then the pigeon is able to fly a short distance, until it is knocked down by some loafer outside. Again the thoughtful compassion of the brave sportman! He who dines always so well, almost too well, provides a pigeon pie for the poor peasant. Ah, *charmant!*

For the pigeon-shooting there are also beautiful costumes, usually more *négligés*, to suit the rude labours and violent exercise of the vigorous sportsmen. Many discard the starched collar, and wear a fancy shirt, with a loose turned-down collar, all of silk. One of these, worn the other day, was on *ne peut plus chic*. The colour was grass green. The present writer is not a sportman, but when he saw that shirt, collar and front of vivid green, on a veritable sportman, he felt that life has some joys, to which he, alas! has not attained.

ROBINSON THE ROVER.



"PUNCH BOWLS."

NOTE.—The *Leda* affair afforded French journalists a chance for several "leaders." But our *Times*—"Jupiter" settled the *Leda* question off hand.



IRISH.

During the recent Hot Weather. Sudden Shower of Rain.

Irish Visitor. "AH, NOW THIS IS WELCOME! AN HOUR'S RAIN LIKE THIS WILL DO MORE GOOD IN FIVE MINUTES THAN A WEEK OF IT!"

AN AFTER-THOUGHT.

WHAT the Archbishop of Canterbury omitted to say (though of course it was down on his notes) was, that as His Grace had now officially decided the question of lights (the question of "ancient lights" not being touched upon), he hoped that, so far, there would be an end of all ecclesiastical lighty-gation. A very arch Bishop! His Grace didn't pause for a reply.

"GIVING IT AWAY!"

DEAR MR. PUNCH.—How reasonable, not to say cheap, are the prices at some of our biggest London Hotels! Perfectly wonderful. With my wife, daughter, and small son I have tried a few, and select one specimen *pour encourager les autres*. I choose the Savoy Hotel.

I obtained a delightfully situated table on the balcony overlooking the Embankment, with a lovely view of the Clock Tower at Westminster. I found that I could order "*deux portions*" of everything for the four of us, which is a continental plan I am glad to find now becoming naturalised among us in London and in many other parts of England. I ordered a light and airy dinner. Unfortunately my doctor forbids me the exhilarating "pop," to which my wife and daughter were inclined, while my little schoolboy's ideas did not effervesce above sparkling lemonade which has been some days in bottle. So for the two ladies I ordered a bottle of real cham. at fifteen shillings—for naturally I thought that a wine (I forget its vintage and its name) at nine pounds per dozen must be

something first-rate. The ladies liked it, so I am sure it was excellent. My schoolboy pronounced the lemonade "tip-top," and he is a *connoisseur*. I myself drank brandy and soda.

Now comes my bill, of which I render, for the benefit of the intending hotel-dinner-patronising public, a facsimile:

4 COUVERTS (<i>in capitals</i>)	2s. 0d.
124A (<i>this is champagne</i>)	15s. 0d.
Limonade, Sodas (<i>as above-mentioned</i>)	1s. 6d.
HORS D'ŒUVRES (<i>in capitals</i>)	2s. 0d.
Marmites	6s. 0d.
Truites Meunière	10s. 0d.

Aren't "two portions" (for four) of trout, at five shillings a head, or even four portions at two-and-six a head, ridiculously cheap? My only wonder is how the Savoy continues to exist. Let us continue:

Reine Marivaux	14s. 0d.
Pommes	3s. 0d.

What is "Reine Marivaux"?—only a chicken. *Voilà tout!* with three-shillingsworth of potatoes. Upon my word and honour, if I want to economise I will always feed at the D'Oyly-la-Carte Hotel. Then,

Haricots Verts	4s. 0d.
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Really, I was almost on the point of imploring the waiter, when he brought "*l'addition*," to kindly make it six shillings, because the absolutely fresh French beans that I have at home, served *à la française*, cannot possibly be equal to these, the value of which may have been enhanced—as is that of certain wines—by some preservation. Then,

Glaces	3s. 0d.
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Two of the party "*glace'd*" themselves. It was "*the glace of fashion and the mould of form*."

Café	0s. 6d.
Liqueurs	6s. 0d.

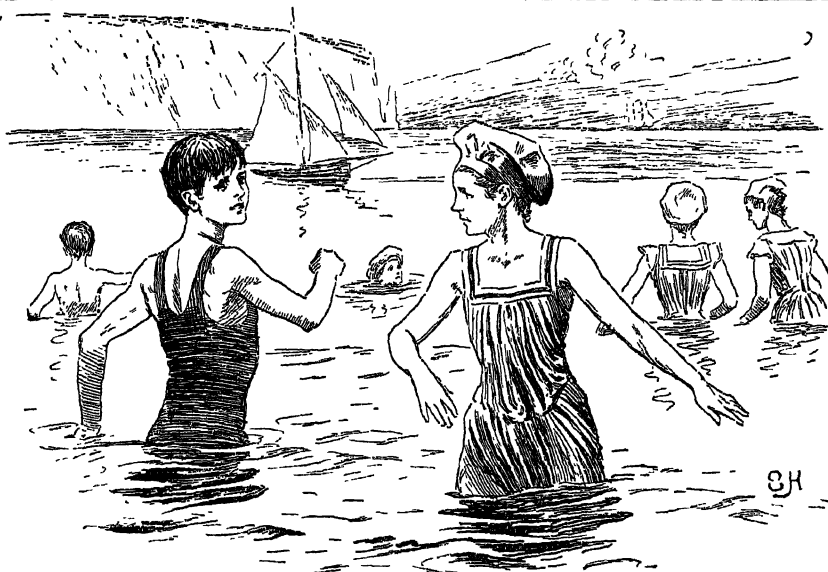
As I have explained, my drink was simply brandy and soda. The "soda" is included in the "*limonade*" above-mentioned. So that I alone, *moi qui parle*, drank six shillingsworth of ordinary brandy! No, no, Sir, do not be misled by appearances. A bottle of ordinary, quite ordinary brandy was ordered by yours truly, and of that, including a liqueur-glass full with my coffee, I drank, say, to put it liberally, one quarter. If, therefore, for one quarter of an ordinary bottle of ordinary brandy I paid six shillings, it follows that the cost of the bottle itself was twenty-four shillings, *i.e.*, about fourteen pounds eight shillings per dozen. If it was not, then the price of the bottle was six shillings, and I was entitled to *take away the bottle for which I had paid*. But no! was I going to be less liberal than the proprietors of the D'Oyly-la-Carte Savoy Hotel? Perish the thought! I paid my bill, left the bottle to benefit the company, gave the waiter half-a-crown for himself (for I would not be behind hand in generosity), feed'd the persons who had most kindly taken charge of gentlemen's hats and coats, and those also who had shown themselves so careful of the ladies' adornments, and thus for the trifling sum of three pounds seven shillings (with extra tips) we had had one of the—most delightful dinners that any hotel manager could devise, or economical visitor to London could enjoy.

How the Savoy Hotel Co. contrives to make a profit out of such charges is absolutely wonderful! Fourteen shillings for a chicken, and three shillings more for potatoes! 'Tis wonderful! If the Savoy doesn't put up its prices the shareholders may have good ground for complaint. Shall I become a shareholder? Yours, AN ECONOMICAL DINER-OUT.

P.S.—A few days after this, I happened to give a luncheon for what the Savoy people would call "*fifteen couverts*," at the County Hotel, Canterbury. We had brandies and sodas, claret, beer, chicken, ham, veal-and-ham pie, tongue, vegetables, sweets, and cheese, all excellent. The total was *three guineas*, *i.e.*, just seven shillings or so less than I had paid at the Savoy Hotel for "*four couverts*." I think I really will become a shareholder in The Savoy Hotel and Restaurant.

EN ROOT.—The new War Minister of the United States, Mr. ELIHU ROOT, declares that war in the Philippines will be prosecuted "*with all energy*." Evidently root and branch business for the Philippines.

"BOYS WILL BE BOYS."—"True," said the first boy. But the second, at a distance, shouted, "Not true of me, because I'm a little farther." And "he only stood so high, that's all."



FOR THE PUBLIC GOOD.

Bertie. "GERTIE, DO JUST GO BACK TO THE BEACH AND FETCH ME A BABY (YOU'LL FIND A LOT ABOUT), AND I'LL SHOW YOU ALL THE DIFFERENT WAYS OF SAVING IT FROM DROWNING!"

MR. PUNCH'S REPRESENTATIVE
AT RENNES.

It must not be supposed that the most important journal in the world has no representative at Rennes. The *Figaro*, the admirable opponent of the disreputable *Petit Journal*, has a crowd of representatives—shorthand writers, type-writing clerks, proof-readers, and telegraph messengers. Mr. Punch, on hearing of these arrangements, at once commanded his Chief Special Foreign Commissioner to make adequate arrangements on his behalf. The Chief Special Foreign Commissioner had at that time a cold in his head, and the Assistant Special Foreign Commissioner was, and is—but his present address must not be divulged; it suffices to say that he is closely watching the course of affairs at Pretoria, and was last heard of at Folkestone.

It therefore became the duty of the Principal Foreign Correspondent to make

all the arrangements. These took some time. When at last houses were about to be hired, and special steamers and special trains engaged for the accommodation and conveyance of an immense staff, the news arrived of bloodshed and disorder, such as might be expected in a South American Republic. Mr. Punch, ever foremost in tender regard for the welfare of his assistants, at once issued orders that no one was to go to a town, where the police have shown themselves more incapable than the soldiers of a Chinese Mandarin. The innumerable stenographers and others begged to be allowed to risk their lives, but Mr. Punch was firm.

Finally he yielded to the entreaties of the Principal Foreign Correspondent, a man of dauntless courage and unsurpassed skill, and permitted him to go alone. It was a sad moment when this brave man said farewell to his comrades, and started on his perilous and lonely mission. As telegrams arrive from him they will be

published, but Mr. Punch does not intend, at present, to issue any special editions. Up to the time of going to press the following despatches had arrived.

BRIGHTON, 7 P.M.—I have reached this town, which I have selected as the largest, and therefore the safest, on the Sussex coast. I have accomplished the first fifty miles of my journey without incident. The new Pullman car was very comfortable. The sun was rather hot, except in the tunnels.

LATER.—There are crowds of people on the pier, but perfect tranquillity prevails. If all continues calm, I hope to push on to Dieppe shortly.

1 A.M. (by *Special Post-card*).—There is no change in the situation.

"TO REVIVE THE APPARENTLY
DROWNED."

[The latest way, according to the daily papers, is to cover the subject all over with salt, a fly being the *corpus vile* usually selected for the experiment.]

"BUSY, curious, thirsty fly,"

Tell me, pray, the reason why,
Diving from my milk-jug's rim,

You essay a morning swim?

My conjecture, somewhat bold, is—

You've been reading WILLIAM OLDYS!

"Make the most of life you may,

Life is short and wears away;"

Yours, I rather think, will end

Somewhat soon, my little friend—

In my milk in half a minute,

Since you've chosen to get in it.

There! You're well and truly drowned,

But for you a use I've found;

Yes, I've laid you out in state

Salt-embedded on my plate,

Doing, if you'd know my reason,

Honour to the "Silly Season."

I must leave you, worthy fly,

Should we meet no more—good-bye!

Your salvation I've contrived,

You will surely be revived,

Thus the assertion of the dailies

Bearing out—*cum grano salis*.

[On the poet's return some hours afterwards his breakfast had been cleared away, and the fly was nowhere to be seen!—a fact which proves up to the hilt the entire success of this important and astounding scientific experiment.]



THE INGRATITUDE OF SOME SERVANTS.

YOU GIVE THEM A CHANGE BY TAKING THEM TO THE SEA-SIDE—ALL THEY HAVE TO DO IS TO LOOK AFTER THE CHILDREN—AND YET THEY DON'T SEEM TO APPRECIATE IT.



"SO LONG!"

Lion (to Kangaroo). "WELL PLAYED, SIR!" *Kangaroo.* "SAME TO YOU, SIR! NEXT TIME WE COME OVER, WE HOPE TO PLAY WITHOUT THAT OLD GENTLEMAN'S INTERFERENCE!"

PATRIOTICS.

(From a Traveller's Log-book.)

II.—THE LONDON PENNY STEAMER.

COME, Clio, patroness of classic lays
(Since there's no pre-historic Muse to
summon),

Wake up, and sing a prosy ode in praise
Of antic craft—a theme you can't be
dumb on!

Sing of those venerable penny boats
That ply upon our immemorial River,
Croon o'er the most archaic fleet that
floats,

Chant while its paddle-wheels and tim-
bers shiver!

Where else, the wide world over, could
you find

Such strange, pathetic nautical sur-
vivals?

No Ancient Mariner can call to mind,
For ark-like, primitive design, their
rivals.

Though Paris, Petersburg, and Amsterdam
Luxuriate in steam-yachts neat and
handy,

Should JOHN BULL follow aliens like a lamb
And imitate their *modus operandi*?

Perish the thought! Let Cockneys ever
crowd

On dingy *Citizens* from time-worn stages!
Why should new-fangled comforts be
allowed?

Nay, let's still linger in the Middle
Ages!

THE POINT OF VIEW.—VI.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I know that you're
not a gent to grudge an extra coin to
cabby, or to carry a tape-measure in your
waistcoat-pocket to see if you've got your



proper shilling's worth. So I write to you,
putting cabby's side of the question. Last
night I drove two gents from the West End
to a theatre. Their dinner had cost them



TOURING IN ALGIERS.

Arab (as Mr. and Mrs. Smith appear). "SH! YOU WANT A GUIDE! I AM ZE BEST GUIDE
IN ALGER! FOR FIVE FRANC I TAKE YOU TO ARAB CAFÉ VARE INGLEES NOT 'LOWED.
FOR TEN FRANC I SHOW YOU ZE STREET VARE IT IS DANGEROUS FOR ZE INGLEES FOR TO
GO. AND FOR TWENTY FRANC—SH!—I STAND YOU ON ZE BLACE VARE ZE LAST INGLEES
TOURIST VOS GOT SHOT!"

[Mr. and Mrs. Smith wish they were back in England.]

half-a-sov., maybe, or more; they were
smoking shilling weeds, and, likely enough
they had tipped the waiter half-a-dollar, and
the boy that ticketed their coats, another
tanner. "What's your fare, cabman?"
says one sternly. "Eighteenpence, my
Lord," I says, modestly. "Eighteenpence!
Eighteenpence!! Good heavens! What a
swindle!" they both cried, and, 'pon my
word, Mr. Punch, I thought they would
have fainted right away down on the
pavement. Then one of them, he gave me
a bob, and his card, "to summons him,"
he said, "if I wanted to." Now, Sir,
what makes the public so darned mean
with cabby? He stands out or crawls out
fourteen hours out of the twenty-four in
wet or dry (and mostly the dry is worse
than the wet) to be ready always and
everywhere to go anywhere! He has to
dress like a swell, and after he has paid
his way he hasn't a dollar left. He has
the 'buses and the trams and the motor-
cars (not to mention the bikes) picking up
his customers all the time, and now the
Bobbies are down on us and, if you please,
we're not quite good enough for the Strand!

I am, Yours respectfully,
NOT A GROWLER.

HAMPERS AND MORALS.

[A Schoolmaster's Wife complains in the *Daily Chronicle* of the effect of Tuck upon the ethics of schoolboys, and advocates ordinary school diet.]

O SCHOOLBOYS, for the future ban
All tuck (I think I see you do it);
Shun mawkishness and marzipan,
Or rue it!

Lo, peppermint and passion go
Together, blent like sand and coffee;
And simple faith can never flow
From toffee.

So hearken HARRY, TOM, and FRED,
And fling your hampers in the gutter;
Great minds can only spring from bread
And butter.

TO CRICKET CORRESPONDENTS.

N. QUIRER.—Certainly, the "hat trick" is
performed with a bowler.

F. IVER.—If you are hard up you will pro-
bably be stumped.

B. UTTER.—If you cannot catch it, chuck it.
"Stop it" for the rest of this season.

BEGINNER.—"Out first bawl" generally
raises a shout.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

MESSRS. J. M. DENT, of Aldine House, are hereby complimented on having arrived at the sixty-fifth (is it not?) volume of their excellent pocket series of English classics in prose and poetry, whereof the latest specimen immediately under the Baron's notice, but not by any means "beneath" it, is *Men and Women*, by ROBERT BROWNING. Of this work the first edition was published in 1855, ere the poet's latterday mannerisms had not infrequently obscured his meaning even from the intelligence of the highly-favoured elect. Such easily portable editions, as this and a somewhat similar set of Sir WALTER SCOTT'S novels from the same firm, appeal to the general reading public, and especially to that portion of it which may be distinguished as "Travelling Fellows."

Transgression, by S. S. THORBURN (PEARSONS), is a study of Indian life, full of interest and variety. It opens in the Resident's house in Pechistan, on the north-west frontier of India, and after an adventurous progress ends peacefully, if not happily, in a quiet little Cornish village. Mr. THORBURN evidently knows his *locale* well, and has managed very skilfully to work into an exciting narrative some vivid pictures of our perpetual little wars with the hill tribes. At one point the Baron's Retainer thinks the author has made an artistic mistake—where, having brought his particularly unheroic hero into troubles that drive him to the last pitch of despair, he suddenly turns from narrative and apostrophises the luckless gentleman in terms of unmeasured reproach. This, considering that Mr. THORBURN himself has created him, and devised the imbroglio in which he finds himself, strikes the aforesaid Retainer as a little unsportsmanlike. Apart from this lapse, however, the story is well written and eminently readable.

My Baronite has conscientiously read through from cover to cover *The Patroness* (HUTCHINSON), and finds it a trifle tiresome. Mr. GEORGE has essayed to steep his story in the colour and atmosphere of Wales. He has succeeded. Unhappily the colour is akin to that of a slate quarry, and the atmosphere is dank and depressing.

The Human Boy, by EDEN PHILLPOTTS (METHUEN), is a collection of papers intended to illustrate boyish life at an imaginary private school which has to a certain extent adopted some of the characteristics of Eton and Harrow. Many of the episodes are genuinely humorous, and as the connecting threads are of the slightest possible material, the book can be taken up at odd times, and any chapter will serve to wile away a spare quarter of an hour.

In *Giles Ingilby*, by W. E. NORRIS (METHUEN), we have a first-rate and most appetising literary dish, cooked and served up by an artistic adept at making the very oldest materials stimulating to the palates of the most jaded romance devourers. Here is a marriage which is no marriage, and a marriage which apparently was no marriage turning out to have been the genuine article; here also is a supposed illegitimate son suddenly transformed into a legitimate; here, too, is an apparently heartless flirt, who is all heart, in love with a literary genius who is diffident (a rare specimen), and impecunious (not quite so rare), and who is fortunate in finding a powerful friend, literary patron, and generous father, "all rolled into one." The hero has a saintly person for a mother who, having once on a time "made a mistake," has "never done anything since." In spite of the somewhat hackneyed plot, the story has a charm about it that will carry the reader through, interested to the end, though he will be occasionally irritated (as is the clever intention of the author) by the conduct of the heroine, who behaves worse than *Ethel Newcome* did to *Clive*; and, indeed, between that young lady and the present heroine, as also between *Clive* and *Giles*, there is a certain pleasant family resemblance. "*Tolle, lege*," says, to those who are "*sub tegmine fagi*" in this broiling August, the considerate

BARON DE B.-W.

"A STANDING NUISANCE."—"A Sufferer" writes: "Mr. Punch, Sir.—You are more powerful than any number of journals and journalists put together, and a word from you, in and out of season, works wonders. Sir, for the last few months not a hundred yards from my windows is a dead wall. It is very high, too. Why isn't it buried? Where's the sanitary inspector?"

THE "UNBENDING WILL," i.e., KAISER WILHELM.—His "Yes" is "Yes," and his "No" is "No": he's either KAISER WILLUM or KAISER WON'TUM.



"IN YOU ON DUTY, POLICEMAN?" "YES, MISS. WHY?"
"CAUSE I'M LOST!"

"MR. CHAPLIN'S CORN LAW" was a heading in a daily paper. "A CHIROPODIST'S ASSISTANT" writes to ask: "Is there one law for MR. CHAPLIN'S corn and another for everybody else's? I pause for a reply."

[Note by Editor.—If our correspondent had, only paused a little longer, instead of ringing the bell and running away, he would have received a sufficiently satisfactory answer. Will he kindly call again, and wait?]

QUERY FOR ERUDITE STUDENTS OF DICKENS (a contribution towards an "Old Curiosity Shop" Examination Paper).—If the mystery of the parentage of the *Marchioness* be not impenetrable, whose daughter is there a fair presumption that she was? State the grounds for your opinion.

A HEALTH-SEEKING TOURIST is of opinion that of all salubrious spots in England the best to stay at is in Hertfordshire, and its name is Amwell. To every inquiry as to how he is, he can wire his reply, "Thanks, Amwell."

NAME! NAME!—In a recent speech Lord ROSEBURY is reported to have expressed his belief that "the swell of Liberalism was strong in the country." Who is "the Swell of Liberalism"? Is it Sir W. V. H.-R.-T. or *Fabula narratur de Rosebery*?

APPROPRIATE TO THE SEASON.—"The Summery Jurisdiction Act"—No bathers allowed without costumes or caleçons. By Order of the Away-from-Home Secretary.



SONGS AND THEIR SINGERS.

"YEW HARKED ME WOY HOI LARVED WHEN LARVE SHOULD BE
A THING HUN-DER-EAMED HOF LARVE TWIXT YEW HAN ME.
YEW MOIGHT HIN-TEREAT THE SUN TEW CEASE TEW SEE-OINE
HAS SEEK TEW STY SAW DEEP A LARVE HAS MOINE."

SOLILOQUIES.

(Recorded by Mr. Punch's Phonograph.)

I.—IN A DARK-ROOM.

THERE, everything's ready, I think—developer, "hypo," water—so out goes the light. Perfectly simple to develop one's own films; far better and cheaper than sending them to WESTMAN'S.... Night-light in my red lamp seems a bit feeble—hope to goodness it won't go out. Now I must unroll the film.... Hang the stuff, how beastly curly it is.... Wonder if I'm cutting it at the right place? Must chance it. Now then, where's that book

of directions?... Bless me if I haven't left it downstairs, and, of course, if I open the door now all the film will be ruined!... However, I daresay I can remember most of it.... Let's see, was it two parts of "developer A" and two parts of "B," or two of "A" and one of "B"?... Something's coming already, black spots are appearing on the film.... I believe that's KATE, or is it a view of the church?... Hullo, there's some one—what? eh? What the dickens am I doing in your dressing-room? Developing photographs, and I chose it because it has shutters.... No, you can't come in. Time to dress, as you're dining out? Well, you should have

thought of that before.... Don't do that, you idiot, you'll burst the door open.... Just what you mean to do? Oh, nonsense, you'll spoil all my photos—ruin them!... Yes, I'll be as quick as possible.... Eh? Yes, they're coming out splendidly, splendidly. Do go away, please!... Confound that fellow JACK, probably he's made me spoil the lot.... Wonder how long ago I put this lot in the fixing-bath before he came and made that row?... But surely I ought to have fixed them first thing? Wish I had that book here. Well, I'll try fixing these before I develop them.... Daresay either way will be equally good.... Hullo, here's another bottle, labelled "Bromide of Potassium".... Wonder when that ought to be used?... Let's see, it's a sedative, isn't it? Doctors prescribe it for "nerves," so I'll put it in the fixing-bath.... Wish this red lamp would give more light.... I do believe it's going out! It is!... And here I am in pitch darkness, with some of the films fixing and some developing, and—There goes the developer over JACK'S hair-brushes! Where are those beastly matches?... Thank goodness, I've got a candle lighted at last.... I declare, all the film is coal-black, and not a sign of a picture on any of it! And I promised KATE half-a-dozen copies of her portrait!... Almost makes me inclined to chuck photography altogether. Anyhow, if I "press the button" in future, I'll be jolly careful that some one else "does the rest!"

SOME OF OUR GUARDIANS.

II.—TO ANTI-VACCINIA, FROM PRISON.

["If the Leicester Guardians, numbering forty-five of both sexes, refuse to carry out the order of the High Court, requiring them to appoint a Vaccination Officer in accordance with the law, they will render themselves liable to incarceration. Mr. HAZELL, M.P. for Leicester, took occasion before the recess to warn the Right Hon. HENRY CHAPLIN that his constituents were of the stuff of which martyrs are made."—*Daily Paper*.]

WHEN Local Pride with whirr of wings
Wantons around our wards,
And half the flower of Leicester brings
To ease our barren boards;
When we stand fettered in a row,
The fearless forty-five,
I would not change my lot, O no,
With any King alive!

When Guardians suffer under locks,
Stout man and stolid nymph,
Who scorned to check the good small-pox
With Law's allaying lymph,
Though vaccination's arts alone
Could bid my body thrive,
I'd not defer my final groan
For any calf alive!

When BUNYAN-like for conscience' sake
In loathed cells we lie,
We hear the shout of Liberty,
The microbe's low reply;
Let Freedom's pure bacillus-seed
In Leicester bosoms hive,
I would not change our Midland breed
For any germ alive!

Stone walls, to some, a gaol suggest,
And bars a kind of cage;
To us they seem the downy nest
Of martyred saint and sage;
A liberal boom we look to earn,
The fearless forty-five,
When palsied London wakes to learn
That Leicester is alive!



OPEN AT LAST!

RUSSIAN BEAR (politely). "COME IN, MISS. HOW COULD I KEEP MY DOOR CLOSED AGAINST YOU!"



Squire's Daughter. "GOOD MORNING, MARJORIE. HOW ARE THE TWINS, AND WHAT NAMES ARE YOU GOING TO GIVE THEM?" *Marjorie.* "WELL, MISS, WE'VE DECIDED TO CALL ONE 'KATE,' AND TH' OTHER 'DUPLIKATE.'"

WAY WE HAVE WITH THE ARMY. (Fragment from a Military Romance.)

It was a magnificent sight. Battalion after battalion marched past with a precision that delighted the sight of the most experienced veterans.

"Capital material," said one General to another. "Such a body of men should give a good account of any foe pitted against them."

"Yes," acquiesced the other. "And it is perfectly wonderful that they should be volunteers—only volunteers."

"Only volunteers! Why our volunteers are the wonder of the world!"

"I spoke officially, Sir. The tone I adopted is strictly the regulation at Pall Mall."

"Certainly," admitted the first speaker. "We have our fleet, our splendid regular army, and 275,000 of volunteers."

"On paper. Again I speak officially, Sir—on paper."

"A magnificent object lesson! But there is no one to see them."

The volunteers were marching through a well populated place and yet there were no spectators.

At this moment a civilian, connected with the War Office, sauntered towards them. The General called the attention of the new comer to the absence of a crowd.

"Nothing remarkable in that. All the children are at school, all the women are shopping, and those above five-and-thirty are no doubt resting."

"But that leaves a large residuum," said one of the Generals. "What has become of the male population between eighteen and thirty-five?"

"Oh," returned the civilian with a smile, "their absence is easily accounted for. By the new regulations they are all serving in the militia."

"Why?" asked both the Generals at once.

And the riddle still needs unravelling.

"STONE WALLS DO NOT A PRISON MAKE."

"When Mr. Cook visited 'Sing-Sing,' the State prison of New York, although it was eleven o'clock in the morning, he found one of the convicts lying in bed, smoking his pipe and reading the morning papers."—*Law Magazine.*

WHEN I awakening do ring
My bell at dawn of day,
And the attentive warders bring
My breakfast on a tray;
When I do chip the brown egg-shell
And sip the fragrant tea,
The dudes that lounge about Pall Mall
Know no such liberty.

When on my couch reclined, I
My morning paper read,
Or lazily contented lie
With meditative weed;
When curling through my prison bars,
The smoke goes rolling free,
Princes that puff the best cigars
Know no such liberty.

When, with the festive lights all lit,
The friendly cards we deal,
And round the smoking-room we sit
In easy deshabille;
When double, single, and the rub
Go gaily down to me,
Cabbies that tippie in the pub
Know no such liberty.

Stone walls do not a prison make
Nor iron bars a cage—
Such meanings they no longer take
In this enlightened age.
If we have every mortal thing
That can desired be,
Convicts alone in dear Sing-Sing
Enjoy such liberty.

"ARE APPEARANCES WORTH KEEPING UP?"

H.M. Prison, Dartmoor.

SIR,—I have been much attracted by the discussion of this subject. Personally I think with JOHN STRANGE WINTER that they (appearances) are *not*, and I intend to entirely alter, at the first possible opportunity, my own appearance, and to cut the uniform and establishment to which I am at present attached.

Yours obediently, BILL LAG.
his *✓* mark.

New Cut.

SIR,—Why should I keep up appearances? I am summoned to appear before the Judge at Chambers next week. That is an appearance which, as a free born Briton, I refuse to make.

Yours obediently, A. SHIRKER.



PHEW!

"The Metropolis is an exceptionally good place to be out of at present."—*Daily Chronicle, Aug. 17.*



SCENE—In a 'Bus. TIME—During the Hot Spell.

First City Man. "D—D HOT, ISN'T— I—I—BEG YOUR PARDON, MADAM, I—I QUITE FORGOT THERE WAS A LADY PRES—"
Stout Party. "DON'T APOLOGISE. IT'S MUCH WORSE THAN THAT."

PHYLLIS.

IN minor strains I often sing
 Of all JACK to his JILL is,
 Addressing every little thing
 To PHYLLIS.

Sometime she was my love, although
 I cannot say she still is,
 But now and then my lyrics flow
 To PHYLLIS.

Confession of inconstancy
 A very bitter pill is,
 So every love in print must be
 A PHYLLIS.

And she who is to me so dear,
 My creed and law whose will is,
 Can see her own reflexion clear
 In PHYLLIS.

VERDANT VERACITY.

[An American paper states that a young lady's hair has, by the influence of Mars, been turned green].

I HAVE heard of the noon
 Turning black into white;
 I have read of the moon
 Making daylight of night,
 But never have I any *demoiselle* seen
 Whose locks by the stars could be made
 apple-green.
 I can only conclude that a lack of some
 pars
 Brought the journalist's mind 'neath the
 dye-dream of Mars.

WORTH THE MONEY (?)

(Scene from something like an everyday farce.)

Secretary's Sanctum in a Charitable Institution. Secretary discovered compiling list of donations. To him enter Female Philanthropist.

Female Philanthropist (cheerfully). And now I have come to settle up about that last entertainment I organised.

Secretary (courteously). Hope, my dear madam, it was a little more lucrative than your last effort?

Fem. Phil. Oh, much, much more! But then, of course, this time we had the theatre given us, with all the gas and attendants.

Sec. Most kind of the manager. Why, that was equal to a donation of something like fifty or sixty guineas.

Fem. Phil. Oh, quite! More, probably! Well, then we sold an album full of short stories and sketches and that sort of thing. Here it is. [Hands over volume.]

Sec. Why, my dear lady, if you had paid the contributors—I note they are of the first eminence—at the market value the sum would have run into hundreds of pounds!

Fem. Phil. I am sure of it! So good of them. And here is the programme of the actors and actresses who gave their services.

Sec. (glancing at the document). Why, again, the contribution in the aggregate

would be equal to a cheque of three figures!

Fem. Phil. So I have been told. And that being the case, it was a pity that somehow or other we didn't make more. The fixture clashed with some other function or it wasn't properly advertised or something. But here's the cheque!

Sec. (looking at the draft with a blank face). But is that all the amount?

Fem. Phil. Of course it is. We deducted something for indispensable expenses. But aren't you pleased. You see it is on the right side of the account this time.

Sec. Well, madam, can I do anything further for you?

Fem. Phil. Thanks, no. I think not. Stay. Perhaps, as you are so kind as to ask me. Will you please, when you next put my name in your reports and things of that sort, print it in larger letters? The type is not nearly big enough!

[Scene closes on the suggestion.]

BREACH OF PROMISE.

(Left in the Hall of the Law Courts.)

THE gentle genius of the night,
 Of course I mean Diana,
 Made me dilate with rapt delight
 To you, my fair SUSANNA.
 But please don't think my words were true,
 The moon played me a sorry trick,
 Beneath the sun I write to you,
 I merely was a lunatic.
 You've mulcted me to a pretty tune,
 I'll have revenge—I'll shoot the moon!

PRIVATE VIEWS.

(By Mr. Punch's Vagrant.)

THE OARSMAN'S FAREWELL TO HIS OAR.

FAREWELL, dear companion of labour and pastime,
My hands shall encircle your handle no more.
This day on the Thames we were joined for the last time;
Our last racing stroke has been rowed, oh my oar.
And thus of the story that bound us together,
That made you my servant and kept you my friend
'Mid the chances and changes of temper and weather,
The last word is spoken, and now comes the end.

Many oars have I had—lo! these cups are a token—
Since first a raw freshman I splashed in a crew;
Their shafts may be warped and their blades may be broken,
But their staunchness lived on to be centred in you.
Lo! all these old oars that I lost with or won with
Return to remind me of failure or fame.
The traditions are yours of those blades I have done with;
The wood may have changed, but the soul is the same.

Great days of rejoicing and strength and endeavour,
When the blood galloped swift, and the muscles were taut,
So brightly they shone, that are vanished for ever,
My heart from their radiance a glamour has caught.
And still, though the grey in my hair be increasing,
Though the joints may be stiffened, the sinews unstrung,
The brightness is round me, and still without ceasing
I think and remember and dream and am young.

One day I recall when we hardly were ready,
The starter—who was he? odd rot him!—said "Go!"
And we splashed and we rolled all to bits and unsteady,
While some of us went and the rest shouted "No!"
But the cox in alarm cried "You must make her go, men;
Now, now let her have it!" and though we felt dead,
With a burst and a rush we just collared our foemen,
And held them and passed them and finished ahead.

And once in a Four—but I wouldn't have missed it,
That day when disaster diminished our pace—
We perceived in despair that our steerage was twisted,
But we scorned to give up, and continued the race.
And our bow and our two made alternate concession;
One worked while the other he held himself in;
Their skill got the better of fortune's oppression;
They kept the boat straight and we managed to win.

The toils of long training how well I remember—
The boat was like lead and our limbs were as wax;
In the east winds of March, in the fogs of November,
When to row seemed a torture with stretchers for racks.
Yet all these old aches are a part of our glory,
These toils are a treasure by distance made plain;
Recalled and renewed they give point to our story
Of trials endured, and endured not in vain.

And all the old friends that I chaffed with or chaffed at,
Staunch oarsmen and gallant in sunshine or cloud;
Our DICK, our strong six, who looked daggers when laughed at,
Our TOM, who smiled sweeter as laughter grew loud,
And JACK, who took life as if life never mattered,
And MAC, of our crew the keen captain and star—
Long since by our fates we were hopelessly scattered,
But still they seem near me, though severed so far.

And I, of their band the last racing survivor,
I have rowed my last race, and I step from the ranks.
When a light ship is launched and they swing her and drive her
Henceforth I shall watch how it's done from the banks.
Never more, oh my oar, shall we grip the beginning,
Never more shall our finish ring clear as a bell;
We have done with our losing and done with our winning—
Farewell, true companion and partner, farewell!

OIL AND WATER EXHIBITIONS.—VANDYCK at Antwerp and
HOLBEIN between Cowes and Portsmouth. The latter got on
swimmingly.

TALI-EN-GENIO.—The conversion of Ta-lien-Wan into a free
port is the outcome of Russian Wisdom and WITTE.



CRICKET PHRASES ILLUMINATED. No. II.

"ABEL STAYED ALL DAY AT THE WICKETS."

NEWS FROM SOME FOREIGN WATERING PLACES.

SCHWIZZELBOCH is enjoying itself immensely. This lovely health-resort, or rather lovely resort for those who are out of health, is crowded with visitors—English and American. It is matter for curious consideration to think how vast a number of both nationalities are suffering from the same ailments. Of course, the accidental facts that there is hourly expected a Royal Duke, and that H.R.H. The Prince's rooms have been already ordered at the Imperial Grand Métropole (which, since this report got about, has been crammed from basement to attic at fabulous prices, as likewise are its two annexes and the smaller hotels in the town) have something to do with this. The Schwizzelboch water cure is working wonders.

The Royal apartments at Schwizzelboch have been countermanded, or, it is true to say, had never been ordered. Their Royal Highnesses are staying at Egsbaden.

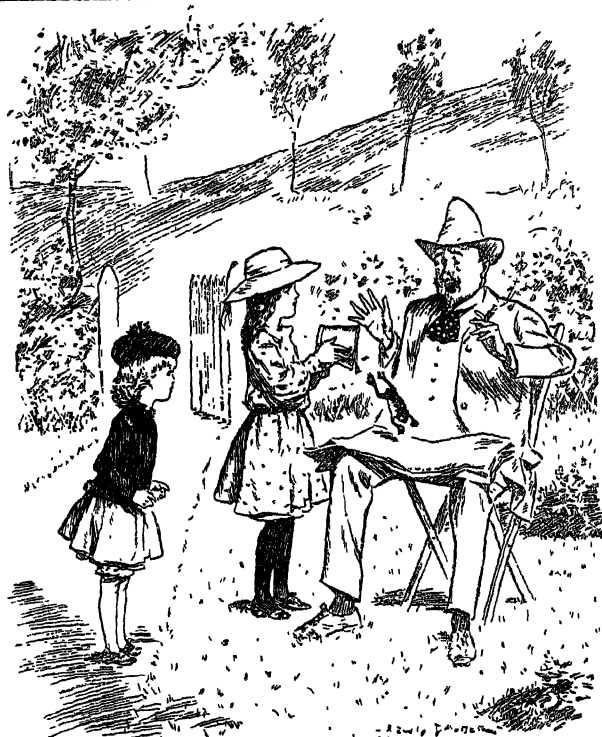
Schwizzelboch is deserted. It appears that the waters are not so quickly efficacious as had been supposed. The crowds of Americans and English have all gone on to Egsbaden, the fame of whose sulphurous springs is rapidly spreading. All the hotels and annexes are full, and it is with difficulty that their Royal Highnesses can force their way through the mob of distinguished personages to the Splasherbad and Gulphausen to take the baths and the waters. I have not yet personally been able to approach the Royalties; and I am not like some of my countrymen and American cousins: I don't intrude where I'm not asked.

I find I was mistaken. The Royalties after all have not been here, except *en passant*, a fortnight ago, when they called at the Kur-Haus. They have gone to take the cure, I hear, at Zumwareltzerwassen. Egsbaden is empty. I don't wonder at it: the smell of the waters is atrocious; and the taste!!!! Ugh!!

BY A THOUGHTFUL STUDENT OF DICKENS AND CERVANTES.—
(Note for Mr. Percy Fitzgerald.)—Pickwick was possessed by much the same craze for adventure as was Don Quixote. Isn't Sam Weller a sharpwitted cockney Sancho Panza?

COPYRIGHT AND COPYWRONG.—What has Mr. Justice NORTH to say to the Berne Convention? Why, "burn Convention!"

"A SOUND INVESTMENT."—Buying a piano, or a codfish complete.



NOTES IN NORMANDY—GRENOUILLE AU NATUREL.

"OH, IF YOU PLEASE, SIR, BABY AND I HAVE NEVER SEEN IT DONE, AND WE DO SO WANT TO. WOULD YOU BE SO VERY KIND AS TO EAT THIS?"

TWENTY HOURS AFTER.

EUSTON, 8 P.M.

I'm sick of this sweltering weather.
Phew! ninety degrees in the shade!
I long for the hills and the heather,
I long for the kilt and the plaid;
I long to escape from this hot land
Where there isn't a mouthful of air,
And fly to the breezes of Scotland—
It's never too stuffy up there.

For weeks I have sat in pyjamas,
And found even these were *de trop*,
And envied the folk of Bahamas
Who dress in a feather or so;
But now there's an end to my grilling,
My Inferno's a thing of the past;
Hurrah! there's the whistle a-shrilling—
We are off to the Highlands at last!

CALLANDER, 4 P.M.

The dull leaden skies are all clouded
In the gloom of a sad weeping day,
The desolate mountains are shrouded
In palls of funereal grey;
'Mid the skirl of the wild wintry weather
The torrents descend in a sheet
As we shiver all huddled together
In the reek of the smouldering peat.

A plague on the Highlands! to think of
The heat that but lately we banned;
Oh! what would we give for a blink of
The bright sunny side of the Strand!
To think there are folk that still revel
In Summer, and fling themselves down,
In the Park, or St. James? What the
d—
Possessed us to hurry from town?

GUP FROM GIB.

Gibraltar, Saturday.

MY DEAR MAMIE,—There is a fleet corld
Meditranium fleet stoppin' about here.
It is orful inkwistitive it makes evrithing
qwite brite with serch lites wen it didnt
ort to be just so's to see wot we're doin
at nite wich aint nuffin to do with them.

There ar a orful lot of middies runnin
about heer thay ar drefful mischyvus.
Thay aint allowed to have big sords like
we coz thay ar so mischyvus and mite go
pokin holes in other peeples ships.

In the mornin we orfen go and play at
solgers on a dusty place corld North
Fruent it is just like when you try to catch
the dust in your mouth wen LIZA is
sweepin out the kitchen only it feels a lot
neerer to the uvven than Nurs ever allows
you to go.



Weer still thinkin about goin to that
place corld Afriker coz KROOGER says he
Wont play with the Ootlander children
and Nurs CHAMBERLIN says children that
say Wont get smackt.

Thay ar orlways sendin us things wot

"SWIMIMUS!"

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—Bravo, "SPORTING NOTIONS," of the
Referee, for his sage remarks anent education in the art of
swimming being made compulsory in all our schools. There
is one great and solid fact to back him up. In bygone years
deaths from drowning were constantly occurring among the
boys at Eton. Since "passing" for swimming (without which
test no lad is allowed to boat) there has not been a single fatal
catastrophe on the river. When I was at Eton I had to "pass
in my clothes," i.e., I had to wear ordinary boating dress. I did
so successfully, and afterwards won two prizes for swimming
in the school contests. I feel very strongly on this subject,
when reading year after year of the dreadful loss of life, which
occurs from lack of natatory instruction. Even sailors in the
Royal Navy are not obliged to be able to swim. It is the duty
of the Government to insist upon drastic reform in this matter.
There are more deaths from drowning than from hydrophobia.
And, worst of all, many gallant men and women who can swim
are drowned in cases of attempted rescue by those who can't.
Let every boy and girl in Great Britain and Greater Britain be
a "naut."

Yours faithfully, OLIM ETONENSIS.

P.S.—The greatest of English kings learnt swimming, and
evidently at Eton! Who has not heard of "The Passing of
Arthur"?

The *Financial Times* states that "a branch of PARR'S Bank
will be opened at Margate." Will the name be slightly changed,
to express the domestic character of the accounts kept there, to
the "PARR-and-Mar-gate Bank"?

MR. CHAMBERLAIN'S HARVEST PROSPECTS.—He hopes to hear
the very best news from the Wheat-landers.

A "JOINT" COMMISSION.—Ordering your butcher to procure
you a leg of Welsh mutton.

"A TRIAL IN CAMERA."—Being "taken" by a very amateurish
photographer.

ar no good to us from the place corld
Woroffis wot we wont is a duzen nice large
icebergs bort from sunmare ware thay
ar cheep.

DE PROFUNDIS.

In the recesses of the sea
Month after weary month I've waited,
While tedious matters tediously
Your parliament debated.

On Old Age Pensions, Budget, Tithe,
While they with futile pains were toiling,
My huge dimensions, lank and lithe,
I've patiently been coiling.

Now strikes (my time of darkness past)
The hour for which I long was sighing,
And now, that grouse may breathe their
last,
Thousands are northward hieing.

My sinuous bendings I unfold
With long unwanted pleasure flushing,
That once again I, as of old,
Shall into print be rushing.

Alas, alack! what subjects crowd
To give my rightful claims denial;
Australian cricket, Transvaal's cloud,
The endless DREYFUS trial.

And when by chance of all that fuss
They of some columns make a clearance,
Women and men must needs discuss
About their own appearance.

Ah! then, ere holiday you make,
Hear, Editors, my cry despairing,
Grant the Sea Serpent space to take,
Like you, his annual airing.



"SO YOU DON'T THINK MUCH OF MY RETRIEVERS?"
 "ON THE CONTRARY. I THINK YOU HAVE TWO MOST VALUABLE WATCH DOGS."

IS THE SILLY SEASON WORTH KEEPING UP?

To the Editor of the "Wireless Telegraph."

SIR,—I am perfectly well aware that if I venture to address you on what I think is a subject of considerable social interest at the moment when the DREYFUS trial has commenced and the Transvaal trouble is well to the fore, I shall be accused of a desire to keep up Appearances as a Promoter of Silly Season Booms. I do not much fear the charge. I honestly believe that the ideas which have occurred to me on the question of a painful and protracted newspaper correspondence throughout August and September are worthy of publicity; and I, therefore, ask you for the hospitality of your columns.

My question is one which comes into the heads of most holiday-makers at this time of year—Is the Silly Season worth Keeping up? Is its Topic worth discussing? Is it good enough? Well, is it? There is a good deal to be said on one side—a good deal on the other. The effort may be to ascertain whether Marriage is a Failure, to thresh out the question of Mixed Bathing and False Modesty, to decide if Wives Should Work, to confess to the world at large the romantic details of My Engagement, to take a *plébiscite* on the alleged Increase of Flirtation, or on the Best Way to Celebrate the Queen's Record Reign, to investigate the means of intercommunication with Mars, to enquire if Life is Worth Living, or to learn whether Girls Should Propose. How poor Scribbledom strives! What

efforts it makes, what agony it endures (and inflicts)! How it will sacrifice hard-earned leisure, sometimes the very last sheet of writing-paper it possesses, all for the sake of keeping up appearances in print! Yet now and then Scribbledom and Suburbanity must stop to ask itself—Are these appearances worth keeping up? Is the Silly Season Boom a public necessity? Is it worth while? Is it good enough? Is it catchy or tasty enough?

Take, for instance, the case of a city clerk, the son of his late father, married, with three or four children, and an income of £2 a week. He has been educated, thanks to the dreams of his widowed mother, at the nearest local substitute for Harrow and Charterhouse, her dead and gone husband having had the impress of these schools "stamped on him," presumably at football, and so he, the clerk, has been given a fair chance in the world. He has gone into life at the most impressionable age with a wholly false idea of himself and his relations to the public; he has learnt to write and air his opinions; he has got up "Book Teas;" he has posed as a social oracle among his admiring female relatives; he has been bitten with the *cacoëthes scribendi* ever since he contributed a letter, over his own signature, to the *Daily Telephone*, on the enthralling debate—"Is the Cumberbund Good Form?" Result, he now consumes the whole of his annual fortnight's holiday in concocting similar *ipse dixit*s on the theme that you, Sir, in your wisdom choose to propound, to the detriment of his health and his family's well-being.

Will he not have a swelled head as he grows older; will he not feel that he must go on sacrificing others to keep up appearances? But are they worth it? Will they ever be worth it? Who can answer it? Not I. Is it worth going on—with this letter! I am, yours dubiously,
 JOHN STRANGE WYZED.

HARD BY A FOUNTAIN.

DAPHNE, we met in that far dell
 Beside the fountain legend-haunted,
 Where by your still more potent spell
 My captive fancy was enchanted.

By fortune's chance your trivial need
 For our first converse gave occasion;
 I to no churlish pride gave heed,
 You stooped in turn to no evasion.

I asked no wealth or rank of you—
 Nay, of deceit I dare not task you;
 You fancied, DAPHNE, that I knew,
 Or praised me that I did not ask you.

Your words were few, your glances shy,
 I, too, but gazed in silent wonder;
 I lost you, DAPHNE, asking why
 Should Fate have cast our lots asunder?

Yet in her doom I now concur,
 Because, by that enchanted water,
 You met your father's customer,
 DAPHNE,—and I my butcher's daughter.

A ROUNDABOUT STORY.

English Acquaintance (instructing French Tourist in London). Yes, a delightful way round, to Hampton Court by Richmond and Sheen—

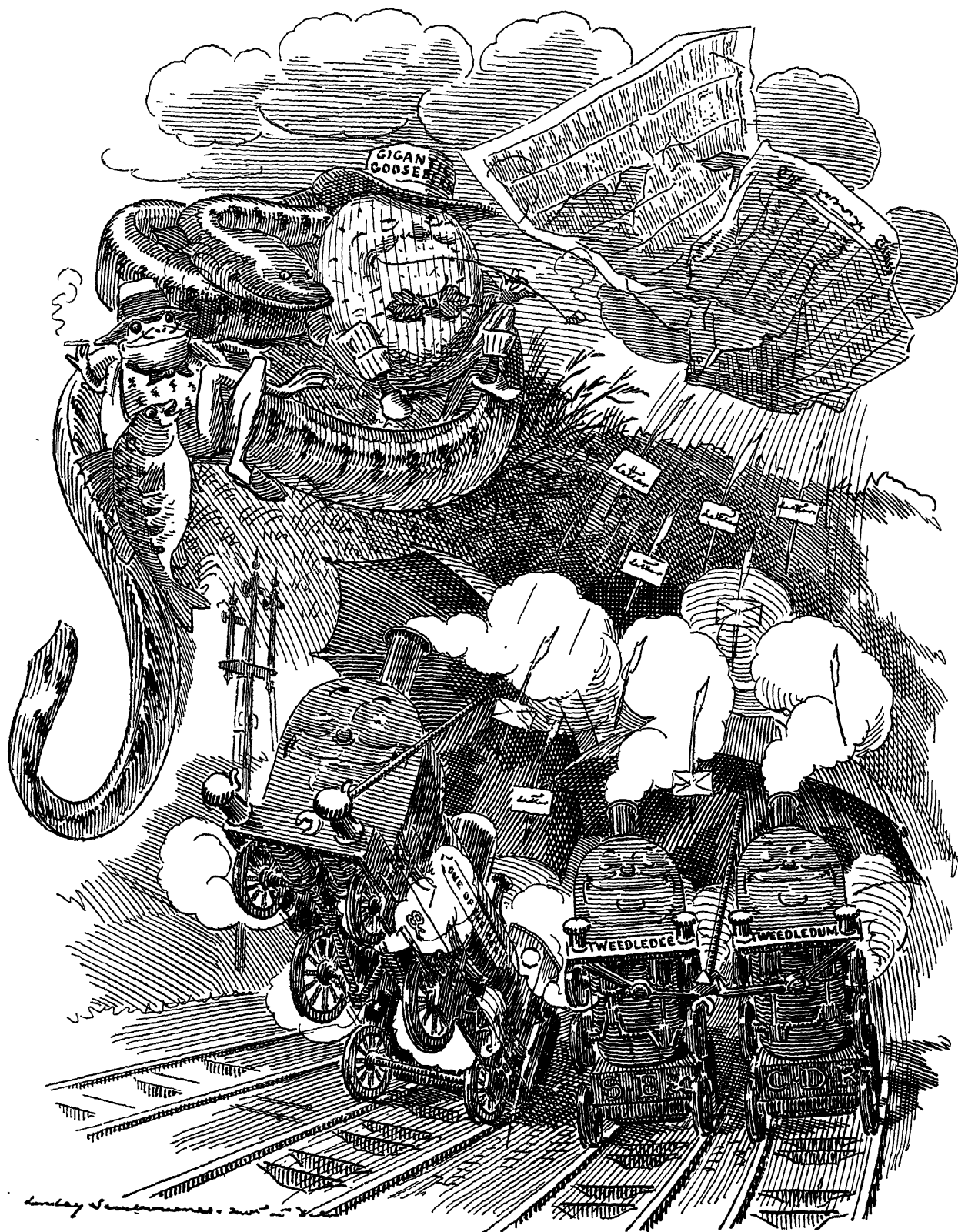
French Tourist (catching the last name). Comment donc! Je ne veux pas faire le tour du monde! Un voyage en Chine pour aller à Antonecourt? You "get at me"! Hein?

YACHTING.—"Quite the right thing to do, my boy!" No doubt of it. Of course Sir TEA LIPTON should go in for a Cup!



AN EASY ONE FOR THE BLACK PRINCE.

["Up to last Thursday (August 24) Prince RANVITSINHJI had scored 2,780 runs during the season—the highest aggregate ever made." "He will probably now make 3,000 runs during the cricket year of 1899."—*Daily Chronicle*.]



SILLY SEASON SHOWERS.

Sea Serpent, Gigantic Gooseberry, &c. "THANK GOODNESS, WE'RE LET ALONE, AND THE RAILWAYS HAVE GOT IT THIS YEAR."

MR. PUNCH'S REPRESENTATIVE AT RENNES.

LAST week Mr. Punch announced the departure of his Principal Foreign Correspondent. The recent riots in Paris have doubtless caused widespread anxiety as to the fate of this heroic man, who, alone and defenceless, set out upon an arduous journey to a foreign town, occupied by opposing factions of violent partisans. Such is Rennes. The risks which he so bravely encountered must have struck a chill to every sympathetic heart. The fact that he has not yet arrived there proves that his discretion is equal to his valour. Mr. Punch has received the following despatches from this courageous correspondent.

ROUEN.—Having succeeded in reaching Dieppe, and finding no actual civil war in progress there, I thought it my duty to advance as far as possible. On arrival here I went to the hotel most frequented by the English, and therefore least likely to be patronised by the Anti-dreyfusards. The presence of three English clergymen at the *table d'hôte* was reassuring. However, I discovered afterwards that a strike of workmen had begun. Also I noticed at the chief *café* that every one was reading the reports of the trial at Rennes. They all looked peaceful business men, but at moments of political excitement a foreigner is safer when he is absent. Resolve to leave and to go to Havre, whence I could escape on a British ship. Have not yet reached Rennes.

HAVRE.—Fearing lest I might travel alone in a railway-carriage with some violent Anti-dreyfusard—perhaps with ROCHFORD, or JUDET, or DRUMONT—I came here by the river steamer. At the moment of starting, discovered that I was the only Englishman on board. Should I be massacred? Endeavour to conciliate other passengers by scrupulous politeness. They are coldly civil. Begin to fear the worst. Gradually darkness sets in. At last we reach Havre. Escape hastily, and drive to hotel.

Must conceal my connection with the press, and pretend to be a person of no importance. Elegant lady in *bureau* offers me a room *au premier*. Modestly decline such a position. "*Mais c'est une chambre,*" she explains, "*qui ne donne pas sur la mer.*" Accept it meekly, and follow a waiter upstairs, round a landing, down a few stairs, along a corridor, and up some stairs. Remark to him that the hotel is immense. "*Mais oui, Monsieur. Toutes les chambres sont au premier.*" Turn to the left and along another corridor. "*Encore des couloirs?*" "*Oui, Monsieur.*" Is this an Anti-dreyfusard trap? Begin to feel nervous. Round another corner, and perceive yet another corridor extending indefinitely onwards. Protest gently. "*Mais je n'arriverai jamais.*" "*Voilà, Monsieur!*" Waiter throws open a door. Lonely room. Remote from help. No English clergymen near. British consul perhaps a mile away. Must make enquiries. "*Il n'y a personne dans cette partie de l'hôtel?*" "*Si, si, Monsieur,*" says the waiter, and points to a pair of boots outside the next door. I look at them. Long, narrow toes, turning up. They are a Frenchman's. Rather shabby. Perhaps a journalist's. Possibly ROCHFORD'S, or DRUMONT'S, or JUDET'S. However, a correspondent must risk every-



Billie Snooks (reading notice on Fire Alarm). "ANY ONE INTERFERING WITH THIS APPARATUS OR GIVING FALSE ALARM WILL BE LIABLE TO A FINE OF £20, OR A TERM OF IMPRISONMENT NOT EXCEEDING TWO MONTHS." Bobby Smiff. "WHICH UD YOU 'AVE, BILLIE?"

Billie Snooks. "OH! I'D 'AVE THE TWO MUMFS!"

thing, even his life. Shut myself in the lonely room, lock the door, bolt it, push the arm-chair and table against it, and go to bed. Have not yet reached Rennes.

No civil war here. Resolve to run over to Trouville for the day to see if anything of the kind is going on there.

TROUVILLE.—This town is absolutely calm. No revolution as yet. Have made investigations in all parts. Delightful bath in the sea. Admirable *déjeuner* at excellent hotel. Unfortunately left luggage at Havre, or might have remained here, and continued investigations. Dinner would be probably equally good. Might perhaps return to-morrow with luggage. Should be nearer Rennes than at Havre. Sit in the shade outside *café* on the *plage*. Pleasant breeze. Cloudless sky. Smoke cigarettes peacefully. No sign of any

rioting anywhere. Wonder if GUÉRIN is getting hungry in his *Fort-Chabrol*. How he would have enjoyed that *déjeuner*! Ask the waiter for a newspaper. He brings me the *Intransigeant*. Wave it away impatiently. Then suddenly remember that I may be surrounded by Anti-dreyfusards. Two men at the next table are watching me. They speak in a low voice. One of them mentions the name ROCHFORD. There is not a moment to be lost. Pay the waiter, snatch up the change, without waiting to see how many bad coins it may include, hasten to the *Jetée Promenade*, and catch the boat to Havre, where at least I could take refuge in the British Consulate or on a British ship.

HAVRE.—Have arrived here uninjured. The town is calm.

(Later).—Have not yet reached Rennes.



HOW STONEHENGE MIGHT BE POPULARISED IF THE GOVERNMENT BOUGHT IT. SUGGESTION GRAIN.

STONEHENGE—AND WHAT IT MAY BECOME!

(A Peep into a not very remote Futurity.)

Mr. Punch, understanding from the daily papers that the present owner of Stonehenge proposes—should the War Office decline his terms of £125,000 for the freehold—to put this ancient British monument up for auction to the highest bidder, has been greatly exercised in mind as to the probable fate of the Stones. Wishing to know the worst, he has consulted his own private Clairvoyant, who has been favoured with a second sight of the (as yet unpublished) newspaper files referring to the subject,—with the following interesting, if somewhat conflicting, results:—

EXTRACT No. I. (From Advertisement Columns, Morning Paper, 1900.)

“Messrs. HOARDING AND POSTER, having recently acquired that central and eligible property known as STONEHENGE, are thereby enabled to offer a unique opportunity to enterprising British advertisers. Terms:—Single column (per square foot), £6 per annum. Double column, £5. Architrave, £8. Double column (with architrave), £4 10s. Other spaces at rates varying according to position, &c. All advertisements on imperishable galvanised iron plates, enamelled in best Art colours. Selected by a Committee of Taste, comprising several eminent artists and decorators.

“Only one architrave and the top of the Stone of Sacrifice vacant at present. Hurry up!”

EXTRACT No. II. (From another Advertisement Column.)

“Messrs. McCrackit and Rollestone, having purchased the ruins of Stonehenge at a remarkably low figure, are prepared to entertain proposals for road-metal from District Councils, contractors, and others.

“In deference to lovers of antiquities, dealers, and others, who may care to preserve some memento of this interesting Link with the Past, Messrs. MCC. AND R. beg to announce that they have set aside one of the smaller monoliths, and can supply blocks of various sizes, which may be worked up into chimney ornaments, timepieces, paper-weights, &c., according to taste. These blocks will take a fine polish, and are practically indestructible.

“Terms on application to the Head Sawyer, Stonehenge.”

EXTRACT No. III. (Paragraph in Evening Paper, 1900.)

Reuter's New York correspondent cables to-day:

“Mr. Ezra P. Smart, who became the purchaser of Stonehenge last year, has now succeeded in transporting this highly interesting souvenir in vessels specially constructed for the purpose, and on its arrival in sections yesterday, is understood to have disposed of it to the United States Government for a sum representing a handsome profit. The quaint and unique Prehistoric survival will be carefully re-erected in the Yellowstone Park, where it will, doubtless, form an object of great attraction to British tourists.”

EXTRACT No. IV. (Another paragraph from Evening Paper of later date.)

“The War Office has now almost completed its great work at Stonehenge, which will henceforth rank as an Ordnance and Ammunition Storehouse of the first importance, while, from its isolated situation, it is unlikely to constitute any danger to the safety of the public. Already, with its frowning battlements and solid gloomy walls, in which portions of the original structure may still be identified in spite of the lead colour that coats them, it forms a striking and impressive landmark, and will doubtless prove of the greatest utility should the country ever unhappily be invaded by a foreign foe. Handsome and spacious barracks are in course of erection in its immediate vicinity, and in a few years Stonehenge Fort will be but the central point of a military *dépôt* rivaling Portsmouth and Woolwich in extent and activity.”

EXTRACT No. V. (Paragraph as before. 1901.)

“The SALVATION ARMY has now quite settled into its new headquarters at Stonehenge, which, as some readers may remember, they acquired in the autumn of the year before last by public auction. The building has been put into a condition of thorough repair; all the missing stones being supplemented by blocks of Portland cement, and the interstices neatly filled in with brick. Painted in the Army colours of crimson and dark blue, and adorned with texts and emblems of huge proportions, it is quite a prominent feature in the landscape. It is curious to reflect that after the lapse of so many centuries, this historic edifice should once more be employed for purposes of a devotional character.”

EXTRACT No. VI. (Paragraph from the Era, 1900.)

“Messrs. MASTODON AND MAMMOTH, the world-renowned Menagerie and Circus proprietors, opened yesterday at the new ‘Cirque Stonehenge,’ where they will be ‘at home’ for the future in the intervals of touring. The work of reconstruction has been admirably carried out, and those who knew the forlorn and dilapidated old building in days of yore would find it hard to recognise it in its spruce and transformed condition. With great taste and judgment, the architect, Mr. Girdershell (who has had considerable experience in this class of work) has not attempted to interfere with such portions of the original structure as remained intact, but has used them as a basis for his own design, which is a happy mixture of the Romanesque and Renaissance styles, executed in moulded brick and terra cotta. The scheme of exterior decoration is a warm chocolate picked out with a dainty cream, and harmonises delightfully with the dull greys and greens of the surrounding plain. Inside, there is seating accommodation for over three thousand persons, and it is needless to add that the acoustic and sanitary arrangements, both in the vast stables and the auditorium, are absolutely perfect. Lines of electric tramcars and light railways connect this truly Megatherian Hippodrome with Salisbury, Winchester, Dorchester, and other cities and towns in the vicinity.

"The morning and evening programmes were of the most varied and attractive kind, and altogether Messrs. MASTODON AND MAMMOTH may be heartily congratulated upon the energy and enterprise which have turned a useless and obsolete ruin into a home of refined and up-to-date entertainment for the multitude."

The next extract is so utterly improbable, so foreign to all our cherished national prejudices and traditions, that Mr. Punch can only give it with the utmost reserve, and without for a moment pledging himself to any faith in his clairvoyant's accuracy in this particular instance.

EXTRACT NO. VII. (*Leader from Morning Paper, October, 1899.*)

"At last, we are glad to learn, the Government has awoke to the necessity of preserving Stonehenge, which is to be acquired in trust for the Nation at a price to be settled by arbitration. Every precaution is to be taken to preserve it from further decay, and the Public may now rest assured that England will be spared the disgrace of having permitted either the removal or desecration of one of its most famous relics."

"BRING ME NO MORE REPORTS."

Title by Master William Shakspeare and Mr. Justice North.

OH, who has not seen a reporter reporter

Not seen a reporter a taking his "note" ?—

A type of a kind of a sorter a sorter

A sorter machine in a trousers and coat.

While voluble speakers are talking are talking

Are talking away at a deuce of a rate,

The agile reporters are stalking are stalking

Are stalking their chattering quarries like Fate.

When eloquence issues like water like water

It issues like water from ROSEBERRY'S brain.

Says NORTH "no admirer did oughter did oughter

Did oughter be suffered to print them again.

"For the Times it expended its money its money

Expended its money in taking it down,

So the Times is the owner—'tis funny, 'tis funny—

Of adjective, adverb, and substantive noun.

"Now the Times it has sought a, the Times it has sought a

Has sought a injunction against Mr. LANE.

The reason the latter contested the matter

And made such a clatter is strikingly plain."

LORD ROSEBERRY'S bricks and his mortar his mortar

His bricks and his mortar constructed a book;

But the Judge and the Times it has taught a has taught a

Has taught a "new fact"—its reports mayn't be took.

Now if speakers omit to commission commission

Commission reporters to take down their speech,

They should make a protective condition condition

Protective condition that none can impeach.

So this practical moral was taught a was taught a

Was taught a shocked public a fortnight ago;

You must always import a reporter reporter

Import a—but why? We are blessed if we know!

"To take what's your own, then, is stealing is stealing?"

His Lordship exclaims, while enjoying the sport.

And so Mr. LANE is appealing appealing

Appealing against the award of the Court.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

THE story called *Siren City* (METHUEN) at the sweet will and pleasure of its author, BENJAMIN SWIFT, is a roundabout kind of work commencing with a chapter which, more appropriately and artistically, should have been the third or fourth from the final one, and ending with the sudden appearance of some one "of no consequence," while at the close our BENJAMIN kindly informs us as to the doings of some unimportant minor characters, whose "subsequent proceedings" possess no sort of interest for the reader. Though at first this story by SWIFT will be found to belie its author's name, being the very opposite of "swift," yet the undaunted reader, as he proceeds, will be enticed onwards, at intervals, by dexterously thrown flashes of interest calculated to arouse a certain languid curiosity,



GARDENING FOR THE YOUNG.

Master Tommy. "OH, GEORGE, WE WANT TO TELL YOU THAT YOU HAD BETTER GROW ONLY NEW POTATOES AFTER THIS. THEY'RE EVER SO MUCH BETTER THAN THE OLD KIND."

and so to induce him to persevere to the end, "for the reward," which the Baron sincerely wishes he may obtain.

For the Sake of the Duchesse (ARROWSMITH) direful deeds are done. Duelling is as common as shaking hands. Men are pinked (that's the word) as they walk about their daily or nightly business. We change clothes with corpses we have just slain in the snow, assume their identity, take possession of their estate, and eke their pretty cousin. Casting our corpse (one of them) on the waters, it returns to us after many days, and gets rid of a character whom it is time to remove from the stage. By way of varying the monotony of such deeds, the Duchesse de Berri fights a duel on a snowy night with another young lady. "The next instant Mademoiselle de Cheverney lay on her back upon the terrace with a quick stream of blood from her side darkening the snow." Finally, after a brief but sufficient residence in the Frog Chamber in the Château Sainte Roxaine, with green-eyed rats for companions, we go forth to wed the Duchesse de Berri, and lo! we find ourselves standing at the altar with our own true love, Mademoiselle de Cheverney, whom late we left spoiling the snow on the terrace. From this hurried sketch my Baronite fancies it will be seen that Mr. WALKLEY has written a rattling romance, to be read with breathless interest in holiday time.

THE BARON DE B.-W.

NEWS FROM HOLLAND.—The Chess Tournament at Amsterdam, arranged by the Dutch Chess Association, was specially remarkable for the play of Mr. ATKINS, not the well-known "TOMMY of that ilk," but Mr. H. E. ATKINS, who made a clean score of fifteen wins, thus gaining the first prize. Of course there were fêtes; and of course the favourite opera on this occasion was OFFENBACH'S *La Grande Dutch-chess*.

LATIN MOTTO FOR THE DREYFUS TRIAL (*enigmatical, but about true for all that*).—"NIL SINE LABORI."

[Tis the dative for the ablative case, just to suit the Dreyfus Case.]



First Hindoo. "HAVE YOU EVER BEEN FOR A BOAT-SAIL?"
 First Hindoo. "HOW DID YOU ENJOY IT?"
 Second Hindoo. "OH, YEN!"
 Second Hindoo. "I DID NOT LIKE IT; IT IS TOO HORRIBLE. THE BOAT IS GOING UPSIDE AND DOWNSIDE, AND YOUR INSIDE IS GOING INSIDE AND OUTSIDE."

BABS.

(By Mr. Punch's Depreciator, after Sir Edwin Arnold's recent translation of the "First Four Babs of the Rose-Garden of the Sa'di.")

I.

THE tale is told of a Padishah who was much given to the game of *putta* (golf). On a certain day, mislaying his pellet in a running stream, he forthwith mentioned the name of Allah without due reverence. Now, search being made, it chanced that upon the person of his Ca'di was found just such a pellet, of which he could render no good account; having indeed stolen it, with three, its fellows, from elsewhere, *videlicet*, from the lord of the pavilion. But the Padishah, deeming himself defrauded, struck the Ca'di upon the hinder parts with his *niblik* till there were tears in his seeing. But in this he did wrong, as say the Hakims in a *Bab* ballad, one of the merry sort:

Abrade ye not, untried, a prisoner's skin;
 He may be guilty of some larger sin.

But the Ca'di, having been presented with the *sak* (leave of absence), removed his dwelling-place to another clime, as one that seeketh obscurity. And so it fell out that, after three winters, he was bidden to carry the tool-bag of the self-same Padishah, whom chance had thither directed. But the Padishah, having chas-

tised many Ca'dis in his time, recognised not the features of this youth. But the Ca'di knew him right well; and thought on revenge. Now it happened that at the last driving, whereon hung a great wager as in a balance, the Padishah, having urged his pellet about a farsang's length, as he asserted, moved swiftly across the green sward with his Ca'di, being lifted up in soul. But the driven pellet of the Padishah's friend was not anywhere to be found. Then the Padishah with loud exultation claimed to have won the match. But the other yielded himself to deplorable abuse of the inclemency of Fortune; which, being at length abated, "The game is thine," said he; "yet lend me, I pray, a pellet, that I may play out the hole withal." Thereat the Padishah put his hand to his poke, and drew forth a pellet; and in so doing quoted from one of the wise men:

When that thy foe is even with the floor,
 Let that suffice thee; thump the man no more.

(There is a word-play here in the Persian, not actually reproduced.) But the friend of the Padishah, chancing to receive the pellet in suchwise that his eye fell closely upon the surface, smote himself with the hand of astonishment on the thigh of indignation; for, both by the super-scription of the maker, and by sundry devices of his own carving, such as may be wrought by the *mashi* or the *clik*,

he perceived that it was no other than the pellet which he had lost but a brief moment before. Then was there much bandying of words; and a great coolness sprang up between the twain; and they went their ways home by several paths.

Thus may a man be unwittingly beguiled by the superficial show of things. For, if the utter truth were known, it was the Ca'di himself who, to serve his own ends, had lifted the pellet of the Padishah's friend and privily placed it in the pouch of the Padishah. But at the last, having drawn his wage, he cried, "May my lord live constantly and forever!" Thereafter he sought the tavern that was most nigh, and grew straightway drunk with the *hafanahf* (mixed drink) of revenge.

As it is written in the wise sayings, some of them very precocious for a mere *Bab*:

That lord may live to be his victim's victim,
 Who took his slave and prematurely licked him.

II.

HERE is another little story: There was a King who went forth to shoot at the rabbit with his long bow. But a certain holy darweesh, who observed that the King drew only upon the sitting ones, was heard to remark that The Presence was no sportsman. Accordant to what hath been said:

It is a horrid habit
 To shoot a seated rabbit.



FRANCE TO PARIS.

"KEEP QUIET, YOU MADMEN! IF YOU GO ON MAKING SUCH AN EXHIBITION OF YOURSELVES, YOU'LL RUIN MINE!"

But the King, being informed by one of the tale-bearers, sent for the holy darweesh and admonished him, saying: "Dost not perceive that it is for pity of the rabbit that I shoot him unaware as he sitteth; lest to the pain of death should be added that of terror and much waste of breathing in flight?"

But the darweesh, hanging the head of incredulity, said: "O King, were I a rabbit, I would choose to have some exercise for my pelf (a run for my money)."

But the King, interpreting this word as meaning to say that he were like to miss a rabbit in motion, bade the holy darweesh estimate at what speed he was capable of running across the line of the King's vision.

"For I would gladly know," said he, "what allowance I should give to the aim of my arrow, that thou and it may not fail to collide."

But the holy darweesh said to himself: "O my two ears!" But aloud he cried: "My lord, mayest thou reign interminably! Thy servant knoweth full well that no rabbit, ran he never so swift, could escape thy shaft. Therefore of thy mercy alone it is that thou selectest such as sit tight, so saving them much fear, together with the annoyance of being overtaken in running."

Thus escaped he from becoming a portion of the King's bag.

Stateth a Man of Truth that he has lied,
If it be needful so to save his hide.

AT A SCOTCH HYDROPATHIC.

JADED from over-much London. Met BROWN, who recommends me to try a Scotch hydropathic. "Fine air, excellent baths, plenty of gay young society." Rather hate gay young society—nevertheless, look out train in *Bradshaw*. Sleep throughout journey North. Arrive MCHAGGIS Hydropathic Establishment next morning.

Imposing building. Society trifle variegated, not to say piebald; frisky young misses, "cappy" old ladies, and youths, for the most part devotees of the great god Bounder. The young *Bounderii*, attired in suits "fearfully and wonderfully made," sprawl at feet of frisky misses, puffing smoke into their faces and retailing jokes of questionable quality for their benefit. Experience wild yearning in toe of right boot as I regard the speakers. Gong sounds 1.30 for luncheon. All file in. Dismal array of water-bottles on table. Ask for wine-list. Waitress glares, and hurls unintelligible pieces of Scotch language at me. Dawns on me that there is no wine-list, and—no wine! Sigh and subside. Meal consists, for most part, of rice—rice in every form; curried, boiled, ground, rice in milk, and rice with jam. Filling, but monotonous. Drift away from table, depressed, but, paradoxical as it sounds, inflated. Long walk. Feel better. Dinner at (ye gods!) six o'clock. "So nice," says gushing little thing sitting next me at table, "because we can have long evening for dancing." Murmur faintly that I should prefer something to eat and drink, and ask if dances occur often? "Oh, yes, every night; it's such fun!" Suppress groan successfully.

Dinner consists of "good plain joint," more rice and more water. "So healthy,"



Mother. "What's the matter, darling?"

Little Girl. "Oh MUMMY, I HELPED REGGIE AND CHARLIE TO BUILD THE SAND CASTLE, AND NOW THEY SAY THAT THEY ARE B-BOERS, AND I AM AN OOTLANDER, AND THEY'RE GOING TO KEEP ME OUT FOR S-SEVEN YEARS!"

cooes the sweet thing. Say I'm afraid it's really too healthy for me, and that it must be bad for one to take in so much health all at once. I also ask if she knows how trains run to London? Sweet thing looks surprised. "Oh, you'll soon get to like the place." Reply that I think it is an acquired taste, like a love for olives. "Ah," she says, "you see, you don't know the people here, yet." Answer "No, that is an advantage, I confess." Sweet thing turns away indignantly. Wonder why?

Rise from dinner ravenously hungry. Cigar outside. At 8.30, small but deadly band begins its fell work. Young *Bounderii*, in ill-fitting dress clothes, lounge into ball-room, pulling on their eighteen-penny gloves, and trying hard to assume airs of *jeunesse dorée*. Dancing begins;

much romping, laughter, and loud conversation. Evidently looked upon more as fine physical exercise, than dancing, pure and simple. One of the guests acting as M.C. obligingly offered to introduce me to "any of this lot." Fled precipitately, and shortly afterwards turned in. Impossible to sleep until band ceases braying.

Thunderous gong awakes me out of my first slumber. Struggle down to baths in grey dawn. Dress, avoid public prayers with harmonium accompaniment, and enter breakfast-room, thinking that a sole, a devilled kidney, or— But what means this long line of bowls and spoons? Consult waitress. "Porridge." Porridge! "Never!" I gasp, and reel out of room. Seize *Bradshaw*, and rush upstairs to pack. Will dine this night at my own club in London, or perish in the attempt!



MUSIC ON THE WATERS.

Parker. "BEG PARDON, MY LADY, BUT THE BAND CAN'T PLAY THE SELECTION YOUR LADYSHIP ASKED FOR."

Her Ladyship (astonished). "BUT IT'S IN THEIR PROGRAMME!"

Parker. "YES, MY LADY, BUT THEY CAN'T PLAY IT TILL WE GET INTO STILL WATER, AND THEN THEY'LL TRY!"

OUR NAVAL MANŒUVRES.

AN INTERESTING RECORD.

(From Our Special Correspondent.)

H.M.S. *Universe*, Monday.—Had splendid weather to-day. Most of the crew engaged in fishing for whiting. The Admiral of the A B C Fleet intends to— No, I am told that I must not mention his plans, under penalty of being landed by the nearest bumboat woman. Anyway I can assure your readers that the D E F Squadron is preparing for action with the G H I division of torpedo-boats. The *Squashtail* gunboat, armed with -100-9 gun, broke down to-day when coming out of harbour. The K L M Reserves have been signalled. The evening devoted to comic songs and operative operations. Captain's pet Schipperke dog lost overboard during concert. Admiral signalled, but am forbidden to tell you what he signalled. Lobsters cheap to-night, so I am informed in strict confidence by the sergeant of marines. Slight shower while we were getting the groceries on board. The Admiral signalled later that he disapproved of the tinned milk. I am allowed to wire this by special permission, but have to send my message ashore by the gunner's daughter. Owing to the sterility of the hens brought with us there are no new-laid eggs.

Later.—We are going to coal to-morrow, and "whites" are forbidden.

Later still.—This evening a strange craft was seen cruising in the offing, and the Search Light was immediately turned on. She proved to be an excursion steamer which had missed her way, ignorant of the fact that War had been declared.

H.M.S. *Universe*, Tuesday.—Our Chief Boatswain caught a magnificent conger-eel this morning. It has been turned into turtle soup for the Gun-room mess. A fog came on about mid-day. Every one delighted. The Admiral tried to signal but couldn't. Captains very disappointed, as then his system would have been fully explained. Firing heard on the starboard. Ascertained by means of the Wireless Telegraphy that the crew of H.M.S. *Crocophant* had been shooting gulls. Owing to fog no fresh vegetables.

[We refrain from printing further communications from our Naval Ambassador because, like most modern public houses, he appears to be tied.—Ed.]

MOVEMENT IN ANECON OMICAL DIRECTION.—Not exactly a new language, nor is it cryptographic: but it is suggested by a word introduced by a compositor into a *Times* Obituary Notice, Wednesday, Aug. 23. "*Energetic opposition*." Isn't it a delightful word! Should it not serve, henceforth, as a model for telegraphing, so as to squeeze an entire four-shilling-worth of meaning into one sixpenny message?

GUP FROM GIB.

Gibraltar, Tuesday.

MY DERE MAMIE,—Its drefful hard tryin to be funny in a hot climint I dont think Ile ever make a goke agin I've strained orl the mussels like the English prince in the Good Childs Histry Book who got drowned in the Wite Ship and nevvver smyled agin.

The nite is so ful of insicks thare aint scarcely any room for the darkness so it has to stop in old holes and boxes orl by itself and even then the arnts get at it.

Thare ar the Moskeetoos thare like rats only thay ware thare tails in frunt and fl about, and thare ar things like turtels very fat underneeth and thay shine red if thares a kandel behind them just like the big red bottle in the kemists windo at home. We corl them Rockbugs.

And then thare ar the wite arnts wot wont go round a kornor to get thare food but eet strate away till they kum to it kornor and orl Orl thees pore insicks ar orlways orful hungry aint it a shame.

The Spanyards are orful amooosin peepel. If thay feel restive at nite thay go out and shute at thare sentries for fun just to see them jump, aint it funny of them. Thay cum and shute at our sentries now coz thare own ar gettin rather scarce.

Yore affeckshunate kuzen.

GOETHE TO FRANCE (during one of her greatest trials, i.e. that of Captain Dreyfus).—"Light! more light!"



THE SNAP-SHOOTING SEASON.

"BUT ME NO BUTS," AS OLD DRYPLATE REMARKED, AFTER VAINLY ENDEAVOURING TO CORNER A GROUP OF MOOR SHEEP.

"UP WE CAME" (BEFORE THE MAGISTRATES) "WITH OUR LITTLE LOT!"

OH! are not the Margate Authorities just a little too severe in fining, aye and, while they were about it, fining heavily, Captain HOLLAND, not of the phantom ship *The Flying Dutchman*, but of the excursion steamer *Royal Sovereign*, for carrying on August 5, 6, and 12, an aggregate excess of 890 passengers? Nothing to speak of, is it? For this "little lot" over and above the regulation number, the large-hearted captain, representing the too generous New Palace Steamer Company, whose agent he is, had to pay £204 11s. 6d.! Bless his heart! How cheerfully he must have stumped up! Captain MASON of the *Koh-i-noor* (same company), and Captain SARGENT of *The Eagle*, not, we believe, one of the New Palace Steamer fleet, two good open-fisted tars, were also fined £55 3s. and £143 10s. respectively. Perhaps these noble captains, always so polite and courteous, will not object to incurring the same risk over and over again with a similar result, their ambition being to be remembered as "the most re-fined officers" in this particular service. Also for "overcrowding," Captains E. HOLLAND, MILLS, and ANDREWS, of the "Belle Steamers," were ordered to pay between them £93. "*La Belle Affaire!*" And is it thus that the generous all-embracing spirit is rewarded?

The fares charged on these boats by these philanthropic steamship companies, who wouldn't for the world that the L. C. & D. and S.-E. R. should incur the slightest risk from carrying too many passengers, are so low as to be well-nigh prohibitive for those of the upper-middle or even the respectable middle class, who would, otherwise, frequently prefer in August a cool daylight trip by sea, to an inevitably hot daylight trip, occupying less than half the time, by train. But these steamship benefactors in their large-heartedness and great open-pocketness exclaim, "No! perish the thought! The railway carriages shall not be overcrowded! We'll take passengers at anything less than the least the railways will charge! There! we can't say fairer than that! Let 'em all come!!"

And so for this exuberant, kindly, open-hearted generosity these excellent captains, worthily representing so noble a company, are all fined!! *Finis coronat opus*; which some persons, pretending to care for human lives, and, evidently, utterly

incapable of appreciating true bravery coupled with solid financial advantages, would maliciously translate "Sarve 'em right." Alas! alas! and is *this* the reward of virtue? These steamships are "Paddles," we believe, not "Screws." They couldn't be "Screws." It is not in the nature of a "Screw" to behave so generously towards the much-excursioning public!

PRIVATE VIEWS

(By Mr. Punch's Vagrant.)

EPITAPH ON A FAVOURITE RETRIEVER.

BENEATH this turf, that formerly he pressed
With agile feet, a Dog is laid to rest.
Him, as he sleeps, no well-known sound shall stir,
The rabbit's patter or the pheasant's whirr;
The keeper's "Over!"—far, but well-defined,
That speeds the startled partridge down the wind;
The whistled warning, as the winged ones rise
Large and more large upon our straining eyes,
Till with a swoop, while every nerve is tense,
The chattering covey hurtles o'er the fence;
The double crack of every lifted gun;
The dinting thud of birds whose course is done—
These sounds, that to his listening ear were dear,
He hears no longer, for he cannot hear.
None stauncher, till the drive was done, defied
Temptation, rooted to his master's side.
None swifter, when his master gave the word,
Leapt forth to track the wounded running bird,
And bore it back—ah, many a time and oft!—
His nose as faultless as his mouth was soft.
How consciously, how proudly, unconcerned
Straight to his master's side he then returned,
Wagged a glad tail and deemed himself repaid,
As in that master's hand the bird he laid,
If, while a word of praise was duly said,
The hand should stroke his smooth and honest head.
Through Spring and Summer, in the sportless days,
Cheerful he lived a life of simpler ways:
Chose, since official dogs at times unbend,
The household cat for confidante and friend;
With children, friendly but untaught to fawn,
Romped through the walks and rollicked on the lawn;
Rejoiced, if one the frequent ball should throw,
To fetch it, scampering gaily to and fro,
Content through every change of sportive mood
If one dear voice, one only, called him good.

Such was my Dog, who now without my aid
Hunts through the shadow-land, himself a shade;
Or, couched intent before some ghostly gate,
Waits for my step, as here he used to wait.

MERIT REWARDED.

PROFESSOR HUBERT HERKOMER has been made a Foreign Knight of the Prussian "*Ordre pour le Mérite*." And Mr. Punch, recognising the many and great Merits of Professor HUBERT HERKOMER, R.A., Past and Present Master of Arts, Crafts, and Sciences, begs to add his own invaluable signature by way of countersign to this new diploma. Sir LAWRENCE ALMA-TADEMA is, according to the *Daily News*, the only other "English artist" in possession of this honour.

But is ALMA-TADEMA an Englishman? Naturalised: yes. Is our HUBERT an Englishman? Naturalised: probably, but surely by birth Bavarian? Perhaps Belgravian, perhaps Bromptonian. "*Mr. Crummles* is NOT a Prussian, having been born at Chelsea." But why limit a genius to any particular locality? We believe that both the meritorious HUBERT and the knightly LAWRENCE are covered with "orders" from abroad; inasmuch, that not a few of their very best works are allowed to leave England, the land of their adoption, to enrich the art treasures of the clever Continental purchasers, and are sent "carriage paid" and art well recompensed, to enrich the Art treasure-houses of clever Continental collectors. Anyway, "*pour le mérite*" your health, Professor, Brother Brush, and Man of Metal!

At the Zoo. (A Fact.)

'Arriet (looking at the Java sparrows). Wot's them? Spar-rerkeets?

'Arry. Sparrerkeets be 'anged—they's live 'umming birds.



THE INFLUENCE OF PLACES.

Egeria. "SURELY, MR. SWINSON, IT MUST HAVE BEEN HERE, AND ON SUCH A DAY AS THIS, THAT YOU WROTE THOSE LINES THAT END—

"GIVE ME THE WHITE-MANED STEEDS TO RIDE,
THE ARABS OF THE MAIN'—WASN'T IT?"

Mr. Swinson (faintly). "N-NO. READING PARTY—HALF-WAY UP MATTERHORN!"

BABIES IN THE TRAIN.

THE idea poetically expressed by Mr. ASHBY-STERRY, London's Laureate *par excellence*, in the *Daily Telegraph* of Thursday last, August 31, is, as indeed are all the L. L.'s suggestions, excellent. And so practical, not to say practicable! Has he not Solomonesque authority, had he chosen to quote it, for allowing babies to travel, whether by "express" or "slow" it matters not? Did not that exceptionally wise king tell us to, "train up a child in the way it should go," and if this is not a prophetic recommendation as to the means of baby-transit, who can say what is? Admitted that "train up"

does not include a return ticket; in which case it would have been "train up and down;" but still, as far as it goes, the single line suffices. Yet if we are to be over-crowded by the transport of our British infantry forces, would it not be as well to remind pater-and-mater-familias that there are such conveyances as "Bogie-carriages"? Now what child, or what nurse, well up in *Grimm's Goblins* and in ghost stories, would, if they knew it, consent to ride in a "Bogie-carriage"? Heavens! And would it add to their pleasure to be informed that the Bogie-carriage must be visited by an Inn-spectre!! Wouldn't they all be little ASHBYS-terrified?

NEWS À LA MODE DE PARIS.

[*"The French prefer home news to foreign intelligence."*—*Eminent Foreign Critic.*]

SCENE—Interior of Editorial sanctum of a Parisian paper. PRESENT—*Rédacteur en chef* and subordinate member of his staff.

Rédacteur en chef. Well, anything startling for the coming issue?

Sub. No. The usual features—short story, continuation of long one, *réclames*, and columns devoted to music and the drama. Nothing else.

Rédacteur en chef. Anything from England?

Sub. Reported declaration of war against Germany by Sir SALISBURY. Defeat of the British somewhere. BANNERMAN, Esquire, to be the next Lord Mayor.

Rédacteur en chef. Ah! there is nothing startling in all that—except the last. BANNERMAN, Esquire, as Lord Mayor. A new dynasty. Anything from Russia?

Sub. The TSAR loves France.

Rédacteur en chef. And from Germany?

Sub. The Germans are trembling.

Rédacteur en chef. Yes, yes. We have had that paragraph standing for the last twenty years. But are they doing nothing else?

Sub. No, they are doing nothing else.

Rédacteur en chef. And you say we have no item of news of greater importance from abroad?

Sub. Serious famine in India. Revolt in Australia. Ruin in Turkey. Threatened revolution in Switzerland. The commencement of the end in Italy. Sinking of Holland. Civil war between England and Ireland. A cart upset on the boulevards.

Rédacteur en chef. A cart upset on the boulevards! Why did you not tell me that before! Why, it is more important than all the other news put together!

Sub. So I thought, but—

Rédacteur en chef. Don't waste a moment. Let's go to press immediately. Fill the contents-bill with it. Not a moment is to be lost!

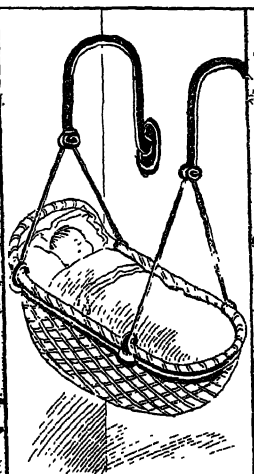
[Scene closes in upon a tableau of great animation.]

"THE NURSERY SALOON ON THE RAILWAY."

OUR ARTIST'S NOTION OF WHAT WE MAY EXPECT IF THE SUGGESTION IS ADOPTED.



The Saloon is fitted with Refreshment Bar, replete with all Baby delicacies.



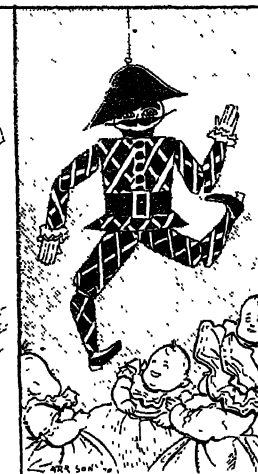
Patent swing sleeping cradles can be secured by wire or letter.



Rattles can be obtained at most of the large stations.



Efficient Nurse Guards, to look after the Babies, travel by all Trains.



The Saloon is fitted with amusing Toys, to beguile the tedium of long journeys.



THE "EXTINCTION" OF SPECIES;
OR, THE FASHION-PLATE LADY WITHOUT MERCY AND THE EGRETS.

THE CANDID SHEPHERD TO HIS LOVE.

COME live with me and be my love,
And we will all the pleasures prove,
That modern and suburban life
Can give to husband and to wife.

A sordid villa we will seek
(Ten shillings is the rent per week),
Where you shall dwell the livelong day,
At Shepherd's Bush or Holloway.

There of an evening I will scowl
And smoke my pipe and grunt and growl,
While, as the Pekoe I imbibe,
Our slavery's failings you describe.

There you shall cook and wash and drudge
While I catch extra sixpence grudge,
And sallow baby cries and squalls
In unmelodious intervals.

Thus working early, late, and hard,
Dress by degrees you'll disregard,
While I in raiment neat and new
"Keep up appearances" for two.

So shall you grow a vulgar scold,
A slut, and prematurely old.
If these delights thy mind may move,
Then live with me and be my love.

THE POINT OF VIEW.—VII.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I have been reading all this correspondence about 'buses and, as one who spends a large portion of the day in a 'bus, may I be allowed to say that 'buses are far too large and too heavy for comfort? They should be made of bamboo or papier maché, and in every case three or four horses should be employed. The horse is the most important part of the 'bus, though the heedless public don't seem to know it. They want soft seats, stools for their feet, electric light, room for their elbows, &c., &c., and all for the blessed penny!! but never a thought for the poor horses that are pulling them along the slippery wood-pavement! A woman would stop a 'bus every two minutes to save her five yards walking, and the men aren't much better. Ask the driver; he will tell you that it is the stoppings and



the startings that kill the horses. Light 'buses, definite stopping stations, shorter hours and shorter runs—these are the needed reforms, and let the public walk if they don't like 'em.

I am, Dear Mr. Punch, with respect,
A. WHEELER.



'ARRY IN 'OLLAND.

'Arry. "I SAY, BILL, AIN'T HE A RUM LOOKIN' COVE!"

"PENSION," NOT PENSION.

(Fragment from a Romance of the Future, applicable to the Present Holiday Season.)

"YOU are over sixty-five?" queried the Commissioner.

"I am," replied the Veteran; "nearer seventy than sixty, Sir."

"And yet you did not receive the Old Age Pension?"

"No, Sir, no; I had been as respectable as any of my neighbours. But I am afraid there was a rumour abroad that did me a deal of harm. It was said that I was a thief!"

The aged person shuddered, and buried his livid face in his shaking hands.

The Commissioner paused for a few moments, and then he asked a question.

"Tell me. Mind, it will not be used against you. But tell me truly—were you a thief?"

The old man whispered, and nodded his head in the affirmative.

"Wretched outcast!" cried the Commissioner, shrinking away in disgust; "and what are you going to do for your livelihood in the future?"

Then the old man brushed away his tears and held up his head. His clear blue eye became bright, and there was a smile upon his expressive countenance.

"I can't give up my old habits. Once a thief always a thief. But there is a pleasant future awaiting me. I propose to rob on the highway."

"What, as a modern DICK TURPIN?"

"No," returned the old man, producing a menu, "but as a hotel proprietor!"



Fitznoodle (to Gamekeeper). "WHEN I WAS IN AUSTRALIA, I SHOT THE BIGGEST KANGAROO THE NATIVES SAID THEY EVER SAW!"

Gamekeeper. "HINDEED, SIR! WHAT WAS YOU A-HAIDIN' AT?"

LETTERS TO THE UNIMPORTANT.

(From Mr. Punch's Vagrant.)

TO THE REV. W. J. KNOX LITTLE, M.A., CANON OF ROCHESTER.

REVEREND SIR,—It sometimes happens at a time of national crisis that men, themselves of small general importance, force themselves into a particular prominence to which neither their past history nor the position they have up to that time occupied give them any claim. France at this moment is distracted with turbulence and conflict, but the protagonists are obscure men. DREYFUS on the one side, on the other ESTERHAZY, DU PATY DE CLAM, MERCIER, ROGET and the motley rabble of traitors, spies, blue-spectacled emissaries and shrieking Chauvinists—these are the men by whom and round whom the fight is being waged, small men all of them, except, it may be, in their own estimation and that of their immediate adherents. Therefore, I make no excuse, Sir, for addressing you in these columns. It is true that we have not been accustomed hitherto to look to you for guidance in matters of grave public concern. But we stand now upon the brink of war with the South African Republic, and you, a Canon of the Church of England, and therefore presumably a pious and a peaceful man, have addressed your fellow-countrymen on the subject of the crisis in a letter published in the *Times* of August 29, and have declared *urbi et orbi* what is the true canonical view of our duty at this supreme moment. You are thus become in a sense public property, and a perfectly proper subject for public comment.

As it happened, on August 29 I was reading in my *Standard* a telegram from New York, in which an account was given of meetings held at Ocean Grove, "a famous summer resort for the Methodist denomination, of which the President (of the United

DARBY JONES AWAKES ON THE ST. LEGER.

HONOURED SIR,—You will no doubt be as surprised as was the Traditional Cat when it escaped from the Proverbial Bag at receiving this communication from your ancient and possibly, nay probably, forgotten Adherent, but nevertheless, I cannot refrain from tipping you a few lines, now that I am once more enabled to employ my digits, on the subject of the glorious Leger. Ah! Sir, writing as I do from a spot reeking with the blood of Hispanian cattle, it does me good to refer to the Northern Epsom, better known to Geographers as Doncaster. It is a Town distinguished for Hard Roads, Hard Going, Hard Food, Hard Men, and Hard Bake, but it is also remarkable for Soft Surprises. As my old friend, the Count, remarked to me last night at the Casino, "Doncaster is as difficult to determine as the age of one's Unmarried Sister."

I will not weary you, Honoured Sir, with my reasons, but, untrammelled with Wireless Telegraphy, I submit the following Doggrel to the appreciation of yourself and your readers:—

The *Duchess of York* may get a place,
Of the *Crocodile* don't despair,
But *Reynard* should surely win the race
With *Cornrake* nearly there!

Such, *Mon Rédacteur*, otherwise Literary and Commercial Conductor, is the augury of Your ever devoted Exile,
DARBY JONES.

HOW TO LOSE A FORTUNE.—The following advertisement is taken from the *Standard*: "How a Country Lady won and lost small fortune, commencing with little capital. Address, &c." We should imagine a Country Lady would be capable of losing her "little capital" easily enough without having to reply to an advertiser in order to learn how to do it.

States) is a leading member." On a certain Friday, it appears, Mr. MCKINLEY had made a speech before the congregated Methodists, and had announced *inter alia* the intention of his government to carry on the war in the Philippines until the inhabitants had been subdued. The Filipinos, I may mention by the way, have hitherto shown themselves strangely unappreciative of the blessings of American civilisation coupled with American control. Now a spirit of liberty, the desire to arrange their own government in their own way, a bitter resentment of servitude—these, of course, are admirable and holy qualities when displayed by Englishmen or Americans, but that mere Filipinos should aspire to them is not only preposterous in itself, but is so plainly contrary to the intentions of Providence, that every right thinking man is bound to denounce them. So, at least, thought Dr. SCHELL, a dignitary of the Methodist body, who, on the Sunday following the Presidential speech, preached a sermon. In this he said that "when the President spoke about peace with honour and the performance of duty in the Philippines, their souls leapt within them, for they recognised in him the conquering spirit of the old Roman, and the militant and aggressive spirit of Christianity. . . . There were more than one million young men in the Epworth (Methodist) League, and these young men of blood and breeding were ready to march through sand or jungle or fling themselves against the breast-works of the enemy with a hardihood and daring no veteran of the Old Guard or of WELLINGTON'S Iron Brigade could surpass. Mr. MCKINLEY had the prayers of the League that day; he could have their money to-morrow, and on the next day the entire membership of a million would enlist, if need be."

Well, I confess that I turned away from this insolent and blood-thirsty gush with a feeling of nausea. Thank Heaven, I thought to myself, we in England have no Christian minister

who can so far forget his sacred duty of preaching peace and goodwill and the gospel of mercy as to incite his countrymen to bloodshed and rapine and subjugation. American clergymen may do this, but Englishmen—and lo, as I pursued this eminently British and condescending train of thought, my eyes fell upon your letter in the *Times*.

Now, let us understand one another. Those who think as I do are not posing as thick and thin defenders of every action of the Transvaal Republic. We may freely admit that they have made many mistakes, but, even granting for argument's sake that the Transvaal has committed misdeeds far beyond the limits of our admission, we see no ground for war or for the blustering threats that make war more probable. For of what kind would this war be? I can give the answer in words not my own: "A war in South Africa would be one of the most serious wars that could possibly be waged. It would be a long war, a bitter war and a costly war, and, as I have pointed out already, I believe generations would hardly be able to blot it; and to go to war with President KRÜGER, to enforce upon him reforms in the internal affairs of his State, in which Secretaries of State, standing in their place, have repudiated all right of interference—that would be a course of action which would be immoral." These are not the words of a despised Little Englander; they were spoken in the House of Commons in 1896 by that great Panjandrum, Mr. JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN himself, and no word of mine can add to their force or increase their value.

But evidently, as I must admit with sorrow, they do not express the opinion of at least one Reverend Canon of Rochester, for when Dr. NEWMAN HALL announced his intention of rallying the members of the Free Churches to protest against war, he roused a red-hot passion of indignation in your ecclesiastical breast. Here are some of the gems from your effusion: "Stringent measures are needed. . . . War is sometimes a duty, and never could the duty be more clear than in this case unless the Boers attend to the just demands of their suzerain. . . . Crimes may be engendered by an over love of peace. . . . If there be one plain duty for Great Britain it is to be careful how far she diplomatizes with men whose word can never be trusted, and who will evade any engagement," and so forth, and so forth, until the astounded reader, his senses reeling under this terrific rush, this lava torrent of blood-desiring fury, sees at last the signature, not of "MILES," or "MAJOR-GENERAL (retired)," or "A COLONEL OF VOLUNTEERS," but of W. J. KNOX LITTLE.

Sir, you strangely mistake your duty. You were ordained to preach mercy and peace. By the creed you profess, by the vows you have taken, by the cloth you wear (even when writing letters to the *Times*), you are bound to do what you can to win men from wrath and the turbulent passion for conflicts to the ways of conciliation and charity. Rash words, stormy incitements, and warlike appeals, that might be pardonable in other men, become rank offences in those of your profession. You, forsooth, must hound your fellow-countrymen on to war and the shedding of blood; you, a servant of the Prince of Peace, must, it seems, pour contempt on the efforts of another who speaks for peace. Let there be widows and orphans, you cry, and brave men tortured by ghastly wounds out of all human shape; let there be fire and ruin and desolation where now are happy homes and quiet prosperity. These, in your view, are the demands of Christianity and philanthropy and maunincss. I venture, with a humble deference, to dissent from you, and I add this in conclusion, that of all incongruous and intolerable spectacles, the least congruous and the least tolerable to my mind is that of a clergyman shouting at the top of his clerical lungs for bloodshed.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant, THE VAGRANT.

"We are all worms!" cried an itinerant preacher, addressing a sea-faring community on the beach. "I, my friends, am a mere worm!"

"Shouldn't 'spec' to do much with yer as bait," growled an elderly fisherman, lighting his pipe and strolling away.

Q. To what species arboris does the lessee of Her Majesty's belong?

A. The Pop'lar TREE.

AN EQUIVALENT IN A PROVERB.—"A taper waist," i.e. "Burn-ing a candle at both ends."

A SUBJECT WHICH NEEDS TO BE VENTILATED.—The London 'bus.



"MUMMY, CAN I HAVE THAT PEAR THAT WAS ON THE DINING-ROOM SIDEBOARD THIS MORNING? 'COS——" [Pause.]
"BECAUSE WHAT?" "COS I'VE EATEN IT!"

HOW TO BE HOT AND HAPPY.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—So much has been written about the recreation of the people, that I am sure you will willingly allow me to add my own experiences in this direction. On a very sultry day, when exertion is distasteful to the most athletic, it is a little difficult to select a sport that is not distressing from a purely physical point of view. I claim to have solved the problem.

I went, the other day, to Hampton Court when the sun caused ninety degrees to register in the shade, and selected a small rowing boat just large enough to seat two and a luncheon basket. The case of comestibles was carried by my second son—a young gentleman able to wield the willow, and hold his own as an oarsman.

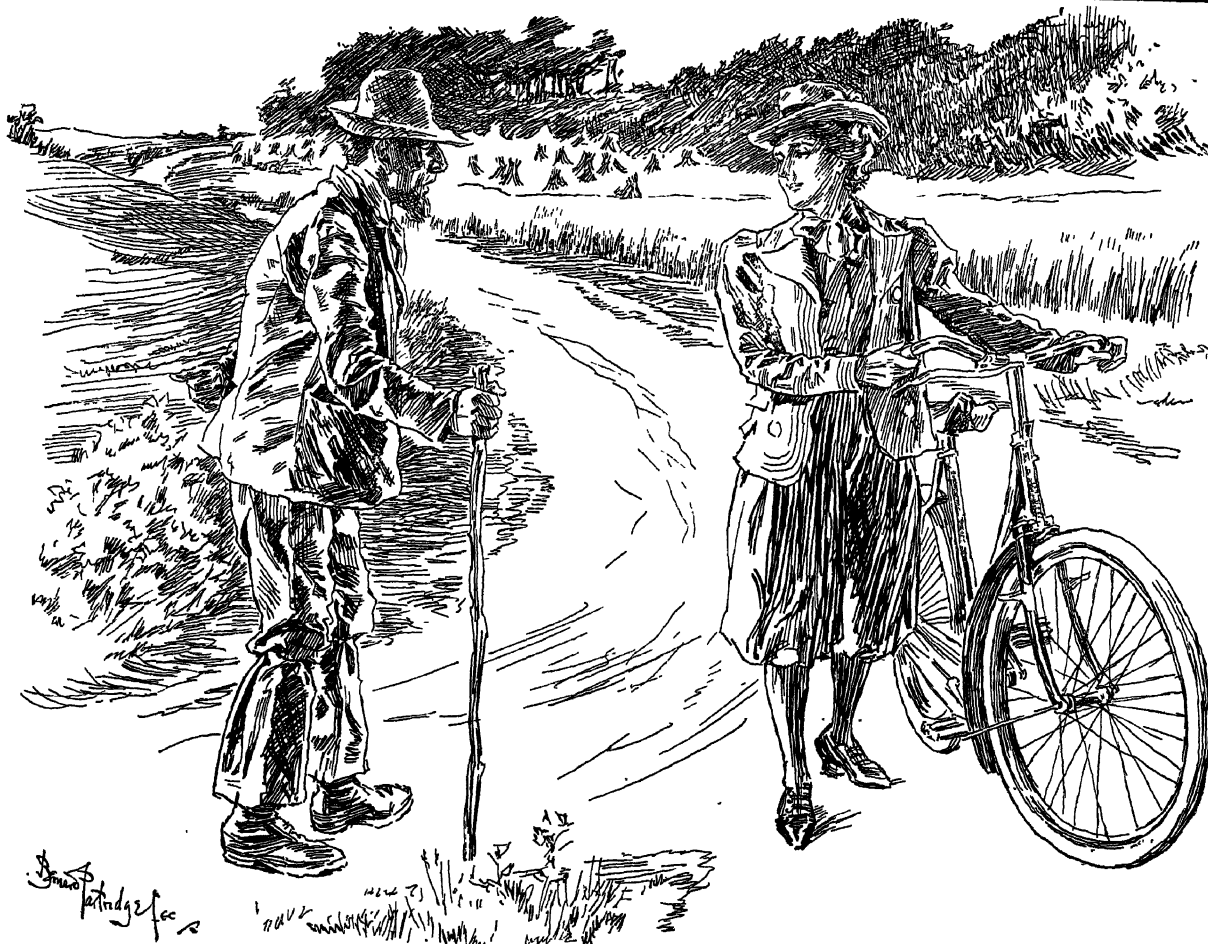
We started at ten o'clock, and until one were hard at work causing our frail bark to proceed between the treeless banks at a speed which, if it did not surpass that of the express train, at any rate compared favourably with the progress of the "growler."

As we had made our progress I had noted the riparian residences with their pretty gardens, and the picturesque race-course of Kempton Park. After our four hours' labour it was not extraordinary that we should feel the pangs of hunger and thirst. So, mooring our boat to a bank under some bushes, we divided the contents of our basket into two heaps. I as the elder consumed the larger portion.

Then, thoroughly refreshed, we ported our helm—I think that is the correct term—and made our way back to Hampton Court. We got within the welcome shadow of the walls facing the old palace of the Cardinal and rested. We had been hard at work for eight hours—the chosen day of exertion of the artizan—and yet I was fresh and cool.

And now it may be said, that possibly the labour had not been shared equally—that, perchance, my son had had the lion's share of the toil. Nothing could be further from the truth. My son rowed all the eight hours—but I steered.

Yours contentedly, A PORTLY PHILANTHROPIST.



IN DORSETSHIRE.

Fair Cyclist. "IS THIS THE WAY TO WAREHAM, PLEASE?"

Native. "YES, MISS, YEW SEEM TO ME TO HA' GOT 'EM ON ALL RIGHT!"

AN OPEN LETTER.

From Britannia Minima to an English Utlander.

[The following, supposed to have been intended for publication in the *Daily Chronicle*, fell into the hands of Mr. Punch's Depreciator, who forwards it to his Editor.]

How I could love you! You have all,
Or nearly all, the salient points
That ever held my heart in thrall,
That ever pierced my corset-joints!
How I could love you! How, in fact, these
eyes
Would dote on you—if things were other-
wise!

You cry in vain for Freedom's rights,
You are, that is to say, oppressed;
This thought, especially at nights,
Weighs on my woman's yearning chest;
You cry, and no-one pays the least regard;
This seems to me particularly hard.

You ask for Justice, nothing more;
Merely demand your Manhood's due,
Whose hands, by labour at the ore,
Have built a bankrupt State anew;
I hold it noxious to a nation's health
To slight the working-men that make her
wealth.

You only look for honest laws,
For suffrage—this I always like;
You represent a righteous cause,
But have, alone, no strength to strike;

It is, I hope, notorious how my heart
Sides regularly with the weaker part.

It aches—in theory—for you
On whom a tyrant's henchmen sit;
No Great Assassin, that is true,
But still a shocking hypocrite:
This sentiment should move my heart to
love,
But actually doesn't (see above).

For I have firmly steeled my face
To those enumerated charms
Which would, in any other case,
Have landed you within my arms,
And made me love you for your piteous lot,
Had you been some one else—which you
are not.

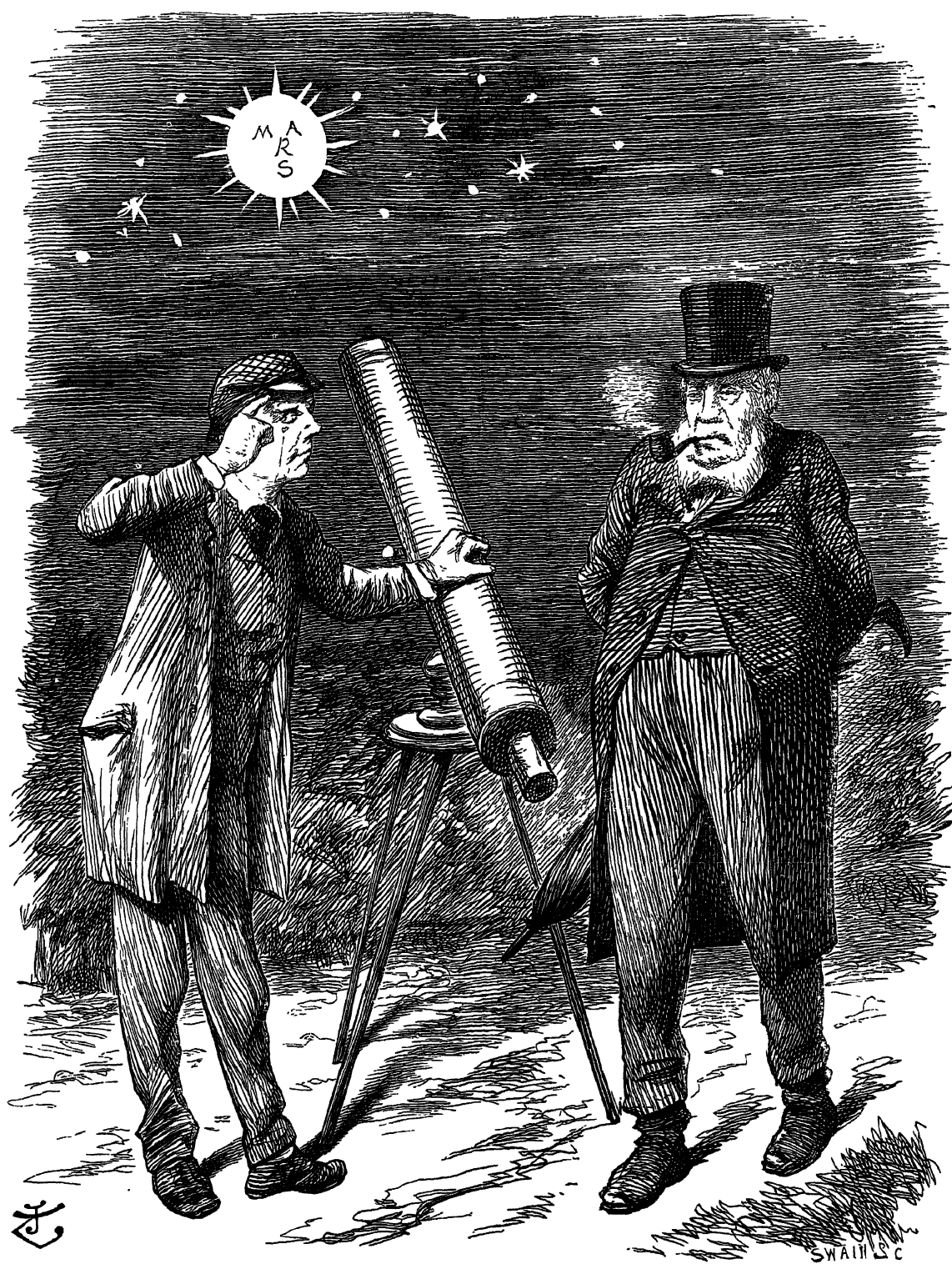
Had you belonged, we'll say, to Crete,
Or sprung of pure Armenian blood,
How would my Christian pulse have beat
To contemplate you eating mud!
I would have had the sea's ensanguined
face
Strewn with the relics of the tyrant's race.

Or had you been of Finnish birth,
Doomed to indulge a Czar's decree,
I would have canvassed half the earth
Calling aloud on Liberty;
For you I would have fought (I like to
think)
Till I had shed my latest drop—of ink.

But you are neither Greek nor Finn,
But merely English—bear in mind;
Which means that I am "more than kin,"
And consequently "less than kind";
Though I could love you well for Freedom's
sake,
Here is a principle that stands at stake.

Attractive as your efforts are
To cleanse the wrong, to clear the shame,
Between us lies a fatal bar—
This matter of your birth and name;
About your neck my arms incline to cling,
But you are English! That's the damning
thing!

SUGGESTION.—If these "Bravo Toro" shows are to be continued, our old friend Boulogne had better adopt English spelling, and call itself "Bull-ogne." Of course, whether there are to be bull-fights at this favourite French watering-place cannot concern foreigners; it is all a question of whether the show pays or not. That the representatives of JOHN BULL, visitors and residents, should content themselves by staying away and refusing to patronise this so-called "entertainment," would be a sufficiently practical expression of opinion without making any uncalled-for comments on the self-chosen amusements of the French "round and about this quarter."



THE WAR PLANET.

COLONIAL JOE. "LIKE TO 'AVE A LOOK AT MARS, YER 'ONOUR? YER SEEM TO SEE 'IM QUITE CLOSE THROUGH MY TELESCOPE!"

A CASTLE LINER.

(Notes from the Travel Diary of Toby, M.P.)

R.M.S. *Kinfauns Castle*. In the Clyde, Thursday.—The Member for Sark well remembers his first voyage to the Cape. Mentions no date, but evidently some years ago. It was on board the *Hoyden*, a barque of 280 tons, and among the passengers was CAP'EN TOMMY BOWLES. He wasn't a Cap'en then, but made up for the deficiency by having the regulation number of arms and legs, since laid on the altar of his country and there calcined.

Even in those early days the sitting Member for King's Lynn was remarkable for his mental and physical activity. SARK recalls a curious instance. One evening when the *Hoyden* was restlessly rocking amid the Roaring Forties, TOMMY, lolling astride a water-cask, reading the *Life of Pitt*, suddenly started and listened intently. Softly dropping the volume into the lee scuppers, he ran aft along the taffrail till he reached the jib-boom. Skirting it half a point to starboard, he listened again. At six bells he tacked and resumed his old position.

"What were you up to?" SARK asked.

"Nothing," said TOMMY, disconsolately.

"I thought I heard HICKS-BEACH making a bargain with the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER."

It is another and a trivial story. Only it shows how the man is father to the boy.

The contrast between the *Hoyden* and the *Kinfauns Castle*, latest *château en Fenchurch Street*, is as marked as was the difference between the Ark and the *Mayflower*, in which Sir BASHMEAD-ARTLETT's forefathers fared forth to found Empire in the West, and pick up anything going in the way of tramway and electric lighting concessions.

"That's where blood tells," said the Sultan of TURKEY, turning over some documents accompanying a bound copy of BASHMEAD'S speeches in the House of Commons and elsewhere.

Off the Lizard, Friday.—Whether regarded as a fleet cruiser or as a comfortable seaside country-house, the *Kinfauns Castle* is A 1 at LLOYD'S. Ten thousand tons burden, she can do her eighteen knots without turning a hair on the captain's head. Sailing through Summer seas—out of the fog in the Clyde into the sunset, presently into the moonlight against which Ailsa Craig suddenly uplifts herself, a dark purplish shadow—there is no perceptible motion. Only the rippling of the water at the bows, and the long lines of stricken sea spreading in miniature waves of foam under the stately tread of the great ship. Of course this is rare Summer weather. Between Southampton and Madeira, across the Bay of Biscay, there will be times of trial. Doubtless the *Kinfauns Castle* will be equal to them.

In matter of decoration the latest Castle Liner has made a new departure, achieved a new success. The Lord High Admiral, DON CURRIE, has gone outside trodden pathways. Ignoring usual ship decorators has placed interior of vessel in hands of able young house architect with ideas. Consequence is, dining, saloon, drawing-room, above all smoking-room, more like home ashore than a ship at sea. Smoking-room, the gem of the collection, is designed after manner of old Dutch interior, with walls panelled in oak, stained green, cunningly inlaid with ebony. The bar, designed in character, has artistic attractions that would be irresistible even to Sir WILFRID LAWSON.

Here, as in the dining saloon and drawing-room, instead of the round porthole familiar on ship board you have large square windows, divided into four dainty panes by bars of ivory-tinted wood. Moreover there are at the side of the lofty dome-shaped roof two ravishing dormer windows, the like of which was never seen on sea, rarely on land.

The Solent, Saturday.—Last time I voyaged under the flag of the Lord High Admiral of the Castle Line was on the historic occasion when Mr. GLADSTONE went in the *Tantallon Castle* to view the opening of the Kiel Canal. A great deal has happened since then, including a great eclipse. Only DON CURRIE is unchanged. Perhaps a little ruddier in the cheek, a little brighter in the eye, an added sprightliness in his gait. Looking at him the other day, prancing up and down the saloon, orating to a company largely composed of Glasgow citizens assembled to

celebrate the launch of the *Kinfauns Castle*'s sister ship, SARK whispered to me, "What an actor the stage lost when DON CURRIE took to ship owning!"

The Fenchurch Street fleet now numbers twenty Castles, not in the air or in Spain, but carrying Her Majesty's mails (and some females) at sea.

"What will you do for more names if you go on building at this rate?" I asked DON CURRIE. "You must have got near the end of the list of Castles."

"Ah!" said DON CURRIE, with that far-away look in blue eyes that only bards and Hieland men can summon, "there is, you know, always the Elephant and Castle."

At Doncaster.

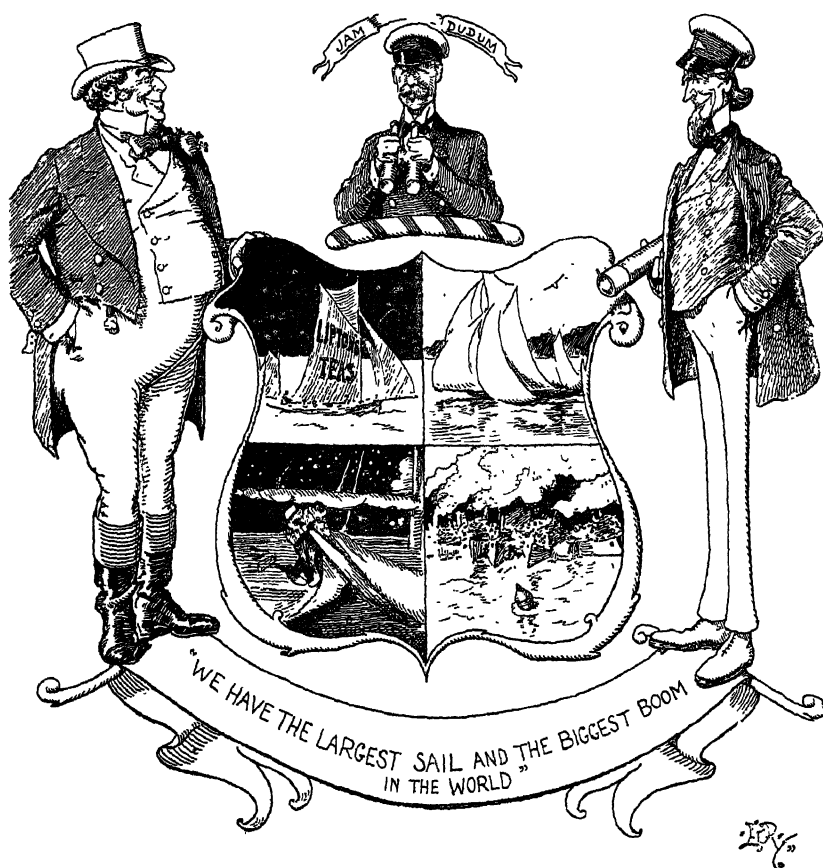
Enthusiastic Sportsman (to fair American). Ah! Miss STRIPES, aren't you delighted to visit this classic spot?

Fair American. Wa'al, to tell the truth, I'm right disappointed with the candy you call butter-scotch. Give me pop-corn for choice. [And she had been invited to see the Leger run.]



Parent (left in charge). "No, you CANNOT HAVE ANY MORE CAKE." (Very seriously.) "DO YOU KNOW WHAT I SHALL HAVE TO DO IF YOU GO ON MAKING THAT DREADFUL NOISE?" Little Girl (sobbing). "YES." Parent. "WELL, WHAT IS THAT?" Little Girl. "GIVE ME SOME MORE CAKE!" [And she was quite right.]

READY-MADE COATS-(OF-ARMS); OR, GIVING 'EM FITS!



ARMS FOR THOMAS, BARON LIPTON OF SANDY HOOK.

Arms: Quarterly: 1st, A typical English fishing-boat (recently observed on the coast of Norfolk) smacking somewhat, surely, of réclame, shabby and odious to the last (no relation we trust to the bearer of these arms, though apparently poaching on his preserves); 2nd, Crossing a bar sable, a greyhound of the sea, volant under a bend proper of canvas, prodigious in acreage, resisting, in this case, temptation to advertisement, bearing a crew "selected from the best tea-growing—I beg pardon!—sea-going countries," pitted in rivalry against a champion starry stripy to the full; 3rd, a virginal racing-yacht proper, "direct from the producers," docketed skirted and modestly draped below the water-line, surreptitiously scaled and boarded in stealth by a yellow journalist, under a great press of canvass, infringing rules, disregardant notice "*We guarantee correct measure without Wrapper*" (*Motto*: "*Que deorsum volo videre!*"—"I am resolved to look at what is beneath!"); 4th, On a course wavy aquamarine, buoyed proper, of contest, a horde of trippers in frenzy, transported in packets at popular prices, warned urgent against encroachment, but pushant and shovant like the deuce, scremant shrilly with sirens. *Crest*: On a steam-yacht erinois of luxury, under a flag vert semée with trefoils, a sporting knight ("Limited") mercantile, stalwart rosy chirpy on the beam, "Popular in every Home," regardant over the counter from habit, and chantant hopeful in advance a Ceylon plantation-song of victory—query? (*Motto*: "*Jam Dudum paratius sum.*"—"I have made every kind of provision."). *Supporters*:—respecting each other in desnude—Dexter, a bull at gaze radiant in expectancy (with a "bit on") somewhat debauched of late in the field of sport; Sinister, an heraldic Jonathan yanquedulois, navally gorged with laurels, sportsmanlike and princely in hospitality, if prone to triumph somewhat unduly. (*Second motto*: "*We guarantee the public an exhilarating cup.*")

MR. PUNCH'S REPRESENTATIVE AT RENNES.

THE deeply interesting despatches which Mr. Punch received from his Principal Foreign Correspondent last week, threw light on many remarkable phases of the present situation in France, without the endless repetition of purely local facts noticeable in some of the descriptive reports from Rennes. It would ill become Mr. Punch to extol the merits of his Principal Foreign Correspondent, a man whose dauntless courage is only equalled by his luminous insight and varied talents, but it is impossible to avoid mention, which implies praise, of his absolutely unequalled skill in noting the side issues and distant ramifications of any matter

which he may be investigating. It will be observed that, following this system, he is now studying the great trial from the northern coast of the Channel.

HAVRE.—This town is still peaceful, but the weather being showery I have remained indoors. Finding a copy of last Wednesday's *Times*, I read the remarks of the Special Correspondent of that journal at Rennes on the evidence of M. DE FREYCINET. Have hitherto cultivated a short, crisp style in my despatches. However, I can indulge in long sentences, such as those in the *Times*, when I wish. Here is a short comment on the bathing-machines at Trouville, in the more ornate manner:—

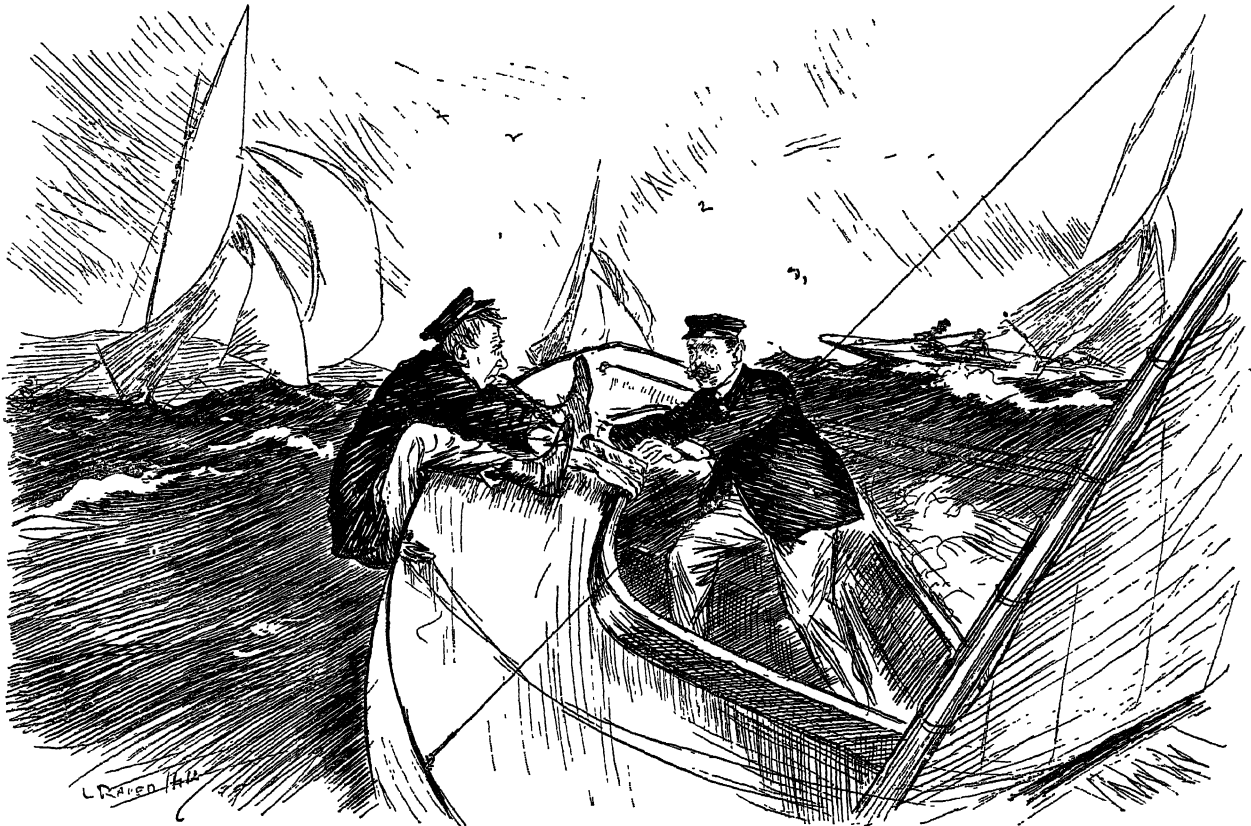
At the close of this morning's bath, meditating on the innumerable vicissitudes of human life while tying my boot-lace in a

bathing-machine constructed in the lightest fashion of upright canvas sides rising above a flat, rectangular wooden floor, supported on small round wheels—a bathing-machine divided into two portions each almost a yard square, and therefore far from spacious, in fact, decidedly small, and nevertheless called a *cabine de luxe*—a bathing-machine, I say, in which, although of ordinary proportions, I disrobed with difficulty in semi-Stygian darkness, and whence, while the playful zephyr blew lightly through my scanty vesture, I stepped down into water an inch deep only to leap rapidly into the air, in the manner of Venus rising from the foam, on discovering a solitary sharp pebble immediately under the large toe of my right foot—a bathing-machine, I repeat, which like the rosy flush of the sunset sky, or the blue glory of the hyacinths in the vernal woods, received my tired senses with a soothing caress while I sat on its exiguous bench and clasped my injured extremity, until such time as I was able to venture forth again into that azure flood which laves the chalk cliffs of Albion and the calcareous coasts of Gaul, whence, invigorated by the gentle touch of the saline deep, I returned, and, rapidly entering by the door, fell over a foot-bath of hot water placed in the diminutive cabin by the bath attendant during my absence, fell over it so suddenly that my head, violently projected against the opposite side of the vehicle, penetrated the canvas, and burst forth upon the outer world to the speechless amazement of an obese French lady seated in the immediate vicinity—in fact, about six inches away—upon a camp-stool under a white umbrella, in such manner that my hands, vainly seeking my release, tore down from the internal pegs the greater portion of my raiment into the hot water, some of which had already filled my boots, from which unpleasant position I was ultimately removed by the bath attendant, who, in a decidedly Delegorquesque manner, pulled me out backwards by the ankles—and which (I still refer to the bathing-machine—I frequently use a parenthesis [occasionally several parentheses together]—the bathing-machine of Trouville, I say, was—the bathing-machine of Trouville, I repeat, is by no means luxurious.

I also can write elegantly, and at considerable length. But after demonstrating this, will resume style less costly for telegrams.

Havre is tranquil, but civil war might break out even here. Boats to England cross only at night. A correspondent must be prepared to undergo any hardship. But night passage is not pleasant. Shall therefore leave Havre.

FÉCAMP.—This town is, if possible, more tranquil. Placid middle-class matrons knitting on the beach, surrounded by innocent children. Evidently no immediate danger of revolution. Join the *table-d'hôte* at the modest hotel. Perhaps an opportunity for investigations. Quiet, pleasant man next to me. Chat with him on various subjects. Quite a gentleman. Therefore not ROCHEFORT, or JUDET, or DRUMONT, or any one like that. At last he mentions that he is a *Colonel en retraite*. He knows several of the generals. He begins to speak of Captain DREYFUS, very quietly. He calls the execrable ESTERHAZY, *un voyou*. Am becoming interested, when it dawns upon me that I may be led into some



TRIALS OF A NOVICE.

Extract from Diary.—"WEDNESDAY. WENT FOR A SPIN OR TRIP, OR WHATEVER IT'S CALLED, ON BOWLINES' NEW RACING YACHT. FELT VERY NERVOUS WHEN WE TURNED THE CORNERS; NEARLY FELL OVERBOARD WHILE I WAS TRYING TO BALANCE THE THING; THOUGHT WE SHOULD HAVE BEEN DROWNED. B. SAID IT WAS A WONDER WE WEREN'T—THANKS TO ME! HAD A FEW WORDS WITH B. Men.—NEVER AGAIN!"

[N.B.—B. says the same.

dangerous expression of opinion. Fécamp is a small, remote town. No British Consul. There is a British Chaplain, who has just finished his dinner in this very room, but how could he protect me? Become alarmed. Catch last train to Rouen.

ROUEN.—There is a good hotel here, but the head waiter, a man with a long face and long black whiskers, is more lugubrious than any undertaker I ever saw. Most depressing. Cannot stand that head-waiter. Shall leave.

BRIGHTON.—Arrived here in perfect safety. Shall continue to transmit the latest intelligence.

(Received as we go to Press).—Nothing has happened. Still to reach Rennes.

SOLILOQUIES.

(Recorded by Mr. Punch's Phonograph.)

II.—AT A LAWN-TENNIS TOURNAMENT.

RATHER foolish of me to agree to umpire for this match, but that secretary fellow wouldn't let me escape. . . . However, daresay it's simple enough. "Ladies' handicap singles, Miss VERJUICE v. Miss SINGLETON." Feel rather conspicuous, seated on chair placed on top of table. . . . Yes, I'm quite ready, please begin. . . . What? Haven't got the names down on the score-sheet? And I've got to mark every stroke on it? . . . Oh, really, that's absurd, you know. . . . What a ridiculous

fuss to make about a wretched game! . . . Yes, I've written down your names. No, I haven't got the odds—didn't know there were any. . . . Miss Verjuice owes five-sixths of fifteen! Now what the dickens does that mean? Five-sixths of fifteen—five fifteens are seventy-five—that's seventy-five sixths, that's twelve-and-a-half. All right, Miss VERJUICE owes twelve-and-a-half something or other. Mustn't give myself away by asking any more questions; will get the secretary to subtract the twelve-and-a-half whatever it is at the end. Play! . . . There, Miss SINGLETON's won four strokes straight off, so that's her game. . . . Quite easy to umpire, after all. . . . Better make some scratches on the score-sheet. . . . Hullo, they're changing ends! Here, you mustn't do that till the end of a set. . . . Oh, change after each alternate game, do you? Well, I've played fairly often at garden-parties, and I've never seen that done! . . . "This isn't a garden-party," Miss VERJUICE? . . . No, worse luck; in that case I should be in a shady corner with something to drink, instead of being perched up here. . . . Fifteen-love! . . . What's the matter now? Love-all? How can it be when Miss VERJUICE has just won a stroke? . . . She owes fifteen this game? Oh, yes, of course, of course. Stupid of me to forget. . . . Seems to me they're made the game horribly complicated now-a-days—very different from what it was when I learnt it first that summer at the BATTLEBY'S, ever so many

years ago. By the way, wonder what's become of BATTLEBY? Didn't some one tell me that he went out to the Cape or. . . . Eh? what's that? Oh, er—well, it was a near thing, a very near thing, but, on the whole, I'm rather inclined to think—of course it was yards out, and you want to know if the score's thirty-four or forty-three? . . . 'Pon my word, haven't the least idea—suppose you toss up? . . . Really, Miss VERJUICE, I don't see why you should be so angry—about a little thing like that, too! I'm not umpiring for my own pleasure, I assure you! . . . Beastly ungrateful these women are. And I shall get a sunstroke most likely, all for the sake of their wretched match. . . . That's game, anyhow, and the score is four-three, or three-four—just which you like to call it. . . . "The proper way to call it is 'Four-three, Miss Verjuice wins'?" Nonsense! How do I know Miss VERJUICE is going to win? Besides, I've got to deduct twelve-and-a-half from her score presently. . . . Thank goodness, there's the secretary. . . . Hi! look here, I can't umpire any more—no, impossible, really—most important engagement. . . . Could I score for some mixed doubles this afternoon? . . . Well, no, afraid I can't. . . . Should like to, immensely, but can't spare the time. . . . The score-sheet? Yes, you'll find it on the chair. . . . And a nice lot he'll be able to make out of it! He won't catch me coming near the ground again while this tournament's on!



Hoagson.

AN OBVIOUSLY UNKIND INQUIRY.

Brown (to Jones, who has, for the first time, been trying his hand at fishing from a boat). "WELL, OLD CHAP, WHAT SORT O' SPORT?"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

RARELY have I come across a more disappointing book than *On Account of Sarah* (MACQUEEN), by EYRE HUSSEY. If there be any one who ought to know how to write about such a horribly wicked little prig as is this *Sarah* it would naturally be a "hussy." It begins capitally and originally, yet the form of narrative adopted, with a "chorus" intervening, is apt to puzzle the reader as much as, evidently, after a little while, it has hampered the author. The story goes to pieces about the middle, and then picks itself up again with a sensational scene towards the finish.

How much excellent literary work has not been expended and, alas, wasted, by VIOLET TWEEDALE on *The Kingdom of Mammon*, a novel published by JOHN LONG. Much as the Baron dislikes its tone and object, and in some few instances the vulgarity of its style, yet he must own that, taken altogether, it is an exceptionally powerful work. But whether its effect be for evil or for good is, as *Sam Weller* puts it, "according to the taste and fancy of the speller." The matter of the story is reminiscent of ANTHONY TROLLOPE in his *Barchester Towers* humour, only brought up to date by the infusion of a taste of GEORGE MOORE-ishness, which imparts a kind of free-and-easy outspoken spice to its general insipidity. The authoress on one occasion happily coins a word which is decidedly expressive, and admirably suits her purpose; the word is "Churchianity," which she introduces as opposed to what she evidently understands by "Christianity." Had the authoress given the book an explanatory sub-title, it might have read thus: *The Kingdom of Mammon; or, Some Dreary Deists, a Dean, a Dame, and a Doubting Doctor*. What was intended to be the grand effective climax, the scene of which is laid in Canterbury Cathedral, is, from an artistic point of view, a blunder. ANTHONY TROLLOPE knew his business better than this, and no Bishop of imaginary Barchester would ever have been concreted into a real Archbishop of Canterbury. As to the existence of such types in the Anglican Church as the authoress has pictured, the Baron has considerable doubts; they may be veritable portraits, or only emanations from VIOLET TWEEDALE's inner consciousness; but, imaginary or real, they are very cleverly drawn.

Caramella (ARROWSMITH) is just delightful. Of late the Englishman who accidentally drops in upon a foreign Principality, and by swift steps ascends the throne, is like the poor inasmuch as he is always with us. Mr. HAWTREY follows the familiar lines, but they fall in the pleasantest of places, and assume quite new curves and angles. The island of *Caramella* is lotus land, and we make the acquaintance of a crowd of charming people. It is a land where all the men are, though not brave, big, and all the women beautiful. When the hero, *Jack Fanshawe*, as the last episode in a career of dazzling adventure brings ashore a squad of British bluejackets to restore him to his position of President of the Republic, the beauty of the women proved embarrassing. In vain the lieutenant in command, himself hopelessly smitten, called out, "Eyes front, men! Eyes front!" The bluejackets did their best to obey. But, as Mr. HAWTREY says, there are moments when the most magnificent discipline is powerless to keep the eyes under control. *Caramella* has a Foreign Office, but holds no communication with Foreign Powers; it has a Colonial Office, but no colonies; a paper currency, but no gold reserve; a Chancellor of the Exchequer, but no system of taxation; an army, but no arms. Nobody works, but every one is well off, eats the lotus in the afternoon, and is serenely happy. Here and there my Baronite detects intent of determined satire at the expense of another island home. In the main it is exquisite fooling, never degenerating into the merely practical.

It is evident that had not JULES VERNE written his wonder stories, *The Great Pirate Syndicate*, by GEORGE GRIFFITH (F. V. WHITE & Co.), would never have seen the light. Apt though the disciple be, the Baron's Retainer thinks he has been overbold in treading the path where the master led so brilliantly. The main theme is fascinating, and has been conceived with a big imagination; the description of the first launch of the wonderful aerial destroyer holds us spell-bound as we read, and the mighty machinations of the British Syndicate that starve out the rest of Europe fairly make our brains reel. But there are fatal gaps in the exposition of the story that we clamour to have filled up—difficulties that we want expounded; and the extent to which the author calls in the aid of coincidence to help him along is—well, there! as *Dick Phenyl* used to say.

Infelix, by Lady DUNTZE (JOHN LONG), is a pathetic little story, told, perhaps, with more heart than brain, yet told well and simply, with no great pretention, yet no straining after dramatic situation or effect—just a little sad story of human frailties, by an authoress who has known how to temper her treatment to her theme.

THE BARON DE B.-W.

THE DECAY OF THE KILT.

Mr. Briggs loquitur:

I AM going down to Scotland, to the country of the kilt, For a little salmon-stalking in a place they call Glen Tilt; And as I always like to be a Roman when at Rome, I've purchased the correct costume and it has just come home.

The kilt is most becoming, and it hangs with grace and ease, Though perhaps a little draughty in the region of the knees, And if there should be midges—but no doubt the Scotch are drest

In the clothes Experience has found to suit the climate best.

The dirk that dangles from my waist looks very *comme il faut*, And the sporran in my stocking gives a finish, don't you know? The girls are all in raptures as they gaze at me in turns, And mother says they'll take me for another ROBERT BURNS.

Sandy loquitur:

Oh, mony are the fallacies that Ignorance 'll breed, An' mony the mistakes a man 'll get intil his heid, But the maddest o' delusions mad wi' which some folks are fillt, Is that ye suld gang tae Scotland, gin ye want to see the kilt.

For a' the year I hevna seen a single kilt but ane— A wee bit white-legged Coackney wha' was trudgin' through the rain;

The water it was pourin' owre his knees intil his shoes, An' eh! but he was wishin' for a pair o' honest trews.

Na! gin it's kilts ye're wantin', dinna win sae mony miles! Jist hide at hame in Lunnoun town and gang tae Seven Dials, An' there amang the coasters, hurdy-gurdies, dancin' bears, Ye'll fin' yer bogus Scotsmen pipin' bogus Scottish airs.

QUERY BY AN IGNORANT LAIC.—Is it the special duty of a Cathedral dignitary known as "A Minor Canon" always to read or intone the service in a sad key? [Qy. Is there "A Major" Canon?]



"L'ENTENTE CORDIALE."

A Sketch on the Normandy Coast.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

In *The Philosophy of the Marquise* (GRANT RICHARDS), Mrs. BELLOO LOWNDES has taken a hint from the dramatic dialogue form of story-telling in vogue among French novelists, in which "GYP" has hitherto excelled, but who now finds formidable rivals in Messrs. MARVAL and DE LIHUS, whose witty and amusing *L'Ecole du Chic* gives us a picture of a phase of upper-class Parisian society *à la mode*. Clearly and intelligibly in dramatic form to tell a story which is to be read in the study, and not to be

produced on the stage, necessitates detailed descriptions of scenes and characters, and therefore requires the art of a master at dramatisation, and at his hands demands more care than is required for a stage-play where so much is left to the actor. Otherwise the plot will be obscured by wearisome conversations, and the bewildered reader is then sorely tempted to refer at once to the final tableau as a short cut towards ascertaining the goal the author has been attempting to keep in view. *The Philosophy of the Marquise* is an instance of this; nor is it at all easy to discover the *raison d'être* of the title. There is some sort of a plot to be worked out by a group of characters, in not one of whom, after they have once been fairly wound up and set a-going, could the Baron, with the best will in the world, take even a languid interest. There is a momentary gleam of hope let in on the reader by one of the characters, whose Anglo-French recalls THACKERAY's delightful *Monsieur de Florac*; but the glimmer disappears.

The Rose of Judah, by GEORGE GRIFFITH (PEARSONS), is a tale of the Captivity, a romance of ancient Babylon, introducing DANIEL, BELSHAZZAR, and the rest. BELSHAZZAR was both regal and lascivious, and came to a bad end. *The Rose of Judah* has a happy end, but, like all Babylonian romances, it is highly improper and disagreeable and suggestive. However, nobody is compelled to read it.

A Riviera Romance (DOWNEY & Co.), by the late BLANCHE ROOSEVELT, Marchesa D'ALLEGRI, may have been out some time (it bears this present year's date of publication), but it has only recently come within the Baron's ken, and he confesses to having been deeply interested in it. The story is original, the events are natural, the actors in the romantic drama of real life being types well imagined and drawn, with artistic consistency, from originals who are far from being unfamiliar to the majority of us, wherever the scene may be laid, but especially true to Nature as seen at its most natural, in the gardens, the restaurants, and the gambling saloons of Monte Carlo. A final wild and wanton orgie, leading up to the tragic climax, is so boldly and vividly described as possibly to startle not a few sedate and inexperienced persons out of their propriety, causing them to ejaculate, "Is it possible! What madness! What idiocy!" Yet, such things are and ever will be. Gambling, like love, levels all distinctions; and in this sense the great majority of visitors frequenting the tables at Monte Carlo, become, for the time being, veritable republicans, both men and women of all classes. *C'est le rouge qui gagne*: "rouge" the colour of the communist and dynamiter; "rouge" the colour that flames on the raddled cheeks of *Madame Cruchecassée*, and her hawk-eyed, aye, and, on occasion, her light-fingered companions. To those whom such scenes, graphically drawn from the life, may interest, the Baron recommends this sadly tragic story, deducing therefrom no uncertain moral. THE BARON DE B.-W.

TIGHT FIT.—Can't walk, eh? His boots aren't tight. It's the person who's in 'em!

A SUGGESTION FOR SCOTLAND YARD.

[*"London is just now full of sight-seeing aliens."*—*Daily Paper*.]



WHY NOT FORM A DIVISION OF FOREIGNERS AS CONSTABLE INTERPRETERS? THEY WOULD BE VERY USEFUL JUST NOW, AND DISTINCTLY ORNAMENTAL.



A HARD NUT TO CRACK.

APPEARANCES.

APPEARANCES, which ratepayers don't like keeping up :—Appearances in the jury box.

Appearances, which offenders against the law don't like keeping up :—Appearances in the dock.

Appearances, which ardent play-goers like keeping up :—Appearances on first nights of new pieces.

Appearances, which dramatic authors like keeping up :—Appearances before the curtain.

Appearances, which ladies of a certain age like keeping up :—Appearances of youth.

Appearances, which boys of a certain age like keeping up :—Appearances of age.

Appearances, which Eton boys don't like keeping up :—Appearances before the Head Master.

Appearances, which many racing men don't like keeping up :—Appearances at the Victoria and Albert Clubs on settling day.

Appearances, which the Directors of the London Exhibitions Company don't like keeping up :—Appearances of white ladies in Kaffir Kraals.

Appearances, which spiritualists like keeping up :—Appearances of bogies and astral bodies.

Appearances, which decent-minded visitors don't like keeping up :—Appearances of brutal bull-fights at Boulogne.

Appearances, which West-end tradesmen like keeping up :—Appearances of American visitors in London.

Appearances, which we all like keeping up :—Appearances of fine and large cheques.

PROBABLE FIRST UMPIRE AT A POPULAR PONY CONTEST.—MARCO POLO.



MR. SIKES'S TOILET.

THE friends of Mr. WILLIAM SIKES will be pleased to learn that, at last, something is being done for his personal comfort. He is to be provided in future with a toothbrush, and other luxuries will no doubt follow, as sketched above, including a branch of "honesty," hitherto absent from Mr. SIKES's flower-vase.



CONVINCING.

THE PIRATE EMPIRE.

[At Arbroath, Mr. JOHN MORLEY said, referring to the Transvaal crisis, "We don't want a Pirate Empire."]

I WOULD not emulate PAUL JONES,
With BLACKBEARD would not vie,
The grinning skull and fell cross-bones
My Empire should not fly.
A Pirate's life is not for me,
Nor aught that's buccaneerial;
I'd sail upon the world's wide sea
With olive branch Imperial.
I'd let the Gaul destroy my craft,
The Russ would never fight,

Knowing I had my peaceful raft
On which to take to flight.
Let other wicked nations use
Their weapons all funereal,
The better lot I'd always choose,
And wave my branch Imperial!

Oh! why then hoist that dreadful flag
That gives me such affright?
I much prefer the milk-white rag,
And dogs that do not bite.
Brave Little Englander, speak out
With rhapsodies ethereal;
Our thin ale beats the Pirate's stout,
Our pint's the true Imperial!



Kate. "I'M GLAD YOU ENJOYED YOUR HOLIDAY SO MUCH. BUT, NELLIE DEAR, HOW COULD YOU GO TO ANYTHING SO DREADFUL AS A BULL-FIGHT?"
Nellie. "WHY, MY DARLING, TO MAKE UP MY MIND NEVER TO SEE ANOTHER."

THE BULL-FIGHT AT BOULOGNE;

Or, *The British Paterfamilias to his Wife.*

SCENE—Brighton.

TIME—Sunday morning, Sept. 10, 9.30 A.M.

[The steamship *Brighton Queen* was advertised to make a "long Sunday trip" at 10 A.M. from the West Pier to Boulogne, "in connection with the third and final bull-fight."]]

I.

LIKE YOU, dear JANE, my mind it shocks
To be an absentee from church;
I hold it most unorthodox
To leave Religion in the lurch.
Each Sabbath morn my tall hat graces
At home—and even at watering-places!

II.

Still—just for once—our rule we'll break,
And, cutting church, will cross the
Channel;

Conventional attire forsake
For worldlier garb of tweed or flannel.
We English folk may raise the tone
E'en of a bull-fight at Boulogne!

III.

Our Anglo-Saxon gorges heave
At Continental immorality:
For suffering quadrupeds we grieve,
Severely punishing brutality.
Thou, Frenchman, on a bull-fight
gloatest!
We English go—by way of protest!

IV.

To torture bulls is most unkind
And (in our favoured land) unlawful.

But let us keep "an open mind"
Till we can judge if it's as awful
As certain journalists have stated.
It may be much exaggerated!

V.

It would be positively *wrong*
To miss our only opportunity
Of seeing if the Continong
Profanes the Sabbath with impunity,
And if the show so much debases—
After we've paid, too, for our places!

VI.

But courage matched with bovine force
Must be a spectacle "enthusing,"
And even a disembowelled horse
Become—in time—not unamusing.
If *not*—each Frenchman shall, with awe,
see a
True British stomach roused to nausea!

VII.

Some new experience we shall gain
If those directors keep their contract,
(The sandwiches are ready, JANE,
In case we're peckish in the *entr'acte*?
And, on the whole, 'twill come in
handy
If I fill up my flask with brandy.)

VIII.

We'll take the children with us, too,
For it would cause me conscience-pricks
Were I a spectacle to view
At all unsuited to my "chicks."
But *this* will teach them at a glance
What cruel people live in France!

SWORD AND WIG.

MR. PUNCH, SIR,—As the recognised organ of the Forensic profession, I beg to ask your advice. I have recently received an invitation from a firm of photographers who declare themselves anxious to add my portrait to their collection of celebrities. Strange to say, these gentlemen do not approach me as a person learned in the law, but what used to be called my "military capacity." Well, it is not impossible that had I preferred arms to wigs I might have made my mark as a great military commander. As a matter of fact, in the days of my early manhood I appeared on parade garbed in the uniform of the Inns of Court Volunteers. I may add that now we have reached the Long Vacation, although attending at my chambers, I have some leisure for matters military.

The artists suggest "uniform when possible." Here comes in my difficulty. My kit, once famous for its clothes, has now dropped to a solitary tunic. What am I to do? My only hope is the possibility that the Devil's Own—always full of ideas—now boasts a Highland Company. If it does, I believe I could appear, with the assistance of my tunic, in a costume suggestive (to the sartorially ignorant) of a brave Scotsman. Before going further in the matter I should like to be satisfied on this point.

For the purpose of carrying my project into effect, I would be willing to adopt the surname of

Your obedient servant,

MACBRIEFLESS of that ilk.
Pump-Handle Court, September 9, 1899.

THE LORD HIGH EVERYTHINGELSE.

["The man who combines the duties of Chief Secretary and Commander-in-Chief of the Chinese Imperial forces has recently been appointed chief cook to the Empress Dowager."—*The Globe*.]

WHEN I was a lad, it fell to me
To manipulate the Budget in the Treasures,
The deficits were shocking in their huge amounts,
But I always made 'em vanish when I cooked the accounts;
I cooked the accounts so carefuller
That now I cook the dinners for Her Majestee.

On the Treasury bench so well did I do,
They made me Chief Commander of the Forces too,
I bungled everything I could,
And made a mighty hash, as a Commander should;
I made such a hash of the thing, you see,
That now I hash the mutton for Her Majestee.

Good people all, if you wish to rise,
Like a well-bred cake, to a larger size,
If you want a good place with perks and beer,
Be guided by the recipe that follows here—
Put your finger in as many people's pies as me,
And you all may make the pastry for Her Majestee.

LETTERS TO THE UNIMPORTANT.

TO THE REV. ARTHUR ROBINS.

ARTHUR, my brave boy of blood and brains, my incomparable Rector, my Boer-challenging Chaplain, how goes it with you? Are you better now? Is your mind at ease? Do you repose in your Rectory with the proud consciousness of great words magnificently spoken, while you meditate some new outburst of epistolary splendour that shall shatter the enemies of England and bring PAUL KRÜGER, the terrible tyrant of the Transvaal, to his knees? Note, I beg of you, how traces of your matchless alliterative style have crept into mine—though I would not for all the wealth of the Rand pit my pale periods against the sanguinary slashes of your sword. Still, what is a mere humble citizen to do when your trumpet-blasts ring upon his ear? He can't keep still as he realises that through the influence of your letter peace is become impossible—that his manifest duty, declared to him by a Rector and a Chaplain, is to book a passage by the next steamer to South Africa, in order that he may slaughter at sight every Transvaal Dutchman who may get in his way. He must be up and doing in the interval in order to vent for his energies. I find one in writing to you.

My dear ARTHUR, it's quite impossible for me to describe my feelings after reading your letter. Why, oh why, I keep on saying to myself, has Providence permitted KRÜGER to live so long? Why are there any Dutchmen in the world? Isn't it a disgrace to England that a Transvaal President should be allowed "to swim on his belly in a sea of blood" (I quote your beautiful words)? Why does ALFRED MILNER delay? When is Mr. CHAMBERLAIN going to start for Pretoria at the head of the Highbury Invincibles? You, ARTHUR, are the man for my money. To send EVELYN WOOD or REDVERS BULLER would be a hollow mockery. Let ARTHUR ROBINS lead Britain's battalions (your style again). Mount your charger, ARTHUR; buckle on your sword; stick revolvers and daggers and yataghans into your belt; fill the pockets of your clerical coat with the deadly Dum Dum, and hurl yourself howling into the fearful fray. Then, but not till then, shall we be sure of victory.

Isn't it ridiculous to realise, my ROBINS, that the world knows nothing of its greatest men? "If I had been a corsair or a pirate, a brigand, genteel highwayman, or patriot—and they're the same thing," thought Mr. Tappertit, musing among the nine-pins—"I should have been all right. But to drag out a ignoble existence unbeknown to mankind in general—patience! I will be famous yet. A voice within me keeps on whispering Greatness. I shall burst out one of these days, and when I do, what power can keep me down? I feel my soul getting into my head at the idea. More drink there!" Thus you must have reasoned, ARTHUR, and away went your letter to the news agency, and, having gone to bed a mere Rector, you woke to find yourself famous.

But even if your mind is made up, though your bleeding country calls you and you go—like *Sim Tappertit*—do, I pray and beseech you, temper your stern deeds with just a sprinkling of mercy. Kill Oom PAUL, if you must, but do not kill Mrs. KRÜGER. 'Tis not a gallant clergyman's part to make war



MERELY A DETAIL.

"NOW, COME, SIR, 'AVE 'ALF AN HOUR ON 'IM—THE GENUINE DERBY WINNER." "BUT, I TELL YOU, I CAN'T RIDE." "FOR BLESS YER, 'E WON'T MIND THAT!"

on women, and, besides, Mr. CHAMBERLAIN would never forgive you if you injured that estimable lady in whose health he once took so deep an interest. Be brave, but leave a Boer or two here and there to exalt your magnanimity, and tell the story of your heroic deeds.

Well, goodbye, ARTHUR, I suppose you are off to the Transvaal directly with the rest of the special service officers. I shall be on the landing stage at Southampton when you come back, your Rectorial breast ablaze with stars and medals, one hand grasping a Dutchman's thigh-bone, while the other waves your still dripping sabre. I shall be there to welcome you, to learn from your kind lips the latest message of mercy, to cheer you, to clap you, but without undue familiarity, on your Christian back, and to make you, if that be possible, still more famous than you are at this moment.

Yours in admiration and awe, THE VAGRANT.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS. (BY STELLA.)

How to remove Ink-stains.—You can easily get the ink-stains out of a table-cloth by using a red-hot iron.

To preserve Peaches.—Lock them up in the cupboard.

To get rid of Flies.—If the flies are very troublesome, mix some sugar with some beer, and put it into a saucer or a soup-plate. Catch the flies and put them into this mixture; they will not trouble you again.

To remove Freckles.—Try sand-paper. An application of sulphuric acid, commonly known as vitriol, and water will prevent freckles becoming noticeable, but we do not recommend it for tender skins.

To guard against Sea-sickness.—There are several advertised remedies for this troublesome complaint, but the most effectual one is to make it a rule never to travel except by train.

Heat-spots.—To avoid heat-spots keep in the shade.

Sea bathing.—People who are liable to cramp should never bathe in the sea before or after breakfast.



PAPA, MAMAN, ET BÉBÉ S'EN VONT À LA PÊCHE AUX CREVETTES.

DEPRECIATIONS.

XII.

THE PIBROCH O' MONTROSE.

(As performed for the benefit of His Honour Oom Krüger, Mr. J-hn Morl-y kindly obliging.)

[PIBROCH. "A wild, irregular species of music, peculiar to the Highlands of Scotland... and adapted to excite or assuage passion."—Webster.]

YOUR hand across the sea! and here 's my own,
Hot from the heart that beats for yours and you,

The man of subtle and peculiar gifts,
Envied of who has wit to know their worth,
Though this, of psalms, is something Dutch to me,

Who seldom touch a psalter. Nay, indeed,
'Twas no fraternal likeness bred our loves,
But out of dear extremes we join in one,
As though a worm should swallow his own tail

Rounding the perfect circle.

Take your face:

You lack, I think, that charm of shaven cheeks

Inevitable in the erudite,
As I the hirsute pendent proper to
The father of his people—Boers, to boot.
Nor am I kin i' th' matter o' moral parts,
Who miss your conquering gift of canny guile,

Being scarce so Scot as Montrose might desire;

While you confessedly fall short o' th' grace

Which won for me my name of HONEST JOHN.

What then? A mere diversity of tastes,
That ask indulgence, such as you allow
To views of mine on Liberal Reform,
My love of manhood suffrage and the like,

Patient of these opinions found in me,
Tolerant, at a distance, of the things
Whereof the nearer mention makes you sick.

So are we built with broadly differing minds,

No bar to friendship, whose sufficient bond

Is found in this—that both would freely yield

The hair of our Gladstonian heads to give
A British Tory Government the knock.

What else had made me restive mid my books,

As in his rural paddock, out at grass,
Plunges an ancient war-horse, ears aprick

At sound of martial music loved of old?

Or, better still, a peace-horse, let us say,
Sniffing a barrel-organ. True, my words

Have lost the weight was theirs in better times,

Our faction being at discount, leader dumb,
And Heaven alone aware what Harcourt thinks;

And yet the voice of Arbroath rang i' th' roof

Much like a pibroch. Ken ye weel the pipes?

Mon, but they tak a body's breath awa'!

You followed me about the eight-day clock,

A figure o' speech to serve my party's turn?

A little wobbly, say, i' th' pendulum,
Rust somewhere rodent round the works

of it,
But smile on face, like Patience—what 's the tag?—

Sitting sublimely tight on monument.
A striking figure, that o' th' eight-day

clock,
And should become you, too, for cogni-

sance,
Being a homely structure made to wind

By gentle moral pressure once a week
With grace of extra day for running down.

I'd have you not be scared by hour-glass talk

And senseless bluff o' th' sinking sands of Time,

As if 'twere question raised of eggs to poach

From NABOTH'S hencoop in among the vines!

Marked you that other happy thought of mine,

Who made compare between your verdant land

And Erin—British victory premised?



THE DEGENERATES.

SHADE OF "LE PETIT CAPORAL." "VIVE L'ARMÉE! YES! BUT IT WAS NOT WITH GENERALS LIKE YOU THAT I WON MY CAMPAIGNS!"

Put Vaal for Irish Channel: substitute
Major for minor part of populace;
And there you have the outland element
A sort of loyal Ulster (save the mark!),
The natives disaffected, you yourself
A factious OOM O'BRIEN, wig on veldt
And all the air areek with local SMUTS.
Enough. 'Tis not so often I emerge
To put my pen to uses such as this;
Not since the Dervish leader drew me
out
Has like occasion offered. Let me hope
This well-considered trifle may command
A more apparent measure of success;
Meanwhile, conceive of me as closely
bent
Over the history of heroic years,
And none more notable than '81,
Of which the page, i' th' retrospective
light
Emitted by your subsequent career,
Grows full of useful colour. So farewell.

THE EVOLUTION OF THE LIBRARY.

[At the meeting of the Library Association at Manchester, Sir WILLIAM HENRY BAILLY said that Public Municipal Reading and News Rooms were oppressive, except to students; for after a hard day's work a man wished to chat with his friends, and perhaps have a smoke and rest.]

My friends, I fear that hitherto,
Owing to management inactive,
Considered in a "public" view,
Our libraries are unattractive;
So, stung to energy at last,
We scorn the former dispensation,
And for the evils of the past
Propose a scheme of reformation.

Since ardent students now no more,
With fervour growing still intenser,
Hasten in hundreds here to pore
On DARWIN, MILL, and HERBERT SPENCER,
Such dreary volumes we replace
With something lighter of complexion,
And onward still with quickening pace
Go further in the same direction.

Reading the public taste that hits
Shall here by them be contemplated,
The Blue'un, Questions, Flashy Bits,
The Bike, and Pottering Illustrated.
And when the students, worn and white,
With half-an-hour's incessant reading
Grow weary, then we will invite
To take the pleasures they are needing.

Cards, billiards, bagatelle, and chess,
Gymnastics, boxing—we provide them—
Dancing (N.B., not evening dress),
Bikes, and a track on which to ride them.
Then he who for a while would stand,
When exercise proves thirst-provoking,
Shall find in comfort, near at hand,
A bar and a saloon for smoking.

So libraries, now arid grown,
Shall for the public fancy cater,
And rise, as on a stepping stone
Of their dead selves to something greater;
While at the cost if critics frown,
Because the outlay so immense is,
A plan remains to cut it down—
We'll sell the books to pay expenses!

A Happy Holiday.

The Bachelor. So you're looking after
the house while your wife is taking a
holiday? I hope she's enjoying the
change.

The Benedict. I know I am.



Miss Heavytopp. "I'M AFRAID I'M GIVING YOU A LOT OF BOTHER, BUT THEN, IT'S ONLY MY FIRST LESSON!"

Exhausted Instructor (sotto voce). "I ONLY HOPE IT WON'T BE MY LAST!"

HOW TO LIVE ON £100 a YEAR.

(By our Careful Housekeeper.)

NOTHING is really simpler. All you have to do is to get a good house in a respectable address: Mayfair or South Kensington, or even Lancaster Gate will do very well indeed. You must not be too extravagant in house-rent. Then get in your furniture from a first-rate firm—it does not matter whether you have to pay a few pounds more than at some inferior establishment. Dear prices are cheaper in the end.

Having got a house in order, then procure servants. If you get them from abroad and they don't speak English, you will find that their wages are absolutely nothing. They can always leave if dissatisfied; and what is good for man is good for master. You can leave too at a moment's notice; or if it comes to that, without it.

Having secured house and servants, then

comes the question of food. Again, avoid Stores and Deposit Accounts, and go to the old-fashioned tradesmen with their good old-fashioned ledgers. They will be proud to have your name on their books; and with good reason. The more the merrier—up to a limit.

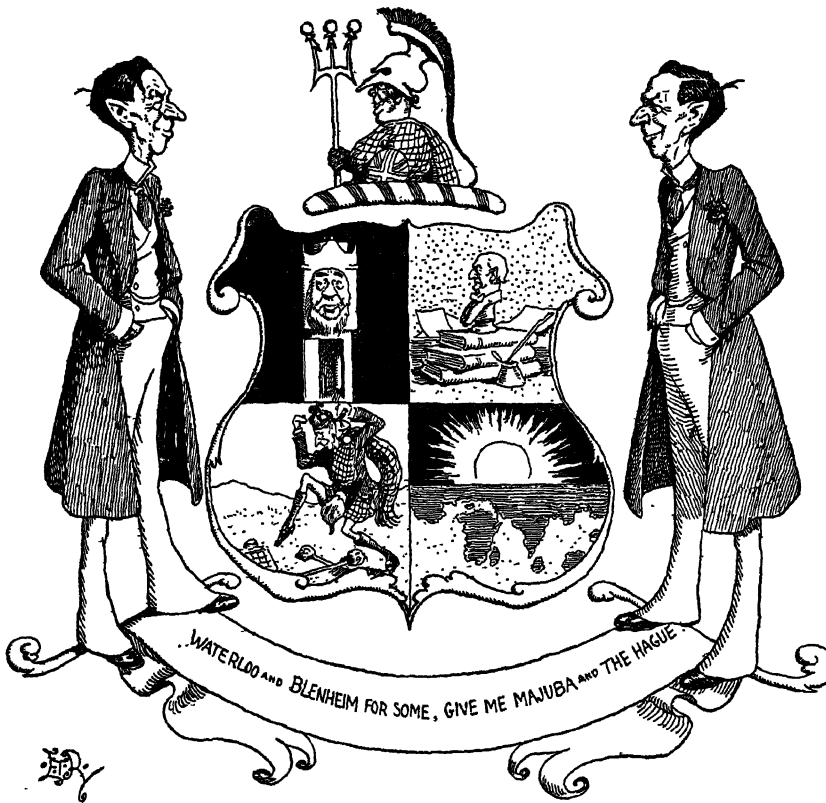
Food, lodgings, service all arranged—then comes the question of apparel. Again, the best tailors and the best dressmakers are the most economical in the long run. You will find this so when the long run takes the shape of a prolonged trip abroad. They desire your patronage. Give it to them freely. They deserve it!

And now all is complete. Besides, you have your £100 a-year. Well, that will do nicely for pocket-money.

As to the rest. Let it stand upon the order of your owing by standing over!

"SOMETHING IN THE AIR."—A balloon.

READY-MADE COATS(-OF-ARMS); OR, GIVING 'EM FITS!



JOHN, 1ST VISCOUNT MORLEY OF SURRENDER AND KILNAUGHT.

Arms: (under protest on grounds of conscientious objection!) Quarterly: 1st, An antique eight-day clock dopper umpaulois holy on the strike, curmudgeant shifty rusty past repair, charged with long waits protracted tricky nauseant to the last; 2nd, A colossal biography gladstone hawardenois masterly on the stocks proper, titanic in research, and exigent in labour to excess; 3rd, In a field montrosée a southern pacific highlander dancettée, bearing a carpet-bag itinerant of tartan, bearing labels of the tyne defaced, kilted gaily whisky-scraggy in the shins, sporrant in advance, acquirant in seclusion the scottish sword-dance over two claymores croisées recumbent cairngormois, most carefully blunted and padded proper on a ground hazardous of peril; 4th, On a ground of excessive benevolence quakery, over a map of the British Empire built up manly sinewy from the first, lopped off decadent peacemeal in mutiny, a sun of prosperity setting gory in despite. *Crest:* An elderly britannia of embonpoint, shawled passée, harmless dumpy docile to the dregs, prompt in withdrawal, bearing in the dexter hand chevretée sable a trident proper boutonée corky at the tips—never used in anger; on the sinister arm an apology for a shield or heraldic buckler, cut down skimpy on the estimates. (*Motto:* "Insist gently and if thwarted acquiesce!") *Supporters:* On either side a fascinating littérateur morlé of eloquence, unswerving in fidelity, bouqueté for remembrance with Irish shamrock faded proper, facile fluent trenchant on the stump, constitutionally averse to expansion, countercharged shrewdly with a leaning to shrinkage in empire. (*Second Motto:* "RATHER GROVEL THAN GRAB!")

THE WHITE STAR WHOPPER.

(Notes from the Travel Diary of Toby, M.P.)

Liverpool, Tuesday.—To-morrow morning, about the time civilised world are reaching forth eager hands to take in the new number of *Punch*, the *Oceanic* will be delivering her passengers on the wharf at New York. As she left Liverpool last Wednesday afternoon this is pretty smart. Might have been done in less time if BARKIS (that is ISMAY) were willing. But the White Star Managers, supremely level-headed men, don't care about the meteoric element introduced into business. They shrewdly guess that the ordinary Atlantic passenger would most prize the privilege of unvarying punctuality.

So it will be. The *Oceanic*, leaving the Mersey on one Wednesday, will turn up in New York with the milk on the morning of the following Wednesday. This will chance whether the weather be fair or

foul. The reserve power in the ship's mighty engines makes her mistress of the seas, assured of maintaining her average passage however the winds may blow.

Already the regularity of train service is achieved by the White Star Line. Down at Liverpool the other day found the *Germanic*, outward bound, moored by the big landing-stage.

"She must be getting away," said W. S. GRAVES (worthy son of GRAVES of Liverpool, whom SARK well remembers as honoured Member in the Commons). "The *Majestic* will be in in a quarter of an hour, and will want her berth."

For more than six days the *Majestic* been steaming across the pathless Atlantic. Here, at the end of a line three thousand miles long, a man takes out his watch, casually observes, "She'll be here in a quarter of an hour." Sure enough, before fifteen minutes were told the big ship, her decks crowded with passengers, steamed round by New Brighton, slowly threading

her way through maze of steamers and sailing-boats. With graceful turn of the head, she came up to take her place in the berth just vacated by the ship bent on re-tracing her footsteps on the sea.

"They come like shadows, so depart," mused SARK. "A very ordinary thing in a business day at Liverpool. When you come to think of it, something marvellous in the regularity of the complex movement. These mammoth ships cross and re-cross the ocean with the swift unflinching regularity of the shuttle on the loom."

White Star fleet with its Teutonic, of pleasant memories at Spithead and elsewhere, is pretty well as it floats. In size, power, comfort, and wealth of decoration, the *Oceanic* beats its record and all else. The world stood at gaze when the *Great Eastern* took to the water like an unwieldy duck. The *Oceanic* excels the *Great Eastern* considerably in size, largely in power, immeasurably in all the qualities that go to make up a peerless passenger boat. So perfect are her proportions that as, last Wednesday, she steamed down the Mersey starting on her maiden voyage, she did not suggest proximity of the largest ship in the world. Sharper realisation is gained of the reality of a ship over 700 feet long, over 12,000 tons burden, if you imagine the *Oceanic*, having safely steamed along Piccadilly finding herself stranded in the shallows of the Haymarket. With her bows peeping into Pall Mall, frightening the life out of Deans and Bishops in the reading-room of the Athenæum, her stern would be abreast of the Civil Service Stores, near the top of the thoroughfare. Her funnel, being conveniently disposed along the Strand, two Road Cars double-horsed could drive abreast through it—(fare one penny; please show your ticket when requested by the Inspector).

So much for size. Within this mighty frame-work are stored all the conveniences of daily life that experience can suggest, that art and skill, backed by lavish expenditure, can devise. The varying depth of purses is carefully considered. For a five-pound note you may go to New York in the *Oceanic* in a clean, well-appointed berth; or if you prefer it, you may pay £150 for a deck cabin. You get there all the same.

IN A SPIRIT OF INQUIRY.

A LADY writing to the *Academy* anent a list of books suitable for children up to the age of twelve, mentions SHAKESPEARE'S Poems as one of her favourite books at that youthful period. Should this phenomenal choice prove contagious, one will have to address a lady acquaintance thus:—

TELL me, Lady—break it gently—
When but five, were you intently
Letting IBSSEN brain-bewilder?
In one *Doll's House* finding pleasures,
Snubbing Jack's constructive measures
For an abler Master Builder.

Were you, as an infant, yielding
To the full-blown charms of FIELDING?
And when you were carried bed-ward,
(BERNARD SHAW'S views notwithstanding),
Did you spout upon the landing
From a certain *Lear*—not EDWARD?

Did you—please excuse suggestion—
Write upon the Sonnet Question?

Nay, I ask it not in malice!
I, alas, could only glory
In some foolish Eastern story,
Or the Wonderland of Alice.



BUGGLES WITH THE DEVON AND SOMERSET. No. 1.

HOW HE FOUND A "WARRANTABLE DEER."

TO AN "OLD BUFFER."

(By One of the Rising Generation.)

DEAR Old Buffer, let me flower
 Into verse, to sing your praise;
 I could listen by the hour,
 Whilst you yarn of "good old days."

Half the night o'er pipe and whisky
 I would hear your stories flow;
 Splendid stories, safe or risky,
 Of the days of long ago.

Temporis laudator acti!—

(HORACE, please excuse the change;
 'Tis for rhythm's sake, in fact, I
 Quote the words in order strange.)—

Tell me how you used to rifle
 Knockers from the midnight door,
 In their boxes nearly stifled
 Watchmen whom you loved to floor.

Tell me tales about the thirties,
 Coaching, cards, potations deep,
 Sport and fights and frolics—certainly,
 I can stand them pretty "steep."

But one impious tradition,
 If you love me, pray suppress;
 With unerring intuition,
 You my drift will surely guess.

One romance which I would rather—
 Only one!—have you beware,
 Do not, do not say your father
 Once shot snipe in Belgrave Square!

A JOINT ENQUIRY.—Beef or mutton?

THE GOVERNMENT GUEST'S GAZETTE.

(Prospectus.)

THE convicts of the United States having recently established a periodical to watch over their interests, it has been considered advisable by those responsible for the G. G. G. to follow the example set them by their transatlantic kinsmen.

The G. G. G. will be of as representative a character as possible, and will be edited by a gentleman whose name for more than a quarter of a century has been associated with the highest form of literature. Mr. WILLIAM SIKES—the gentleman referred to—made his *début* under the auspices of the late CHARLES DICKENS in the earlier of that eminent author's works.

The editor of the G. G. G. will do his best to please his colleagues in retirement by causing them either to read or write. A special article intended for the ladies will be published at intervals under the appropriate title of "Paris in Portland."

A story of a humorous character will now and again be introduced into the pages of the G. G. G. by the popular romancist, whose work "How to get out of Newgate," by one who nearly accomplished the feat, attracted so much attention in the early seventies.

Advertisements arranging matrimonial engagements after the supporters of the G. G. G. have completed their cure will be inserted at a reasonable rate.

All fashionable movements must be sent in the day preceding the date of publication, and accounts of the entertainments

of First Class Misdemeanants can only be inserted as paragraphs prepaid in advance.

Occasional papers on "Gaol Games" will appear during the Summer, and a large portion of the space of the G. G. G. will be devoted in the Winter to "Felon Football."

In the above connection the columns of "Criminal Cricket" will be always found a well of information by those who love the truly national game.

Those who are fond of adventure and travel will find much instruction, combined with amusement, in a paper called "From Newgate to Dartmoor and back again," promised for immediate production.

Many other features of an attractive character will render the G. G. G. unique in the history of journalism.

There will be no free list, and the only recipients of gratuitous copies will be the governors of gaols and warders, who will obtain copies in virtue of their official positions.

The price of the G. G. G. will vary according to circumstances. Ready money down will be considered at double its outside value, and when the subscription has to be paid after the expiry of the term ordered by the judge, an increase of 50 per cent. will be added to the original proposed outlay.

The G. G. G. has no politics, and will assume for its motto, "Honesty is the best Policy of those who have tried them both."

In conclusion, the Proprietors beg their patrons to do their utmost to increase the circulation of the paper, which is debarred unfortunately from outside support.



"THINK NOT OF WHAT REMAINS BEHIND."

"MUMMY, SEE HOW DEEP!"

"YES, DARLING. DON'T GET YOUR DRESS WET."

"OH, NO. I'VE HOLDING IT QUITE HIGH."

"FINE" WEATHER AT MARGATE.

THE *Daily Telegraph* for Thursday, September 7, reported how, at Margate, Mr. CHARLES SARGENT, captain of the *Eagle* steamer belonging to the General Steam Navigation Company, was fined £33 10s. for having, on August 26 last, carried on the aforesaid *Eagle*, seventy-nine passengers over and above the number authorised by the Board of Trade certificate. Generous, noble Captain! Bless his dear eyes! He hadn't the heart to leave those seventy-nine holiday-makers ashore, not he! Think of it! these seventy-nine waifs and strays, flotsams and jetsams, so to speak, longing for such invigorating breezes as can only be obtained on the sea! Did the cheery mariner adapt the ancient song to new circumstances, and hum to himself,

"Up and down the sea-side road,
In and out the *Eagle*,
That's the way the money goes,
And off goes the vessel!"

Whether he did or not, anyway he determined not to leave the seventy-nine to wander "up and down" the sea front, but to receive them aboard and stand the risk whatever it might be. And the risk was £33 10s., which was, of course, duly paid. There was no accident, at least none was reported; for does not a special Providence watch over the honest tar and his craft? And who can doubt but that "his little lot" arrived safe and sound at their haven of rest, blessing the dashing "SARGENT," who was also the Captain, at sea, though never less "at sea" than when commanding the gallant *Eagle* and earning extra money for the Company in whose service he would do "all that might become a man!" So this "SARGENT" and "Captain" cheerfully works for the "General" ("Company" understood). But suppose the presence of these extra seventy-nine passengers should happen to mean real danger to all aboard, in case "the stormy winds should blow," or supposing any of those awful things should happen at sea of which "The gentlemen of England who live at home at ease" (and are perhaps shareholders in the General Steam) little dream, then would that extra live cargo make matters easier for the crew or not?

Much as a "Captain Courageous" is to be admired, yet "discretion"—of course from a mere land-lubber's point of view—"is the better part of valour," and could the embarkation of this overflow be prevented, and could the Margate authorities so contrive that only the exact number of tickets should be issued for any one excursion *per Eagle*, or by any other "pleasure" steamer, then, though Margate would lose this particular "haul by the sea" in the way of fines, and so would not be benefited financially, yet would it gain considerably in the opinion of all respectable visitors, who would highly applaud the deed of the Margate Town Council. The steamship companies could then improve their present arrangements in various directions. A restriction on the numbers embarking, and a rise in the price of tickets, would tend to reduce rowdiness on board, and would make for the comfort of self-respecting passengers, and might possibly attract the patronage of a better class quite willing to pay fairly for a real "sniff of the briny" when obtained under conditions that would insure cleanliness, comfort, and the absence of all obtrusive rowdiness.

THE CRICKETER ON THE HEARTH.

(An Interview à la mode.)

"Yes," said Mr. SLOGGER, on whom I had called in the interests of the *Cheapside Magazine*, "Yes, I can give you ten minutes. Thousands of your readers, of course, are hungering for information about me? Well, then, I'll start with a short history of my family, beginning with my grandfather." . . . (Space compels us to omit some pages here.) "I'm sure that will be of supreme interest to every one. And, here, by the way, are photographs of all my brothers and sisters, which, of course, you'll be glad to print in the article. I myself showed a bent for the game from my earliest infancy—when a mere babe, in fact, I could deliver a good bawl. Sure you've spelt that right? It's a joke, you know; I use it in every interview. Very well, now we'll get on. At the age of eleven I played an innings of fifteen, not out, for Poppleton College against Mudborough Grammar School. And now I'll show you something." He took the smallest of the hundred cricket-bats which littered the room, and placed it in my hands.

"That," he said solemnly, as I gazed at it with reverent emotion, "is the identical bat used by me on that occasion. You shall have a photograph of it for your magazine. Subsequently I played in various school and college matches, and I'll just read you the full scores of all these games." . . . (Again an omission has to be made.) "And I needn't tell you of my innings of 365 against the Epping Epicureans. This spike"—he drew one from the drawer of a priceless cabinet—"comes from one of the cricket-boots I wore that day. You may contradict the rumour that the British Museum has offered me £50 for it. Of course, I wouldn't part with it at the price. Now I'll just give you a detailed account of each of my innings during the last three seasons." (Several pages have to be left out at this point.)

"Well, that's pretty well all, I think, except you'll probably want to print at length my opinions on the Transvaal Question, WAGNER's music, and the Future of Agriculture. These will have an over-powering interest for your readers. What? Give you a hint for young cricketers? My dear Sir, really, there are limits to my generosity—there are, indeed. Don't you know that any paper in the world would give me a colossal price for a single sentence of that kind? But I'm in a reckless mood to-day. So, though I know that practically I'm making you a present of enormous value—because the sale of your magazine is sure to be quadrupled in consequence—I'll do as you ask. If the young cricketer never fails to play a straight ball, he will not be bowled. There, Sir, when you publish that golden truth your reputation will be made for ever. What a rush there'll be for your magazine, to be sure! Now, as to the Transvaal." (Many pages crowded out.)

"Here are a few photographs of myself—but it's rather too heavy a parcel to carry. I'll send it round in a van. Of course you'll print them all. And now I must ask you to excuse me, as it's time to get into flannels."

I thanked him for his courtesy, and hoped that he'd make a fine score in the county match. He stared at me in surprise. "County match? You don't imagine I've time to play cricket nowadays, do you? No; I'm going to change because half-a-dozen photographers will be here directly, and they like to take me in costume. And after that I shall have to see seven or eight more interviewers. Good morning!"



STAGE DIRECTION.—Brown has been persuaded to follow Otter-hounds accompanied by Mrs. Brown. After a blank day they have got separated from the rest of the Party, and have been unable to obtain refreshments. It is beginning to rain heavily, they are ten miles from home, five from the railway station, and Mrs. Brown is too tired to walk a step further.

Brown (with fervour). "IF ANY ONE TALKS TO ME AGAIN OF OTTER-HUNTING, I'LL SHOOT HIM!"

A LITTLE DRIVE IN IRELAND.

WE have seen Valencia Island—the drive all round, the distant view towards New York, the American cable office, the gigantic fuchsia, and the excellent little hotel, which is a model of good management for all the improving hotels in Ireland—so on we go. Our destination is Parknasilla, which is reached by road, under the tender care of the Irish Development Syndicate. I suggest telegraphing for rooms. My friends say it is needless. Suppose we did not go all the way. Suppose we changed our minds. We do not telegraph.

We cross in the ferry to Valencia Harbour, duly admiring the shed of wood and corrugated iron which is the westernmost station in Europe. Thence to Cahirciveen, where we shall find the well-appointed coach of the Development Syndicate. The weather is fine. We look forward to a delightful drive of thirty-two miles, and we hurry out of the station to find the coach. There is none. But there is a *char-à-banc*, a very jolting *char*, with extremely narrow and uncomfortable bancs, on which we climb dolefully. The four horses go off as fast as their feeble condition allows. The town is hideous; the landscape beyond is uninteresting. We begin to doubt as to the pleasure of the drive, though the weather is fine. However, the driver, a smart, neatly-dressed fellow, cheers us by the news of better things at Waterville, half-way along the road. "Ye'll have a finer coach," says he, "and a finer coachman, *Sort*."

So after two hours we drive briskly into the garden of the hotel at Waterville, and all get down. There is no coach visible. At one side of the drive stands a shabby, dilapidated *char-à-banc*, exactly the sort of thing which goes round a country town on the arrival of a circus, carrying the band, with the big drum on the hindmost seat and showers of handbills scattered around. Only in no circus band-car were there ever such very extraordinary horses as the angular pair in this

unattractive conveyance. We suppose it is intended for the luggage. On the contrary, it is intended for us. It is the well-appointed coach provided by the Development Syndicate. It holds, at a push, twelve persons tightly squeezed. There are exactly twelve going. This seems to imply that the luggage will be left behind. Not at all. It is tied on by ropes at the back. A lumbering conveyance, a mass of luggage, and twelve passengers, perhaps about three tons altogether, to be dragged fifteen miles, mostly up-hill, by two extraordinary horses. The imitation of the circus might at least extend to the use of six such horses, or even eight. If there is any Irish Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, the Development Syndicate should be invited to explain their arrangements to that society's satisfaction.

As the unhappy horses crawl up the first hill, it begins to rain. The Syndicate provides no cover for the luggage, so the rain soaks gently through any opening into the passengers' clothes. It drips from one passenger's umbrella down another's neck; it lies in pools on their laps. We enjoy a magnificent view of the umbrellas in front. The scenery is evidently grand and beautiful, but we hardly see it. At the end of fifteen miles the remarkable horses are changed for two animals if possible more extraordinary. On we go in the rain, and gradually in the dark. We are cramped, and cold, and cross. We wish we had never left the friendly shelter of the excellent carriages of the Great Southern and Western Railway.

At last, three quarters of an hour late, we drive up to the hotel at Parknasilla. We have done the thirty-two miles in six hours. Our stiffened limbs are extricated from between the narrow benches, our drenched luggage is untied, the unfortunate horses are led away, let us hope to a well deserved rest, and we go into the light and warmth and cheerfulness of the hotel. There is one room vacant, for my friend and his wife. There is none for me! It was they who prevented me from telegraphing in the morning, and it is they who secure the last room. They do not even offer to give it up to me. Some people are so selfish.

However, I bear it meekly, and later on sleep perfectly in a temporary bed in the spacious cooling-room of the Turkish bath. The next day I find that the hotel is beautifully situated and admirably managed. But however good an hotel may be, no one could wish to travel to it by the conveyances of the Development Syndicate. The forcible language of two priests, jovial, good-natured fellow-travellers roused to indignation by the condition of the horses and the "coaches," would deserve the attention of this company. If the Syndicate wishes to compete with the diligences of Switzerland, a country more easily reached from London than Kerry is, the conveyances must be improved, even if the fares are raised. The Syndicate cannot change the climate, but it can change the horses.

ROBINSON THE ROVER.

THE RIGHT AND WRONG OF IT AT PLYMOUTH.

(From a Trades Unionist.)

[Lord MOUNT EDGUMBE was severely censured by the Trades Unionist Congress at Plymouth, because, having a garden party on the same day on which the delegates were invited to his grounds, they were requested to allow him the privacy of his own lawn.]

I'M an 'orny 'anded working man, wot earns 'is daily bread,
And I don't care whence the butter comes which on my crust is spread,

For I'm as good as any man and more if wot is true,
That Nature's noblemen are bred where angels never flew.
Well, down in Plymouth town we went to 'ave our bit of say,
And 'ammer, 'ammer, 'ammer wos the order of the day,
There was PICKARD, there was TILLET, there was "Austin
Friars" CLERY,

Wot all spoke up for working men in langwidge cheery-beery
About the conduct of an Earl which 'is surname is MOUNT
EDGUMBE,

The sort of bloke wot didn't know we'd make the edge of wedge
come;

He'd given us a licence to explore his bloomin' Park,
And P., and T., and C. said, "Well, this is a blessed lark,
For he's treated us as if we're a lot of silly snobs,
Forbiddin' us the privilege of mixing with the nobs.
So we'll pass a vote of censure on this most outrageous peer,
And let 'im know that Englishmen expect 'is guests to clear
Whenever bold Trades Unionists assemble in their might,
For that Park, of course, that's 'is by wrong, is *our's*, of
course, by right!"



DAUGHTERS OF SCIENCE.

British Association (to her sister of another land). "Well, at least, can meet with neighbourly cordiality."

Sanderson.

PRIVATE VIEWS.

(By Mr. Punch's Vagrant.)

SUZERAIN.

THE SULTAN is a happy man,
In spite of things Armenian.
Oh, clash the cymbals, beat the drums;
From Sheffield ASHMEAD BARTLETT comes.
No Turkish can he understand,
But grasps the SULTAN by the hand,
And gets, while lesser folk despair,
Some nice concessions here and there.
And, lo, from Berlin, on the wings
Of love, come photographs and things,
And letters signed and written by
"Your brother, WILHELM, R. et I.,"
Who tells, like men who write to cronies,
How much the princelets like their ponies,
The SULTAN's gift, and how "my wife
Was never better in her life:
She wears the necklace—pearl and opal—
You gave her in Constantinople,
And always thinks, when most forlorn,
Of you and of the Golden Horn,
And all the joyous days we spent
With Turkey's pride and ornament."
Then, too, the TSAR—whom Heaven de-
fend!—

He is the SULTAN's loving friend.
He does not think the SULTAN cruel;
He sends him every sort of jewel;
And stars, and many a Russian order
Go trickling over Turkey's border,
And great green jars of malachite,
And licences to shoot at sight,
And chop into a perfect hash,
Christians and all that kind of trash.
Therefore, I said, and say again,
Since what I said I will maintain,
That in despite of plot and plan
The SULTAN is a happy man.
Now why is this, and why are we,
The British rulers of the sea,
So miserably sunk in woe
That Mr. KRÜGER flouts us so,
That everything we take in hand,
From Greenland to the coral strand,—
Whether our citizens design a
New railway in the heart of China,
Or tender, tempted by the SIRDAR,
For railway bridge with truss and girder,—
Is doomed, in spite of all we do,
To fail? I cannot say; can you?

Eureka! here's the secret plain—
The SULTAN is a SUZERAIN.
To power in Bulgaria
Long since the SULTAN said ta-ta.
From Crété, with aspects something flurried,
Lately the SULTAN's forces hurried—
But still their SUZERAIN is he,
And therefore happy: Q.E.D.

And that is why with might and main
We're trying to be SUZERAIN.
Something in our rough island story
Is lacking to our perfect glory;
Something to make us equal to
The SULTAN and his Turkish crew,
A shade, a jot, a tiny touch
(We'll get it from the Transvaal Dutch),
A something which, though Boers may
chafe,
Shall make us absolutely safe,
And base unmoved by foreign shocks
Our world-wide rule upon the rocks.
So down with Uncle KRÜGER's babble!
Down with the Boers and all their rabble!
Down with each traitor who impedes
The one thing that our country needs!
And up with Mr. CHAMBERLAIN,
Who says we *must* be SUZERAIN!



'ARRY IN 'OLLAND.

'THESE 'ERE CIGARS AT THREE A 'NA PENNY 'AS JUST AS DELICATE A FLAVOUR AS THEM
AS WE PAYS A PENNY A PIECE FOR AT 'OME!"

THE MODERN CLUTCHES OF THE LAW.

(Fragment from a Criminal Romance.)

THE burglar had so far been successful. He had broken open the safe and transferred its contents to his pocket without disturbing the household. He had come down the creaking stairs with less than the customary noise. He was in sight of the street door, which, once opened, passed, and closed, would lead to freedom.

It was a pleasant prospect.

"It will delight my wife and little ones," he murmured. "With the proceeds of this night's work I shall be able to take them a trip to the Continent."

Then he walked forward and opened the street door. In a moment he was seized by mechanical hands, and found himself manacled.

"Confound it," he cried, "I had forgotten that recently patented novelty—the automatic policeman!"

TOO SHORT.

["It is rumoured that two or three ladies in London intend to found a club for women, of which the condition of membership will be that any fair applicant must be quite six feet in height."] YOU may consider it is hard

That from our club you are debarred,
You sigh.

Perceiving you are in this fix
You cannot join unless you're six
Feet high.

Your heels may be of such a height
That for six feet you say, you might
Well pass;

But, if not six feet in your hose,
Against you must our portals close,
Alas!

For our committee draw the line,
And tho' they draw it rather fine,
Don't laugh.

For you can never join our band
Since you're five feet eleven and
A half.



A DIPLOMATIST.

"GRANDPAPA, IT IS VERY KIND OF YOU TO TAKE ME OUT FOR A WALK, AND, AS I'VE GOT A PENNY, I SHOULD LIKE TO GIVE YOU A PRESENT. YOU CAN EITHER HAVE SOME FLOWERS OR SOME SWEETS. BUT I SHOULD RECOMMEND YOU TO HAVE THE SWEETS."

A TOUGH ARTICLE.

(By an Interviewer of the Future.)

I WAS told he was a bully. Well, I could perhaps meet him on his own ground. He said he would not see me. This was an interference with my business. I am an interviewer, and I had received orders to interview him. So I presented myself at his house and demanded admittance. My entrance was barred. But I am more than a match for a puny page—a chap in buttons—and I proved it.

I rushed into his study. He was up in a moment ready to grasp me, and, if possible, hurl me to the ground.

"You come of Christian parents?"

We closed and struggled. But I got him down at last, and put my foot on his throat. Then I repeated the question, "You come of Christian parents?"

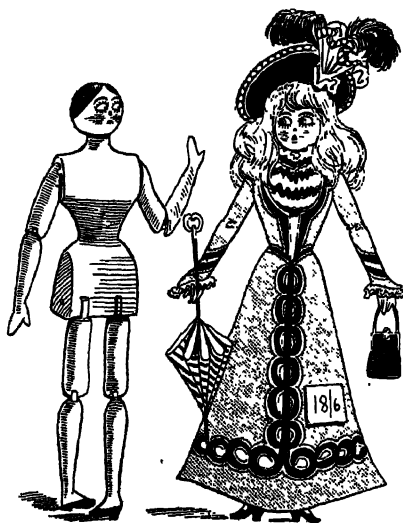
"Yes," he gurgled out, and then I released him.

But I was foolish. He sprang upon me like a tiger.

"You are a kind-hearted father and an affectionate husband?"

We were struggling for dear life. He was trying to get the poker and I was edging up to a decanter with which I could brain him, if necessary.

"You are a kind-hearted father and an



Dutch Doll (to high-class French ditto). "I hear you're being boycotted in the Lowther Arcade already."

affectionate husband?" I repeated. "You brute, you shall answer me!"

I held him by the throat. He turned black in the face. Then I cried to him that I would let him live if he replied. He nodded feebly.

"You are a kind-hearted father and an affectionate husband?"

"Yes," he gasped out, and lay still, panting.

"You have spent a fortune on the poor?"

He had recovered his strength and was on me once more. He sprang at me like a panther, and again we were grasped in a deadly grip.

"You murderous villain!" I cried, raining blows upon his face with my disengaged fist. "I will have the truth out of you if I die for it. You have spent a fortune upon the poor?"

Once again we fought like demons. Then he fell down in a dead faint. He spoke no more. I felt his pulse. He lived. He would recover. At least that was my hope.

Then I picked up a book of reference, worked in his life, and sketched the surroundings.

"He ought to have taken his interviewing quietly," I murmured, as I quitted the room. "But I had to do it, and I have done it!" And so I left him.

TO FRANCE.

(In memory of the verdict of Rennes.)

NOT when, at close of that disastrous day,
The downward charge of England's gathered might
Broke on your veteran barriers outworn
With the long equal fight,
And in a little hour
The dear-won glory of NAPOLEON'S power
Passed as a sunset cloud,
Swept with the mist of battle-smoke away—
Not then with other shame your head was bowed
Than such as they may know,
Great warriors who have borne
To front the onset of a greater foe.

Not when the Prussian leaguer fenced you fast,
And forth from Sedan's stricken gates
A watching world aghast
Beheld you yield the very flower of France,
Ill-ordered, ill-controlled, with none for guide,
Untaught to fight at odds against the Fates;—
Not when through Paris, crown of Europe's pride,
Low in the dust with all her splendour spoiled,
Ringed round, those many months, with famine and flame,
Forlorn her faith in God, her courage foiled,
Over your dead with glittering lance
The conquering Uhlan leapt;—
Not then we left you lonely in your shame;
We wept with you that wept.

And from that ruin how you rose again,
Indomitably crushing down despair,
Resilient by your energy of race,
Washing your scarred escutcheon clear of stain,
And met the world once more with shining face,
We saw, and welcomed this new birth,
Eager your triumph, as your shame, to share.

But now!—but now! We turn away our eyes.
What thing is this that walks in open day
Flaunting before the nations of the earth?
This wanton, masquerading in the guise
Of Justice lying somewhere dazed and drugged,
Work of her bravos, bullies in her pay,
Scum of the gutter, heroes after dark,
Handy behind the scenes;
Equipped for secret service with the means
To silence honest watch-dogs when they bark?
This is that France, too sensitive to bear
Of late the lightest whisper on the air
Of outrage to her honour, this that now
Goes in the pride of shame with shameless brow,
Spurned and she answers back with shoulders shrugged;
And, as in mockery of her sacred name
Whose robe she sullies, makes pretence
Of doling pardon out to innocence;
Magnanimously waiving further claim
To brutalize the man whose worst offence
Against his country wrought
Was that he served her well before her shame,
And dared to keep the faith his fathers taught.

Who speaks of pardon? Nay, for France there's none,
Nor can be never till the damned blot
Be wiped away and expiation done.
Then, not till then,
May be renewed the bonds that once have been,
Since we, whatever else, are honest men.
Meanwhile, we know you not!
Go, hide your face until your heart is clean.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

The Archdeacon's Daughter, and Other Stories (DIGBY LONG & Co.), by G. A. MUSGRAVE, is a very amusing collection. But of the three, the first, which gives the book its title, is the freshest and the best. The second, "The Lying of Mr. Black," being the career of a third-class *Barry Lyndon*, is cleverly told, but the incidents are somewhat crowded and confused. "The Lost Ring" is a good idea, but the author has failed to make the most of his own self-provided materials. The book is well worth reading, if only for the sake of the first story in it, at least, so thinks and says the candid
BARON DE B.-W.



The Hon. Be tie. "SAY, SIR GEORGE, WISH YOU'D LEND ME A FIVER. LET YOU HAVE IT BACK WITHOUT FAIL END OF NOVEMBER." *Sir George (who has been had before—dubiously).* "UM! END OF NOVEMBER! ANY PARTICULAR YEAR?"

SOME FURTHER SELF-DENYING ORDINANCES.

To be observed by those who wish to testify their righteous indignation at the Rennes verdict by boycotting next year's Paris Exposition, and in the most material and convincing manner to bring about the complete rehabilitation of the unfortunate prisoner.

It is proposed—

That no more French leave shall be taken by individuals desirous of absenting themselves from their duties or annexing other persons' property. Undergraduates will faithfully attend every lecture, city clerks will bury no more aunts, cooks will cease to entertain policemen, and there will be a close time for burglary, kleptomania and kissing under the mistletoe.

That the use of French chalk shall be abandoned in ball-rooms, and dancing given up altogether, except on village greens.

That "Frenchmen," alias red-legged partridges, shall be shot on sight, and given to the retriever to eat.

That elbow-grease shall be substituted for French polish.

That French beans shall be cut and given the cold shoulder at table.

That the French language (which at the present moment chiefly consists of the verb *conspuer*) shall be tabooed, except in the case of solecisms like *nom de plume*, *double entendre*, *à l'outrance*, and so forth. *Café, coupé* and similar words shall be pronounced "caif," "coop," etc., as in Canada. Depot shall be "depott"; *sang froid, au revoir, tableaux vivants* and the like shall be similarly Anglicised. Boulogne to be called "Boolong," if mentioned at all, which is inadvisable. No more bull-fights to be attended.

That French grey shall in future mean, as circumstances demand, either black or white.

PERSONS WHO 'CHEAT THE FLIGHT OF YEARS.—Those who are "doing time."

SPEECHLESS (after the Long Vacation).—The briefless barrister.

SCARCELY SHARP.—A Flat refusal from the Boers.



SOMETHING LIKE A BOYCOTT.

Jim. "WELL, YOU MARK MY WORDS—THEY WOWN'T KETCH ME PATRONISIN' THEIR BLOOMIN' EXHIBITION!"

Bill. "NOW, NOR YET ME NEITHER! AN' I'LL TELL YER WOT'S MORE—I'VE SWORN OFF FRENCH SHEMPINE!"

SOLILOQUIES.

(Recorded by Mr. Punch's Phonograph.)

III.—IN A POET'S STUDY.

DON'T feel at all inclined for work this afternoon. However, must try to knock off a few lines for the *Piccadilly Gazette*—usual soulful, melancholy kind. . . . Must concentrate my mind upon them. . . . Well. . . . Perhaps. . . . Yes, I do believe I ought to have trumped that king instead of. . . . Hullo! This won't do. Thinking of last night's whist. Must really get to work on that poem. How about title? Something vague and non-committal, for choice. . . . "Study"? "Reverie"? "Interlude"? Yes, that'll do—we'll call it "Interlude." Now to pile on the agony. Wish I didn't feel so beastly cheerful to-day! However,

here goes. . . . "By melancholy grief oppressed"—rather common-place that. Ah, obsessed, that's a much better word, quite modern and decadent. . . . "By melancholy grief obsessed, My soul is stirred in wild unrest." . . . Good! . . . "And conscious of her countless ills, Seeks solace in." . . . Must alter that. Suggests "digestive pills" as the rhyme. "Ills," "fills," "kills," "hills"—nothing very promising; better try back a bit. "And conscious of unceasing care"—ah, that's it—"Shrinks from the all-monotonous fare." . . . That reminds me, our landlady has given us mackerel for breakfast every day this week. My wife will have to speak about it. . . . Where was I? Oh, yes—"The all-monotonous fare, Of fancied pleasure, false delight, Which charms the vulgar appetite." . . . Old JOHNSON gave

us a really first-class dinner last night. Wonder if he'd let me have the recipe for that curry? . . . "For her avails no remedy But some mysterious harmony." There's another German band! That's the worst of these seaside places; you get this con-founded music from morning to night. . . . "Soft as the pulsing wave" ("pulsing wave" is excellent!) "which flows." . . . What comes next? Very odd how inspiration seems cut off at the meter half-way through a couplet. However, will look at the sea from the window and observe for myself. . . . TENNYSON'S plan, I believe. . . . "The pulsing wave which flows"—how? Much as usual, as far as I can see. Only feature at present in the foreground is a large-sized woman wringing out bathing garments. Not at all poetic. . . . "The pulsing wave which flows Around the bathing-woman's toes"? That won't do. . . . Better leave that verse for the present. . . . Yes, of course they may go up again. . . . Still, I'm half inclined to sell. Wonder what JONES would advise? . . . Oh, bother those wretched shares, I really must get on with my verses. Another four lines ought to finish them. . . . Let's see. . . . "The fleeting hours go swiftly by, And—something, something"—misery." Only four syllables wanted. Try again. "The fleeting hours." . . . By jove! I promised to play tennis with the BOLTONS at four o'clock, and it's quarter-to now. So no more work to-day, and the *Piccadilly Gazette* will have to wait for its rhymes!

THE CRY OF THE BABIES.

[*"The Newington Vestry has issued a special warning to the mothers of the district to the effect that cheese, beer, and tea are bad for babies."*—*The Globe.*]

First Baby.

WHAT is a poor baby to do?

He'd better by far be a deader,
For this meddling vestry taboo
The pleasures of Stilton and Cheddar.
They say that a diet of cheese
A rational child should eschew—
Was ever such stuff, if you please?

What is a poor baby to do?

Second Baby.

What is a poor baby to quaff?

From my earliest moments I hankered
For the frothy delights of "four-alf"
Served up in a glittering tankard;
And now they would ply me with pap!
What's pap to a fellow of two?
Was ever so luckless a chap?
What is a poor baby to do?

Third Baby.

As for me, I had always a goit
For tea that has simmered for too long,
And dearly I love a good brew
Of the bitter black tannin of Oolong.
But now I am told that they think
Of giving us humanised—ugh!
What stuff for a fellow to drink!
What is a poor baby to do?

Chorus of Babies.

They've stopped our beer, cheese and
tea, too,—
Whatever our appetite tickles;
And when our milk-molars are through,
They'll probably cut off our pickles.
Alas! we are just on the brink
Of cruel starvation—Boohoo!
What are we to eat or to drink?
What are we poor babies to do?



AFTER THE TRIAL.

THE VOICE OF CIVILISATION. "REMEMBER YOUR GLORIOUS PAST, REGARD THE FUTURE, AND ONCE AGAIN MERIT MY ESTEEM."



"HI AIN'T SEEN YER HOUT LATELY WI' YOUR YOUNG LADY, MR. TIMMS."
 'SHE HAIN'T MY YOUNG LADY NO LONGER NOW, MR. JONES. I MARRIED 'ER LAS' SUNDAY."

TEST PAPER IN PERSONAL ATHLETICS.

(Prepared for the Winter Examination according to the latest Scholastic Idea.)

1. GIVE briefly the Rise, Decline and Revival of the Noble Art of Self-defence in England from the time of the Ancient Britons to the close of the nineteenth century.
2. Describe critically the fight between TOM SAYERS and JOHN HEENAN. Why was the latter called the "Benicia Boy"?
3. Summarise the "Queensberry Rules." What is the proper weight of boxing-gloves? Did the Romans use hand-protectors? Give the features of the Arena.
4. What do you know of NAT LANGHAM? Who was BEN CAUNT? Give the biographies of any two champions of the ring who were also men of colour.
5. Explain any three of the following: "Planted one in the bread-basket," "Landed a nasty tap on the konk," "Got his head into chancery," "Rattled his ivories," "Came down smartly on his knowledge-box," "Bunged up his peepers."
6. Who was the founder of *Bell's Life in London*, and what became of him? Trace

the career of the journal from its start to its finish.

7. What is a "Knock Out"? Give examples, with diagrams of the blows required to perform the operation.
8. Who was DOMINIE BIRCH? Why did he prefer singleticks to fists for the settlement of school disputes?
9. What do you know of French boxing? Why is it inferior to the British mode? When may the feet be used in a scrimmage?
10. Give a couple of notable combats described by CHARLES DICKENS. Who was "the Chicken"? Why did he consider it within the resources of science to "double up" Mr. *Dombey*?
11. Give your reasons for believing that boxing is more useful than Greek.
12. Give the weights and ages of the present Head Masters of Eton, Winchester, Westminster, Harrow, Felsted, Rugby, Cheltenham, and Marlborough. Handicap them for a display of lofty fisticuffs.
13. And finally, reveal your opinion on the outcome of the latest Head Masters' Congress, and show that by putting on the gloves you publish your admiration for leather.

THE SUGAR-CANDIED SHEPHERD TO HIS LOVE.

(See "Punch," September 6.)

COME live with me and be my Love,
 And we will all the pleasures prove
 That may be found in Brixton gay,
 Or in attractive Holloway.

There we will find a villa neat,
 With all appliances complete,
 And such a bathroom, h. and c.,
 As was unknown in Arcadie.

Thence of a Sunday morning we'll
 Together issue *en famille*,
 You with our youngest, I, proud Pater,
 Wheeling the twins' perambulator.

To Hampstead Heath we'll wend our way,
 Where we will watch our infants play,
 And, when the star of evening twinkles,
 We will return to tea and winkles,

Or, if my matutinal bus 'll
 Permit the luxury, a mussel.
 If these delights thy mind may move,
 Then live with me and be my Love.

THE POINT OF VIEW.—VIII.

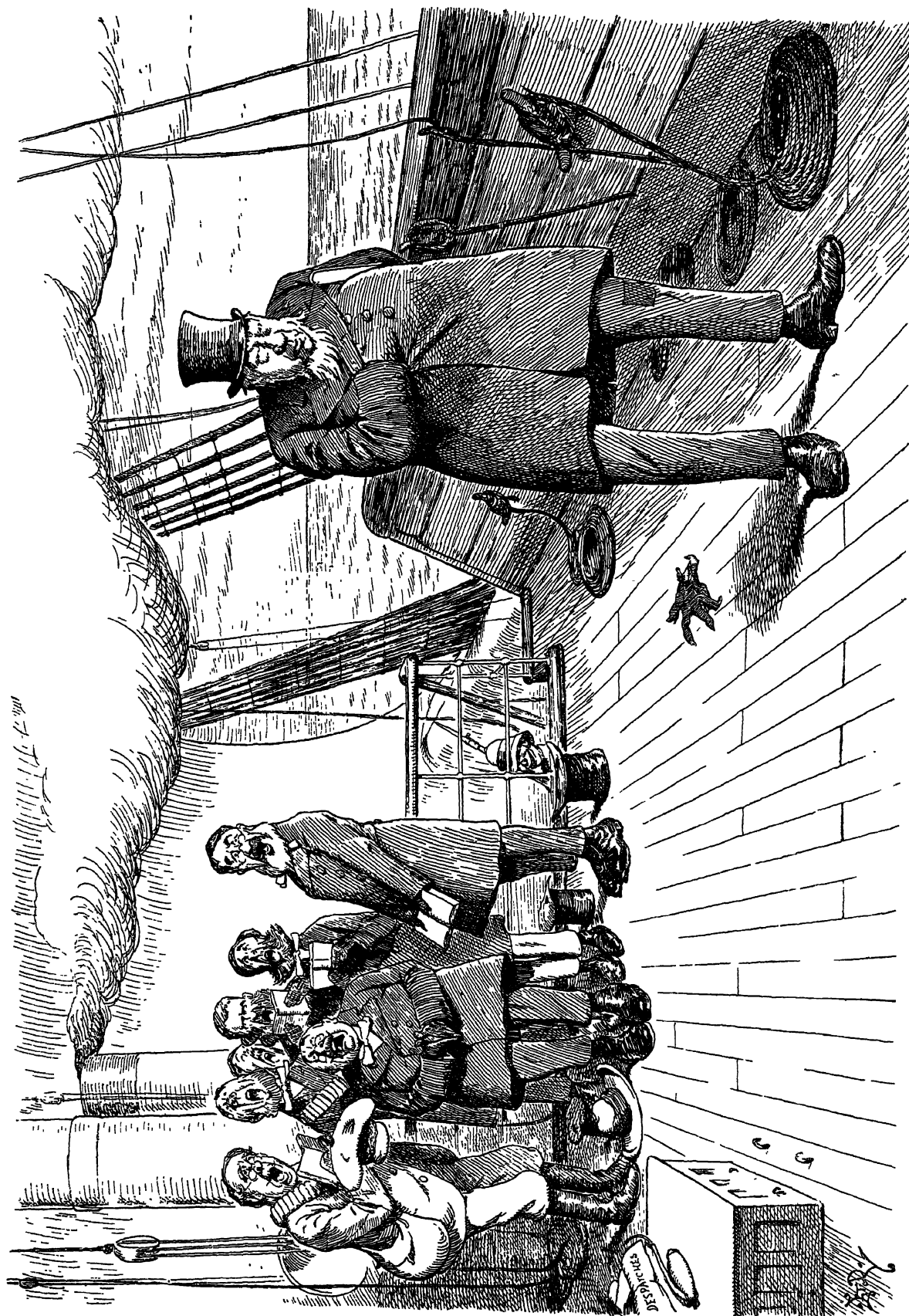
Loch Scrimpy Hotel, N.B.

DEAR MAISTER PUNCH,—I've heerd often enough aboot ye as a kind sort o' buddy, whae puts the warld richt, *when it has gaun wrang*, and I'm thinking to write tae ye, a screed aboot thae feckless critters, the South'ren tourists whae ower-run Auld Scotland at this time o' the year with their *coo-ponds* and their *excursion tuckets*, thinking to tak their pleasures on the cheap. Noo, the hotels in this country are famed for their vera moderate charges. I mysel have had a real good breakfast (they ca' it *dijohnny* now) for no more than five shillings—that's cheap enough. And as for a bed! weel, no one can find faut with half of a sovereign? And yet thae tourists are aye complainin'. Hotel folk in Scotland should have fixed charges throughout. I, for yin, will make free to say that I will cheerfully pay them, *when I find it necessary*, one pound ten shillin's for bed and breakfast and maybe half-a-



croon for a good glass of the cratur, as a settler afterwards. If the hotel folk would all agree to some moderate charge like that, they could think aboot Culloden with equanimity!

Yours most friend-like,
 ALEXANDER MACOWHUSTLE.



UNRECORDED HISTORY.

OOM-PAULSON BOER-NAPARTE ON BOARD THE S.S. "HIGHBURY CASTLE," ON HIS WAY TO ST. JOSEPH, OR SOME OTHER SECLUDED SPOT SELECTED BY THE COLONIAL SECRETARY.
(With humble acknowledgments to Mr. W. Q. Orchardson, R.A.)

AN OPEN LETTER.

DEAR SIR,—It is to your influential columns that I would address myself on a subject which has caused me considerable grievance and annoyance. One Saturday night recently I purposed to dine at a restaurant in the neighbourhood of Piccadilly Circus with a friend. On his recommendation, we chartered a cab at St. James's Park Station, as it appeared well nigh impossible to walk across the Park owing to the crowd and the number of policemen who stood and barred all ways with waving arms. However, we had made no further progress than some hundred yards, when our conveyance was arrested by a minion of the law, and we were forced to get out and walk. Then our difficulties began. Finding all ways barred for no apparent reason, as the voluntary troops were to be met on all sides in small groups, which seemed to argue the end of the review, we were ultimately compelled to steer a circuitous course over Vauxhall Bridge. Making many a detour, we at length debouched upon Brook Green.

Wheeling into Hammersmith we route marched to Piccadilly, where we eventually obtained some food at an advanced hour of the night, hungry, weary, and with ruffled temper. It would appear that on all such occasions, the best plan is to stay indoors until the small hours of the morning, by which time the metropolis may present its usual aspect. Military enthusiasm is one thing. London for the Londoners another. Of the two I prefer the latter. Trusting that I have not encroached too far upon your valuable space, and in the assured belief that you will espouse my cause,

I am, &c.,
AN INDIGNANT CIVILIAN.

P.S.—I was once a Volunteer myself—until they turned me out.

TOO HOT FOR TENNIS.

(Published without the permission of the Clerk of the Weather.)

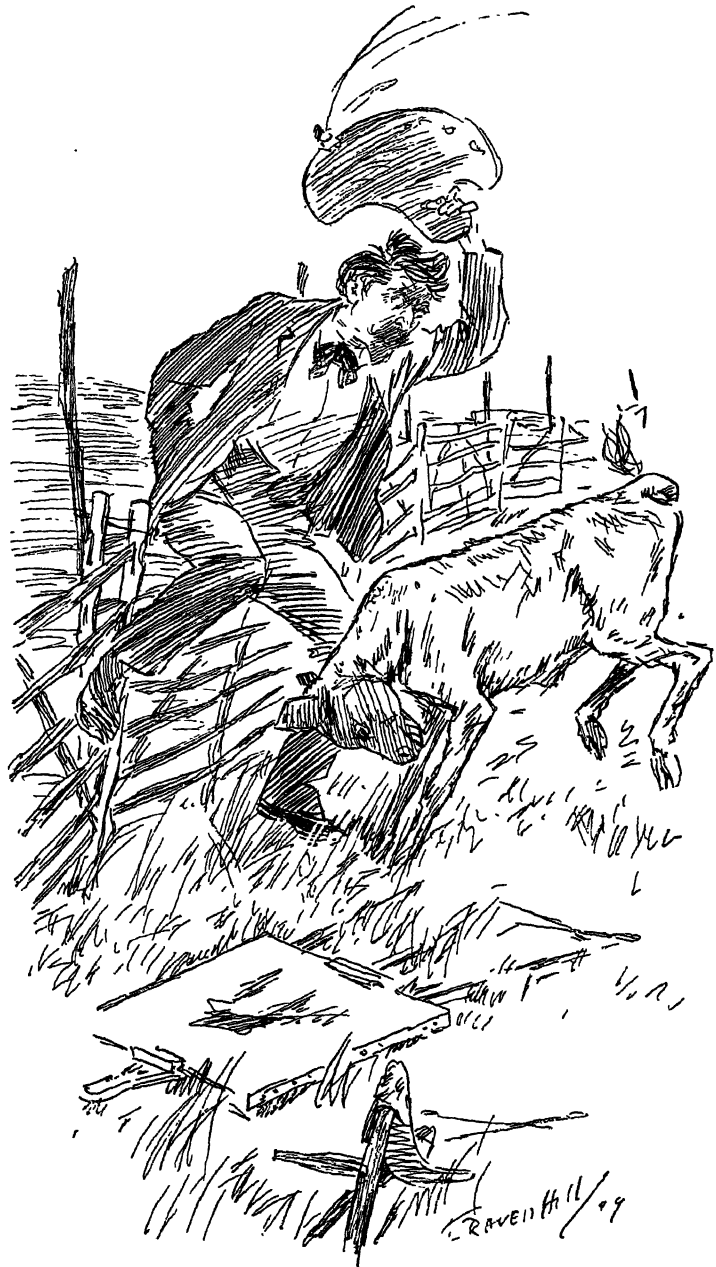
I AM feeling limp and lazy,
And I truthfully can say
That I think you must be crazy
Thus to challenge me to play;
For I sit here and I swelter
On this hot September day;
Though the trees afford some shelter,
I am melting fast away.

Were you in the least discerning—
But it's plain that you are not—
You would see I was not yearning
For a game which makes one hot.
As it is, I'm scorching, burning,
Frizzling in this fiery spot,
And I feel that I am turning
Brown as any Hottentot.

ADVERTISEMENT EXTRAORDINARY.

Read between the Lines.

AUTHOR (of advertisement pamphlets), and his wife, having charming (small and stuffy) house, larger than they require (i.e., larger rent than they can afford to pay), would receive a few (no room for a lot) select (or otherwise) paying guests, literary preferred (occupation of no account). Inferior table; smoke (in any room; electric light (outside); chess, &c. —Address, SCRIBB, Paper Terrace.



A MODEL ANIMAL.

OUR CONSCIENTIOUS ARTIST BUYS A BULL CALF IN ORDER TO STUDY IT THOROUGHLY.
HE IS LEARNING SOMETHING OF ITS WAYS NOW!

LONDON GOLF.

["The London County Council now permit persons to practise golf on Hampstead Heath before 8 A.M. on weekdays. . . . No holes, greens, or artificial bunkers are to be made."—*The Globe*.]

A COCKNEY golfer I,
Complete with knickers flashy,
With bulger, cleek, and mashy,
And caddy, three foot high.

Each morn, ere Phoebus lights
My somewhat dingy attic,
I climb with joy ecstatic
To breezy Hampstead Heights.

And there, till eight has struck,
I drive a record distance,

Hole holes without existence,
And bravely curse my luck.

For hazards, casual sheep
Provide me bunkers sporty,
And men, too old at forty
Who have no room to sleep.

No trim-kept greens there are,
But I with wily putter
Negotiate the gutter
That guards the "Spaniards" bar.

Who will may prate of Leith,
St. Andrews, Hoylake, Reigate—
Give me the links of Highgate
And breezy Hampstead Heath!



COMPENSATION.

Emily Maud. "WELL, I MAYN'T BE 'AN'SOME, BUT I HAM GOOD!"

BOOK-TEAFIGHTING.

Worzelhurst, Sept. 16, 1899.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—Who says that there is a slump in literature during the holiday season? If any one can be found to maintain that there is at present no demand for books (or at any rate the titles of them), let him come down south, and he will become a far-gone bibliomaniac in ten minutes. I cannot answer for any other part of the country, but here, at any rate, "Book Teas" are the prevalent mania. The epidemic spares neither sex nor age. I should like to describe the symptoms briefly, for the benefit of those who have not yet been attacked.

The surest indication of an impending fit of "bookteatitis" is an insatiable thirst for library catalogues. MUDIE'S is of course preferred, but a Civil Service list will do. I have even seen a second-hand dealer's circular devoured, in the hope of obtaining the desired relief. Having obtained, at all costs, the coveted stimulant, the patient usually retires to a secluded corner, to digest it and ruminate there-over for several hours at a stretch. Sooner or later, a crisis should occur, showing that the catalogue has achieved its purpose. This, it should be explained, is purely mental, and consists in the discovery of the name of some fairly well-known book, for the sufferer to adopt and wear as a label, more or less cunningly (and punningly) depicted on his or her person at the general orgie. If the consumption of the book-list produce no result, the patient lapses into a state of profound depression or else acute delirium, according to temperament, until the invariable gathering supervenes.

Last Monday was an occasion of the kind, when the malady reached its acme. Your correspondent, who had not escaped the infection, had to go to a country house some nine miles off, to meet and compare notes with thirty or forty other "cases." On arriving, we found them grouped under some trees in the garden, all duly numbered and labelled. They were fairly quiet, considering the gravity of the complaint, and were busy enquiring after, and indeed guessing at, the precise nature of each other's symptoms. No introduction was required. The common bond of sympathy entitled Mr. JONES to walk up to, and inspect closely, Misses SMITH, BROWN, and ROBINSON in turn, though they were perfect strangers to him. Nor were the ladies any more backward in diagnosing the labels of the gentlemen. In fact, they were required and expected to do so. Thus does human suffering produce a beautiful fellow-feeling, and benefits after all accrue to the community. And further, prizes were awarded to the patients whose symptoms were most aptly pictured, or who guessed most of them. As far as I remember, these went to a gentleman who wore the letters "S A" (i.e., "Essay on Man"), and to a lady who was labelled "Kitty's Ma," that is, the cat's mother—"She." There were also two pigs climbing up fences (or BACON'S Essays), a piece of string All of a Twist, a Seven C's, a Burnt Million cheque, with Edged Tools, and Many other Inventions. The cases at length dispersed, doubtless to await another access of the epidemic. Perhaps, however, all the book-catalogues are exhausted by now, and the microbes will develop Play Lunches or Song Suppers. Yours, recovering, EKSZYED.

TO BLACKGANG CHINE AND BACK.

A DAY FROM MY DIARY.

DROVE to Blackgang Chine in a private wagonette. Saw a dog on the way. Impromptu conundrum, When is a dog's tail like a vehicle? When he's a waggin' it (wagonette). The rest of the party wanted to get out and walk. Promised not to do it again.

Arrived at the Chine, found the bazaar closed—Sunday; on week-days you have to purchase an article of the value of sixpence or over to see the Chine.

Not allowed to see the whale or to go into the bazaar on Sunday, but charged us sixpence a head to walk down the Chine, without giving us an article from the bazaar. Isle of Wight natives are strict Sabbatarians.

Walked down Chine. Very hot, nothing to see. Had to walk up again; would gladly have given a shilling not to have walked down Chine. Took the shine out of us.

Went to hotel. Isle of Wight hotels charge exorbitant prices for tea; had before, never no more. Asked their prices for tea. Landlady contemptuously referred us to tariff. Tea and bread and butter sixpence per head. Very good, very reasonable; ordered tea for six. Served in garden overlooking sea, very pleasant; time to be off.

Waiter brought bill. Tea for six, four and six. Asked him to explain how tea for six at sixpence per head comes to four and six. Waiter obliges: threepence per head extra for having it served in garden—no extra charge for use of plates, cups, and saucers. See quite clearly. Beautiful weather, charming view. Every thing first-rate. Tea sixpence. Pleasing surroundings threepence. Cheap at the price. Nature worth the extra coppers. Quite the old notion of a bargain. Delicious prospect—with a cup of tea! Both good, and ninepence the pair!

Isle of Wight natives have peculiar ways of reckoning. Thus eggs at three halfpence each are sold at seven for a shilling; the crab-man sells small lobsters at sixpence each and is indignant because we will not buy three for two shillings; and the bathing man charges fourpence each for two people using one machine, and sells double tickets for five shillings a dozen. Very funny.

TO A HARDY ANNUAL.

VOICE of the stars, to you we turn,
Now fleeting Summer wanes once more,
With keen anxiety to learn
The portents next year has in store.

Lo! as we read, the future lies
In awful nakedness outspread;
Its inmost secrets meet the eye
Astart to scan its mysteries dread.

We learn with wonder what shall be:
How "startling news shall come by cable,"
How "vessels will be lost at sea,"
And France's fortunes prove unstable.

How (possibly) foolhardy men
The North Pole will attempt to reach,
And how the KAISER now and then
(The stars declare) may make a speech.

Cold winds for March you prophesy,
For January frosts severe;
And that in August (or July)
The great sea-serpent will appear.

That flies in Summer will abound,
And rents fall due on quarter day,
And a glad birthday will come round
About the 24th of May.

And nineteen hundred's mystery
Predicted by the stars to men—
That, if not wiser, we shall be
At least a twelvemonth older then.

ECHOES FROM A SERVICE CLUB.—Q. How about the future of the Empire? A. Splendid! Say they're putting on a new ballet at Christmas!



BUGGLES WITH THE DEVON AND SOMERSET. No. 2.

HE ENCOUNTERS A "COOMB," AND WONDERS IF IT IS SOFT AT THE BOTTOM.

THE WALRUS AND THE CARPENTER.

(Latest Version.)

["Professors HERDMAN and BOYER, after three years' study, have decided that oysters cannot have typhoid fever. Even if the bacilli of that disease get inside they not only do not increase, but are got rid of in a few days. . . . The oysters taken from some of the rivers on the Essex coast are above suspicion."]

The Walrus and the Carpenter
Were walking by the sea,
They wept like anything to think
That folks should disagree—
Some saying oysters were not yet
From all infection free.

"O Oysters, come and walk with us,"
The Carpenter besought,

"For it appears that you, my dears,
Were never what we thought;
We fancied you had typhoid germs,
But now we're better taught."

The eldest Oyster looked at him,
And gave a cunning leer,
The eldest Oyster stroked his beard
The while he seemed to sneer,
And put his fingers to his nose
As if to say, "No fear!"

The Walrus and the Carpenter
Walked on a mile at least
Until they came to Colchester,
And there they had a feast.
"It's all right," said the Carpenter,
"No danger in the least."

"I only wish," the Walrus said,
"That we had known before

That oysters were innocuous
When eaten by the shore.
'Tis only those which come from shops
That purchasers deplore."

"O Oysters," said the Carpenter,
"This is a pleasant spot,
But now the hour is getting late,
So shall we homeward trot?"
But no one answered him because
They'd eaten all the lot.

THE POINT OF VIEW.—No. IX.

Puddleton-on-Sea, Sept. 23.
DEAR MR. PUNCH,—For some time past I have been allowing ladies and gentlemen to share the comforts of my modest little home—as paying guests—at a purely nominal fee. I do not speak of those low persons who let lodgings, but I think you will admit that the BRITISH BOARDING HOUSE is a National Institution, and should be jealously guarded as such. Now Sir, the ridiculous luxury permitted at those huge and vulgar hotels (which spring up everywhere) is ruining the harmony of many of our quiet homes. Boarders now turn up their noses all day long, and ring their bells at all hours, as if they had a right to do so. They must have their boots cleaned every morning before breakfast if you please! In my time one clean towel per week was considered ample, and as to second helpings at table and afternoon tea and all those other wicked extravagances, they were never heard of. When the bill comes in, each "extra" is contested. Why, Sir, I have heard a person, who posed for gentleman, decline to pay a beggarly 4s. 6d. extra per week for his bicycle! and as to 5s. for boots, he wouldn't hear of it, although he wore both brown and black ones every day! "Ladies and gentlemen," indeed!—I would recommend them to go upon the rates at once



and not take the bread out of the mouths
of respectable people who work their
knuckles bare for nothing a year.

I am, dear Mr. Punch,
ONE WHO IS ALWAYS ABOVE BOARD.

THE FAVOURITE FLOWER OF THE FOR-
TUNE-HUNTER.—Marigold.



BACK TO BUSINESS.

Madame La République. "NOW THAT THE AFFAIRE IS DISPOSED OF, THE FORT SURRENDERED, AND REBELS IN CUSTODY I CAN DEVOTE MYSELF TO THE EXHIBITION!"

MORE LITTLE DRIVES IN IRELAND.

LOOKING out very early from my room in the excellent Shelbourne Hotel at Dublin, I perceive a grey sky and drizzling rain over St. Stephen's Green. Very unpromising for a picnic. My Irish friends told me to bring a macintosh. Shall also take an umbrella, though that seems quite unusual for a man in this country. Wish I had two umbrellas. Nothing like having a change of clothes, or umbrellas. Imagine picnics in this climate! Shall probably wish myself back again, enjoying a hot luncheon in the comfortable coffee-room of the Shelbourne, and indifferent to the weather outside.

However, I start, and meet my friends at the station. Kind, hospitable Irish friends! They have brought two extra waterproofs, of prodigious thickness, for me. Directly we start the weather becomes brilliantly fine and hot, and throughout the livelong day I, a small man, have to carry those two massive waterproofs, my own coat, and the light cloaks of the two ladies at every change of train and car. Kind, hospitable Irish friends! But it is warm work.

For the first time I appreciate the charms of riding on an Irish car with a lover of horses, who does all he can to save fatigue to the nice little mare in this hired conveyance. Our return journey is on a sort of switchback road. To walk uphill for the sake of a horse seems to me natural enough. The ladies do this. But the Irish car weighs down the horse when descending, so my friend and I have to walk downhill. Happily no one suggests that it would help the mare if I carried those immense waterproofs. When there is a slight rise we all sit forward; when there is a slight descent we hang over the back. As the road is never level we are in constant movement. For nice healthy exercise, probably almost as good as polo, I can recommend such a ride on an Irish car. Walking is nothing to it.

In this manner we reached Drogheda station, just in time for the train to Dublin. But it has been delayed in starting from Belfast, so the authorities, noticing a spare train hanging about, have despatched the latter to Dublin five minutes before the advertised time. Of course we could not catch that, but we catch the real train half an hour later, and, in spite of my fears that these happy-go-lucky people may send this train to Cork or to Galway, we ultimately arrive in Dublin, and go on southwards. The house of my kind, hospitable friends soon shelters me more comfortably than their wraps.

It is said that the car drivers of Dublin are never satisfied. One day I take a little drive in Phoenix Park. The fare by time is two shillings, by distance three, or less. I give the civil driver three, and an extra shilling as a tip. He accepts them, and thanks me, but before doing so he makes the requisite protest, at which he himself smiles. With a twinkle in his eye he says, "Taht's forr te carr, Sorr, but fwat's forr meself?"

My last drive is spoilt by whiskey. I have rambled about in four counties, and all the round towers I have seen have been square. I resolve to visit Glendalough. At the nearest station I encounter a lady and her husband who have come by the same train. We are going to the same place, and we agree to share a car. We choose the neatest one, with a good horse.



OVERHEARD AT A COUNTRY FAIR.

"'ERE Y' ARE! ALL THE JOLLY FUN! LIDIES' TORMENTORS TWO A PENNY!"

The driver's face is red, but most drivers' faces are. We start. He civilly asks permission to stop at the inn for "foive minutes, if it would not be inconvenient to ye at all." We suppose that he has to take some parcel or message, and we willingly agree. In less than three minutes he comes out and drives on. It rains steadily. When we are well on the road we perceive that he is drunk. At times he leans against the lady, at times against me. He converses affably, but incoherently. In this fashion we cover the distance to Glendalough in an hour and a half. Then we rise up in protest, and solemnly warn him that if he becomes

more intoxicated he will lose his passengers and his fare, even if we have to walk back.

At the time appointed for our return the car is ready, but the driver is not. I find him in the bar, looking with a feeble smile at a glass of neat whiskey. When I have poured this on the floor he yields to my energetic remonstrances, and drives us safely back, protesting all the way against our unwillingness to join him in song and conversation. I especially incur his reproaches, not for wasting his whiskey, for he laughs at that, but for saying little. "Bedad," says he, "this misterr man is the most soilent man oi iver saw."

ROBINSON THE ROVER.



AN IMPORTANT DETAIL.

Our latest Millionaire (to Gillie, who has brought him within close range of the finest Stag in the forest). "I SAY, MAC, CONFOUND IT ALL, WHICH EYE DO YOU USE?"

HOW I KILLED MY HALF-BRACE.

YES, it was by a process of elimination that I discovered that my talents lay in the direction of a sedentary life. No, not precisely a *reductio ad absurdum*; rather, a survival of the fittest. Take, for example, the experience which determined me against adopting the career of a sportsman. I chanced to be wandering in Devonshire in pursuit of refreshment for the mental faculties when I encountered an old schoolfellow, who insisted on my putting in a few days at his father's neighbouring place. To his frank cordiality I responded in the same spirit, without *arrière pensée*.

The charm of my reception into the bosom of a very pleasant house-party lost something of its early bloom in consequence of the topic of after-dinner conversation. This turned upon the morrow's shoot. It was a happy chance, they said, that I had arrived on that evening of all others, for the next day's beat (a term which at first escaped my intelligence) was one of the best, and they wanted an extra gun to make a goodish bag. I protested, with well-feigned regret, that I did not happen to have one of these implements about me, disguising the fact that I had never possessed anything of the kind. That would be all right, my friend said, as he happened to have a brand-new pair of guns and would only be using one of them, as the shoot was to be over dogs (why "over"? I could not imagine at the time, but found out later that there is hardly room underneath). The twin, he said, would fit me like a glove. I replied that I wanted words to express the keenness of my grateful anticipations.

The truth was that, with the exception of a few kitchen-beetles, and a brace or so of blue-bottles (I suppose the latter do not strictly come under the head of game), I had as yet killed no living thing. However, I assumed the air of a man of blood, though secretly I was glad enough that, with the prospect of war in the Transvaal, I had not affected a military career.

My sleep was marred by restive dreams; and when the morning broke, I longed, like SHELLEY, for the return of the spacious night. I breakfasted without gusto; and I remember to have shivered slightly when the gun was placed in my hands. While its excellent qualities of balance and precision were freely

dwelt upon by my friend, no sort of explanation was offered of its actual mechanism. It is true that I was asked if I had accustomed myself to the habits of a single trigger, to which I replied that I never used any other kind. But the light thrown upon the general action of the instrument was inadequate. I know nothing that is more unnerving to a sensitive temperament than to be left to unravel the secret properties of a lethal weapon without professional assistance.

As I emerged from the first hedge—one of those deadly Devonshire structures which lacerate the skin beyond recognition—my piece inadvertently exploded. This passed, however, for a failure to secure a rabbit evidently disturbed by the detonation. The first field we drew blank, as I think the phrase is; but in the middle of the second, as the whole line, which included some nice-looking women, whose respect I wanted to win, moved forward in a silence in which you could have heard the smallest gun explode, a solitary bird rose within four feet of me. After my first discharge it still proceeded, followed by an ill-bred dog. My second shot, which was separated from my first by the space of three seconds—which is far too long, as I am told—was succeeded by a piercing howl. This could not well have issued from the bird, which flew unscathed into the Ewigkeit; but I observed after this that the dog's curiosity was less markedly prurient. At luncheon-time—to pass over a comparatively uneventful interval—I drank whisky in preference to beer, as being better for the eye-sight. I foresaw, indeed, that if I was to contribute to the day's bag I must be up and doing. A certain coldness in the bearing of the party towards me I attributed to that kind of brutality which is the common result of field sports.

One thing that I had already noticed was that the single birds which got up just under my nose paid little or no attention to my attack; whereas, on the other hand, when a large collection of them rose into the air, and one or two fell at the very moment when I let off my gun, I was not credited with the *coup de grâce*. At any rate the keeper would pointedly say to one or other of my neighbours, "I think a bird fell to you here, Sir;" or, "Yes, Sir, I have gathered your brace."

I also omitted to say that just before luncheon a stupid beater, or one of his class, had got in my way, and received an

inconsiderable number of pellets in his calf. I learned that there is a recognised tariff for this kind of thing; so much up to the knee; so much more for the thigh; and so on, up to four figures for the complete destruction of the vision, and rather more for the widow in the event of victim's decease. I compensated the man very generously for his trivial puncture the same evening.

In the afternoon I was struck by a change of tactics on the part of my host. I was constantly requested to walk in adjoining fields with beetling hedges intervening. Here, I was told, I should be sure to get some pretty driving shots. But what with the wind, and the unusual activity of birds arriving from the next field, I found it extremely difficult even to get my gun in the right position for perforating them before they had placed some hundred yards between themselves and immediate risk.

Fortune, however, favoured me just before the close of operations. An exceptionally swift partridge swung down the wind over the field of which I held the lonely command. Eluding both my shots, which I made the mistake of directing as if at a stationary object, it flew carelessly against a telegraph wire and fell stunned. Reloading with a rapidity which I had painfully attained since the morning, I advanced to within two-and-a-half yards of the object. His fluttering proved that breath was not yet extinct, though but little hope could be held out of his ultimate recovery, even if my hostile attitude were not taken into account. Drawing a deliberate bead upon him I discharged both barrels. I am as certain as one can be of anything connected with a gun that the second shot touched him. I now closed with my prey; but before describing his last moments, I am free to say that the spectacle of suffering in a speechless brute always unmans me; yet, through a certain physical refinement, I shrank from putting him out of his misery by the application of my bare hand. Accordingly, half turning my eyes away, I struck him a few severe blows with the muzzle (or is it called the stock?) of my gun. The dying bird chanced to be leaning against a small boulder which his body partially obscured. In the result, with the final stroke that extinguished the bird, I fractured my borrowed weapon somewhere about its middle. This unfortunate *contretemps* had the effect of blunting the edge of my joy as a sportsman who has attained.

Being, I hope, a gentleman, I did not care to blast the character of the head-keeper by attributing the accident to his clumsiness. It would have been easy for me to allege that he had let the thing drop in handing it to me through one of those dangerous hedges. I preferred to say that the fracture was due to the ignition of a defective cartridge. From the way in which this story was received I doubt if the other version, of which I was too honourable to avail myself, would have met with a readier credence. I had not time to put this question to the test, as I left hurriedly the same evening, being summoned away by a telegram which I directed to myself.

It was shortly after this that I adopted a sedentary career.

"HEARTS ARE TRUMPS" AT DRURY LANE.

(Chats between the Acts.)

REALLY uncommonly good. Scenery excellent, and dialogue smooth and crisp. Plot not very intelligible—but what does that matter?

Quite so. Rather strange a lady should not know that her husband had not died a convict. Of course it was rumoured he had gone to Australia. And why should he go to Australia if he weren't a convict?

Certainly, but then most respectable people live in Australia nowadays. Fancy the lady a little cranky. Why pretend to be single when she had a husband and a daughter? And how did she come to be living in a palatial country-house, and playing baccarat, under the patronage of the local parson?

Doesn't matter much. And new sort of millionaire. Quaint idea to come from Australia with untold gold ready to ruin any one connected with a brother dead for many years. Odd sort of amusement. But scenery and acting excellent. Certainly excellent.

(A Pause.)

I never knew that they put the band in the glass-house at the Botanical Gardens. And why was the crowd listening so intently to the music?

Why, of course, to *The Lost Chord*. A novelty, and always popular. And so convenient of the crowd not to interfere with the dialogue in front. What room was that in the Royal Academy?



HEARD IN NORFOLK.

Cyclist. "HOW FAR IS IT TO WROXFORD?"

Yokel. "WELL, I RECKON HIT'S 'BOUT TWO WHOOPS."

Cyclist. "TWO WHAT?"

Yokel (taking this as challenging his veracity). "PERHAPS IT MAY BE SOME FURDER." (*Reflectively.*) "BUT I'LL OWN HIT AIN'T MORE 'N TWO WHOOPS AN' A HOLLER."

Couldn't quite make out, but one looking into the Central Hall. Not entirely pleasant that picture incident. To show a nude portrait of an actual performer seems slightly superfluous.

Yes. But heroine's speech to the private viewers remarkably well delivered. Strange occasion, however, for acknowledging her daughter—especially when her marriage had been a secret one. But for all that very amusing, and not in the least boring.

(A Pause.)

How little one cares for the plot of a melodrama when you get into the swing of it. Wasn't the Stage of the Frivolity Music Hall well done?

Capital! And excellent idea the introduction of a biograph, although that reproduction of a compromising situation has been used before. But, take it all round, quite amusing.

Miss BEATRICE FERRAR excellent as *Maude St. Trevor*. Distinctly. Miss VIOLET VANBRUGH very good.

Scenery, dialogue, dresses, and acting all that could be desired.

Certainly. Quite worth coming to see—even twice.

(A Pause.)

Remarkably like an avalanche. Only the rumbling noise required to make it life-, or rather death-like. And what an admirably contrived accident! The plot a little complicated.

Oh, who cares for the plot? And, if it comes to that, it is as good as any other.

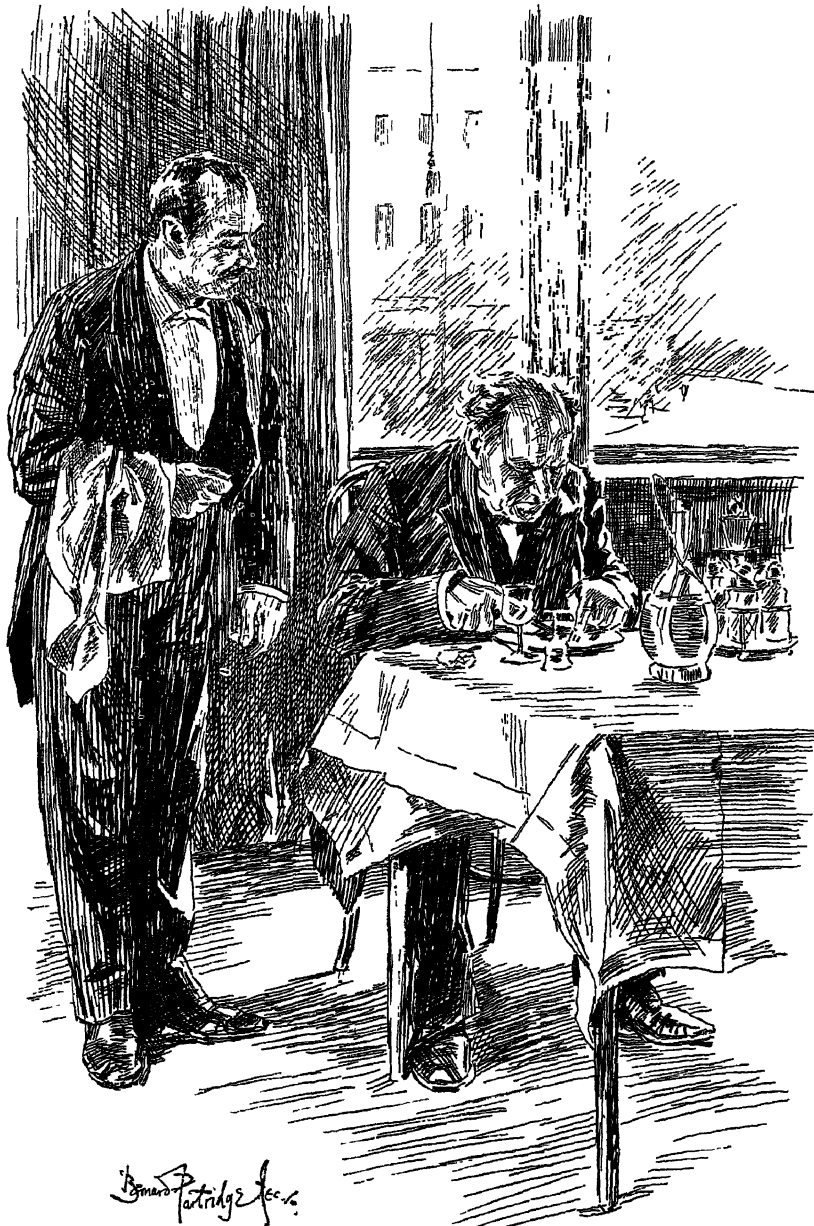
I suppose so. Have had nearly four hours of it, and not bored! Wonderful! Quite up to the form of poor dear DRUMOLANUS. Author and producer are to be congratulated.

[Carried *nem. con.*

As plays go, much above the average.

[*Exeunt Stalls, Boxes, and Pit.*
Don't grudge coming here from the suburbs to see it.

[*Exeunt Dress and Upper Circles.*
Fust rite! [*Exeunt the Gods.*



Customer. "WAITER,—WHAT IS THIS?"

Waiter. "PARTRITCH, SAIR. KVITE FRAISH. CAUGHT DIS MORNIN'!"

GAMMON AND CO.

(By the Author of "Bobo," "The Booby Gone," &c.)

CHAPTER I.

"It's a fine day," said Lady HASLEMERE rather wearily. "Somehow or other, KIT, I hate a fine day—but I loathe a wet one." "There isn't any of either," KIT replied. "Have some more tea? Tea is suburban pathos in solution. Or some whiskey? Whiskey—I forget what whiskey is. Most people only remember what it isn't. Anyhow, you'd better have a drink of some sort, because I'm going to be brilliant and paradoxical for several pages, and you've got to listen to me."

"Oh, indeed," ejaculated Lady HASLEMERE in dismay. "But I thought that Dodo—"

"Was extinct? Of course. The hallmark of the extinct is vitality. Only dead things are alive. I carry on the business, you see. And you, you dear old darling,"—she flung the toast-rack to the ceiling in a kind of ecstasy—"you've got to sit and hear me sparkle. None hear so well as those who are deaf. Quite simple, after all—I invert the obvious, and you try to obviate the inversion. Here's an illustration—Heads!"

"Indeed," said Lady HASLEMERE (dodging the tea-pot, which went with a crash through the window), "and is this kind of thing going on long?"

"Oh, on and off—especially on—for 400 pages or so. We'll have some incident presently—a little gamble, with no fair play and lots of favour. Every one cheats nowadays—except dustmen and arch-

deacons. I'm a nailer at the three-card trick. Or will you toss me for sixpence? I've got a halfpenny here that I call Mr. SKRIBBLER, after the novelist."

"Why?"

"Because it's got two tails," giggled KIT. "So has he—only two, poor man! And he uses them alternately in his fifty volumes. Isn't it strange? But so long as I have this halfpenny at least I possess a coign of vantage!"

"Don't, dear," said Lady HASLEMERE, soothingly. "Please don't go on like that—it must be such a strain."

"It is," said KIT, "but I know my duty to my readers. Let's talk of something else. Have another crumpet. Don't you love crumbling crumpets? I do; they are so thick and squab and heavy—just like the atmosphere in the Underground Railway. My husband loathes them. Antipathy is the basis of affection. Love is the parody of a simulated dislike. But he's a good chap, and he shall have a good chapter—later on, when I've done talking. I shall have to go and undress for dinner directly—and I must wear ruddy, royal rubies because there's a man coming to dine—he's something in the City and nothing anywhere else. Finance is the forfeit of fortune—or else fortune is the forfeit of finance—I forget which, and if things were otherwise they might be different. But just think of a dear, delicious world where the otherwise wasn't different, but always exactly the same!"

Lady HASLEMERE pressed her hands to her forehead. "Isn't that a little mixed?" she murmured.

"Yes, it's a little mixture—readers cry for it! Never mind, we've got to the end of a chapter, and that's something. Now we'll have five minutes' sliding down the banisters to work off the effects. Come along, you old darling!"

[End of Chapter I.—and perhaps our readers may prefer to imagine the others!]

AN ADDRESS TO A SPORTSMAN.

WITH the Yankee to fight
For the cup he won from us,
Go, champion and knight,
Redoubted Sir THOMAS.

Take heart, never fear,
With fortitude nerve it,
When once the cup's here
Trust you to preserve it!

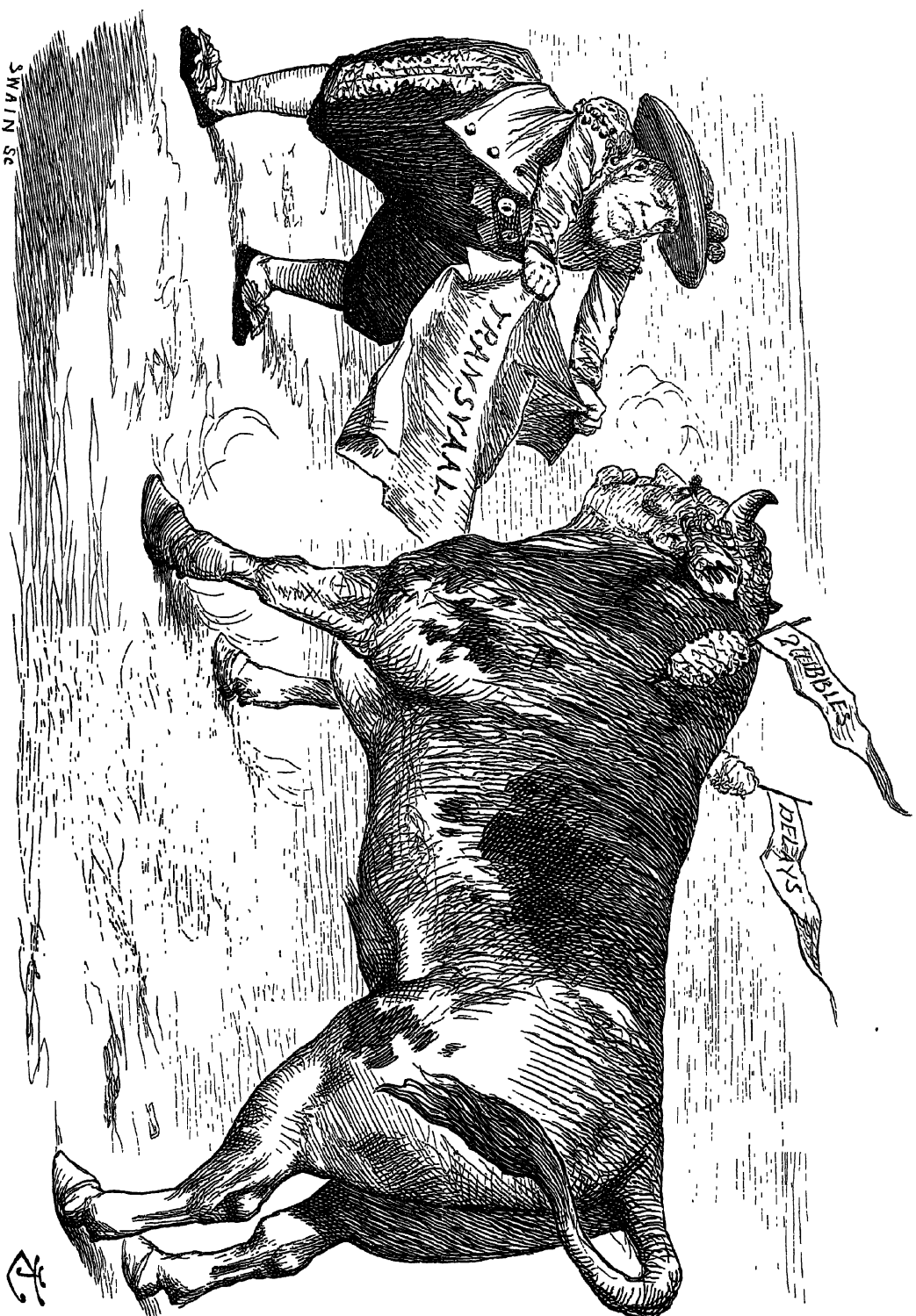
In a skipper's "get up"—
To a T, spruce and dapper—
Cry "Charge! for the cup!"
(No charge for the wrapper.)

While tempests the yacht
Of your foe Uncle SAM rock,
May it founder on what
It scorns for a sham rock.

Yet the best yacht may trip
That skipper e'er skipped on;
And there's many a slip
'Twixt the cup and the LIPTON.

TOPER-CAL TOPIC.—A country journal says that experiments are being made to make whiskey from hops. Of course, the new liquor, if the experiments succeed, will be styled Hop-Scotch.

QUESTION OF THE HOUR.—What's the time?



ALL A TOSS-UP.



Bobbie (whose Egg has been under-boiled by the new Cook). "OH DEAR ME! HERE'S A MESS! NURSE, I WISH YOU'D BE SO DOOD AS TO TELL COOK NOT TO FILL MY EGG SO FULL ANOTHER MORNING!"

THE NEW CHARGER.

(By Z. Y. X.)

[Bus-horses have been requisitioned by the Government for service in South Africa.]

RIDE a 'bus-horse
To the far Southern Cross,
Says the War Office,
For mounts at a loss;
With wrings on his withers
And balls from his foes,
He 'll face the music wherever he goes!

"Gen'ral" and Road-Car
No more will he pull,
With a van-load of passengers
Crammed to the full;
But a bellicose mien
The new charger assumes,
As he bears in the van a full Gen'ral in
plumes!

See, ev'ry day,
Without any fuss,
"Copenhagens" in posse
Are hauling each 'bus!
And Whitechapel mokes
Will next form a corps
With the Mounted Marines, and be off to
the war!

A SUBJECT.

PRINCESS, I asked you on a day
When my poor Muse was cold or coy,
To name some subject for a lay
Which might your poet's pen employ.

For I was tired of writing odes
Concerning "cabbages and kings,"
Of singing love and golf and modes,
And half a hundred common things.

I hoped a theme I thus should find,
(I muttered, "Now we sha'n't be long!")
The royal treasures of your mind
I thought to coin into my song.

But no! You "put the question by,"
And bade me plough my mental sand,
Although you had, you can't deny,
A subject, so to speak, at hand.

A subject dear (I hope) to you,
Dear to myself, in some degree,
A humble "subject," it is true,
Princess, you ever have in—Me!

PROPHETIC SERIES SHOWING A GENTLEMAN TAKING A LITTLE FRESH (?) AIR IN H'S TOP GARDEN.



10.45 A.M.

10.50 A.M.

10.55 A.M.

11 A.M.

[The Daily Mail draws attention to the "possibilities of roof gardens for London."]



THE OOM-POLLO BELVEDERE.

DESIGN FOR A STATUE TO BE PRESENTED IN DUPLICATE TO THE CONSTITUENCIES OF WEST MONMOUTH AND MONTROSE.

PARIS EN VACANCE.

I SHOULD not, of my own free will, have chosen Paris for a short stay at any time within the last two months when it was reported the French everywhere were either Dreyfusites or Anti-Dreyfusites, and, whether of either party or of none (were that possible), all Frenchmen were violently anti-English. Did not an old woman at Boulogne throw vitriol over some blameless English excursionists? Was it not then highly probable that we, a small party of four, might become scape-goats, forced to suffer for the crime of our nationality, even though, as regarded "l'affaire Dreyfus," we professed no opinion, one way or the other, and, apparently, were simply English Gallios "caring for none of these things"? Should we be refused at hotels, neglected at restaurants, assaulted in the streets? No matter! Being compelled to go, we went! And the result? Was there nothing but DREYFUS in the air? When we arrived he had not yet been pardoned. Was there excitement everywhere? Were we, as English, unwelcome? Not a bit of it. Paris was, comparatively, empty; the Summer season was not yet finished; and preparations for the Winter season were being commenced. Most of the theatres were closed; the Opera was open in a shy and bashful sort of way, and could not have been doing much business. There were plenty of Provincials in Paris: *chapeaux de forme* were not *de rigueur*: soft hats, "billycocks," and straws clearly indicated the way the vacation wind was blowing; while any variety in head-gear and tourist suits, by day and night, showed the veritable Parisians conspicuous by their absence.

I went by steamer on the Seine, where all the conversation was of the coming Exhibition. Wonderful palaces for royalties are being erected along the banks, and the show of "Old Paris" will evidently be one of the Exposition's most attractive sights.

Was there any doubt expressed as to its success? Not a bit. The man in the street, the men in the boats, all talked of it; and not a single syllable about DREYFUS did I catch at any time during the day, except when the shrieking brotherhood of newspaper sellers was let loose on the streets at the hours of various editions, on which occasions there was just as much noise as would have been made about "winners," only there was no excitement, and consequently rather fewer purchasers than when persons of all classes "had a bit" on some favourite for the Grand Prix or any other important race. We, that is two of our party, and sometimes the four of us, walked, drove, breakfasted and dined at various restaurants, and with the solitary exception of an itinerant vendor of papers, who exhibited in front of the Café de la Paix a scandalously blasphemous caricature à propos of DREYFUS (for which artist, publisher, engraver, and seller ought all to have been heavily fined and sentenced to six months with hard labour in proportion to their responsibility), we, with eyes wide open and ears on the alert, neither saw one single sign, nor heard one single remark, about the case which, on the strength of our own newspapers at home, we had been led to believe would be the one absorbing topic everywhere in France and, above all, in Paris.

At luncheon-time did the Stock Exchange men talk about it? Did they allude to it on the Place de la Bourse, which was just then about the only crowded spot in Paris? No: they were full of stocks and shares and ventures, and of their own and everybody else's business; but where was "l'affaire Dreyfus"? *Chose jugée*. And yet we were all waiting for the pardon, the news of which was not in Paris on Wednesday last. And then what happened? Nothing. The world, that is, the Parisian world, went on the same as before, as, for the matter of that, did every other world.

At that best of all possible restaurants, NOËL PETERS, where, for many years past, when visiting Paris, have we invariably dined as frequently as possible, and recommended others to do likewise, was ought to be heard of any Dreyfus discussion? Not one word. We "did get a-talking" about a *touriquet* as applied to a *canard sauvage* (an excellent dish, known to most of us, no doubt); but this is the only "canard" we heard of, and that, as you see, wasn't about DREYFUS. This wild duck is something to look forward to, as it will not be ready for us until November, at which date we have a special appointment with the head-waiter *chez Noël Peters* (when, in fact, we shall be nearing *la fête de Noël*), who undertakes to give us a lecture on the subject, illustrated with "cuts," and he is to discourse learnedly on the proper cooking, saucing, and serving of the very wildest duck, when out of its wild state and "dressed" in a highly civilized manner.

As the head-waiter pleasantly expatiates on the beauties of the bird, we are forcibly struck by the strong resemblance in face and in action he bears to a certain popular London medical man, who also lectures, but not on so generally an interesting theme as the anatomy and proper dissection of a perfectly-cooked wild duck.

We then have a chat with our friend the manager, who looks after the comfort of his patrons. To this gentleman we once upon a time were especially beholden. Arriving late, when the very last two diners were on the point of departing, and when the waiters were all sitting down to their well-earned supper, and the *dame de comptoir* was putting on her bonnet, did he not himself spread a cloth for us, serve us with a capital dinner (when we were half famished after a long journey) at the late hour of 10:30 P.M., and himself wait upon us, and see that we had everything in the usual comfortable style, and were neither hurried nor hustled in the slightest degree? And did not the good lady at the receipt of custom undo her bonnet-strings and pleasantly encourage us to take our time? *Hæc olim meminisse juvabit*. On the present occasion we conversationally "drop into" the Dreyfus affair, and so forth, and so forth; we have much more to say about the coming Exposition, and we laugh at the utter force of the "Fort Chabrol."

Then, with "Novembre prochain,—*canard sauvage à la presse chez Noël*" engraved on our memory, we bid the courteously hospitable manager and his genial head-waiter "au revoir," make our best bow to Madame, and so depart. By the way, the above is the only conversation connected with "la Presse" in Paris in which the name of DREYFUS did not once appear. What a subject for a cartoon was here lost, with the "Dreyfus case" as the *Duck sous la Presse*!

'Tis over now, and all the juice that could be obtained is squeezed out.

It will be as well to inform intending travellers that the Grand Hôtel is mainly in the hands of workmen, who are

scaffolding, singing, whistling, hammering, painting, plastering, and so occupying and pulling to pieces the court-yard that, temporarily, all that was specially characteristic of "life at the Grand Hôtel" has utterly vanished. The great *salle à manger* is closed, the *salle de lecture* is only half open, the pavement is up, and to enter or exit you have to dodge under archways and through small court-yards, and walk carefully over planks and put yourself to general dusty discomfort, which is certainly not worth paying for at the Grand Hôtel, or any other, tariff.

(Signed.) ALLER ET RETOUR.

RULE BRITANNIA.

Up to Date.

["I can sing a very good second to your 'Rule Britannia.'"]—*John Morley.*

I.

Jingoes sing.

WHEN CECIL J. began to run,
At Heaven's call, his mammoth Co.,
This was the charter that he won
As now endorsed by Jingo JOE:
Rule Britannia! Britannia bosses all!
Britons never shall sing small.

No Boer pig-headed shall presume
Our British maxims to gainsay,
No haughty over-weening Oom
Shall bar the roads of CECIL J.

And soon from Cape to Cairo, lo!
A reddened map we shall display,
And Africa shall be a Co.
Directed by our CECIL J.
Rule Britannia, &c.

II.

Little-Englanders sing (in a minor key).

When first on platform HONEST JOHN
In anti-Jingo wrath arose,
This was the theme he harped upon,
And this the burden that he chose:
Rule Britannia! But in thy thirst for
pelf,
Don't forget to rule thyself.

Beware of Jingoes! Oh, beware!
In Chartered Cos. do not invest!
For principles what should they care
Who only think of interest?

Then, Britain, trust in us, the set
Whose soul for peace and progress
yearns;

We may be called small prophets, yet
We guarantee thee safe returns.
Rule Britannia, &c.

LETTER TO THE PRIME MINISTER

*From Mr. Hurry See-more-than-you
Buster, M.P.*

DEAR SALISBURY,—Forgive me for saying that you don't seem to have caught on to the proper way to behave to KRÜGER. Perhaps you had better retire and leave everything to me. I should then turn the Transvaal into a limited company, and issue the shares at a slight premium. I should raise no objection to you being on the Board. War is quite unjustifiable. Remember this: I, BUSTER, say so—KRÜGER has slapped our faces, but really it would be far better to put up with such trifles



Usher (the Court having been much annoyed by the shuffling of feet). "WILL YE HOULD YER TONGUES UP THERE WITH YER FEET IN THE GALLERY!"

and give away the interests of the Empire, if we could only "bring him out" at some favourable moment, when the public would come in for the shares. That's my advice, at all events. Ta! Ta! Yours jauntily,

H. S. BUSTER.

P.S.—If you are getting fogged, you know whom to apply to.

SOMETHING IN A NAME.

Archibald (reading paper to Aunt Jemima). "The Boers may be expected to attack Ladysmith at any moment—"

Aunt Jemima. Good heavens! ARCHIBALD, in what way can the unfortunate lady have incurred their wrath? Attack a woman indeed! Well, I always said these Boers were unmanly brutes!

[ARCHIBALD has to explain.]

TO MARIE, RIDING MY BICYCLE.

Brake, brake, brake

On my brand-new tyre, MARIE!
And I would that my tongue could utter
The thoughts that arise in me.

O well for the fishmonger's boy
That his tricycle's mean and squalid;
O well for the butcher lad
That the tyres of his wheel are solid!

And the reckless scorchers scorch
With hanging purple heads,
But O for the tube that is busted up
And the tyre that is cut to shreds.

Brake, brake, brake—
Thou hast broken indeed, MARIE,
And the rounded form of my new Dunlop
Will never come back to me.



DIGNITY AND IMPUDENCE.

Boy (to mounted Patrol). "NICE FELLERS YOU ARE, TO TAKE CARE O' PEOPLE'S PROPERTY! 'ERE'S A BLOKE AS 'AS JES CUT HORF WI' MY CRICKET CAP, AN' YOU GO HON JES HAS HIF NOTHINK 'AD 'APPENED!'"

THE LATEST "MOVEMENT."

It was recently stated in a daily paper that, in place of biking, "pedestrian exercise is the last fashionable craze." The doctors, it is added, now prescribe running as the best means of keeping in good condition, and already of a morning "you may see well-known people trotting round the park"—on their own feet—for the sake of their health. Mr. Punch, much interested by this intelligence, set his own Prophetic Phonograph to work in the neighbourhood of Hyde Park Corner, which recorded the following snatches of conversation, spoken a month or so hence:—

Mornin', Lady MENNYSTUNNE; goin' pretty strong, I hope? 'Tryin' a sprint or long distance, to-day? ... Oh, only the hundred—just did it in forty-seven

seconds, and the wind was *against* me, you know ... Yes, ETHEL's somewhere about, putting the weight, I fancy ... so *unsafe*, don't you think? That American girl put it on poor Sir CHARLES' toe yesterday, the gouty one, too ... Well, DOT, what's your form this mornin'? ... Oh, DICK says I did my quarter in fifty-nine seconds, but that horrid MABEL CRAWLEY declares it was over two minutes! ... I beg your pardon, but *would* you be so kind as to lend me your stop-watch? There's a two-hundred yards match coming off between Lord HEAVYWAITE and Mr. ALAMODE, and I've promised to time it ... Oh, my coach comes from Stamford Hill—takes me every mornin', and charges only two guineas a-week! ... No, don't think he'd take your girls, Mrs. MIDAS, he's so busy, you know, but if you'd let my boy JACK help them

... Oh, thank you so much, Lady HARDUP, but I wouldn't trouble your son for *worlds* ... No, Sir, you don't catch me entering for your three-legged race. A good straightforward sprint, now, I don't mind; but your dashed monkey-trick races ought to be forbidden—ought to be forbidden, Sir! ... Colonel seems a bit shirtly, doesn't he? ... Oh, TOM, how *could* you ask him to enter? Didn't you hear that he ran in Lady WIMBLEDON'S obstacle race the other day, and got stuck tight in a barrel? I believe they had to saw him out at last! ... 'Pon my word, here's Lady PASSAY at it again ... Wonderful old woman—fifty if she's a day; wins all the high jumps—springs in the heels of her boots! ... Oh, how *wicked* of you, Mr. SPRITELIGH! ... Fact, I assure you ... Goin' to the PLANTAGENETS' gymkhana, dear? ... Probably look in for the sack race, if LOUISE sends my new sack home in time. It's a perfect *dream*—a sort of *eau-de-nil* foundation with a trimming of ... Yes, CORDONBLEU's leaving us, I'm sorry to say; the wretch declares that he *won't* cook underdone chops every day ... Oh, stout's the thing; all the doctors say so. And there's a particular brand I could get for you cheap ... Beastly bad form, I call it; always touting for orders—gets a commission, y'know ... Another lap, Mr. MAKEPACE? Then I'm going to stop ... No, I really can't run another *yard* ... *must* finish the mile? Oh, you'll kill me, you will, indeed! ... That's Miss FLAMBOYANT, the skirt-dancer, trying to get her weight down. Stage manager trots her round every day, but she's too gone in the wind to do much good ... Here, come along, MILDRED; we must see the race. I do hope the dear Duke will win ... Well run! ... Stick to him! ... Now you're gaining ... Well run! ... Oh, that odious Lord PORTLEA's beaten him, and I've lost a dozen pairs of gloves! ... Don't tell me it's fair—I'm sure that girl with the pink parasol got in his way ... No, GWENDOLEN, I'm *not* pleased with you; you might have had more *tact* than to beat your elder sister like that, and with Lord CRGESUS looking on, too! ... See you here to-morrow? ... Yes; about time to clear off for lunch now!

BEAUTIFUL "SOUP."

New Words to an Old Tune.

["SOUP." Technical term for prosecuting briefs given out to members in the Court List in order of seniority.]

BEAUTIFUL soup, so seldom seen,
When thou com'st to me, I ween,
Pleased, indeed, am I then to scoop
In, soup of the Sessions, beautiful soup,
Soup of the Sessions, beautiful soup.

Chorus of Senior Members.

Beautiful so-oup,
Beautiful so-oup,
Soup of the Sessions,
Beautiful, beautiful soup.

Beautiful soup, I'm pleased to see
My witnesses are more than three,
A double fee I'll get for this group,
Oh! soup of the Sessions, beautiful soup,
Soup of the Sessions, beautiful soup.

Chorus, bouche fermée, of those who have not been reached.

Beautiful so-oup,
Beautiful so-oup, etc.



"PHWAT WILL I TAKE TO DRIVE YEZ TO THE STATION? FAIX, AN' IT'S MESILF WOULD LIKE TO HAVE THE DRIVIN' AV YEZ TO THE BACK AV BEYANT FOR TUPPENCE A POUND!"

TO PRESIDENT KR—.

BY ZEDWHYEKS.

STEPHANUS JOHANNES PAULUS,
Or as "Oom PAUL" known to fame,
Many things about you gall us,
Not the least your proper name!!

For your autograph is blotted
With a splotch above the u,
While your nephews say it's dotted
(Which in Dutch you should eschew).

Since your spelling seems precarious,
Like your schooling long ago,
Britishers' attempts are various
To say "KR-GER" *comme il faut*!

Some delight to call you KROOGER,
With a previous expletive
For a bugbear growing huger,
Bigger Bore each day you live!

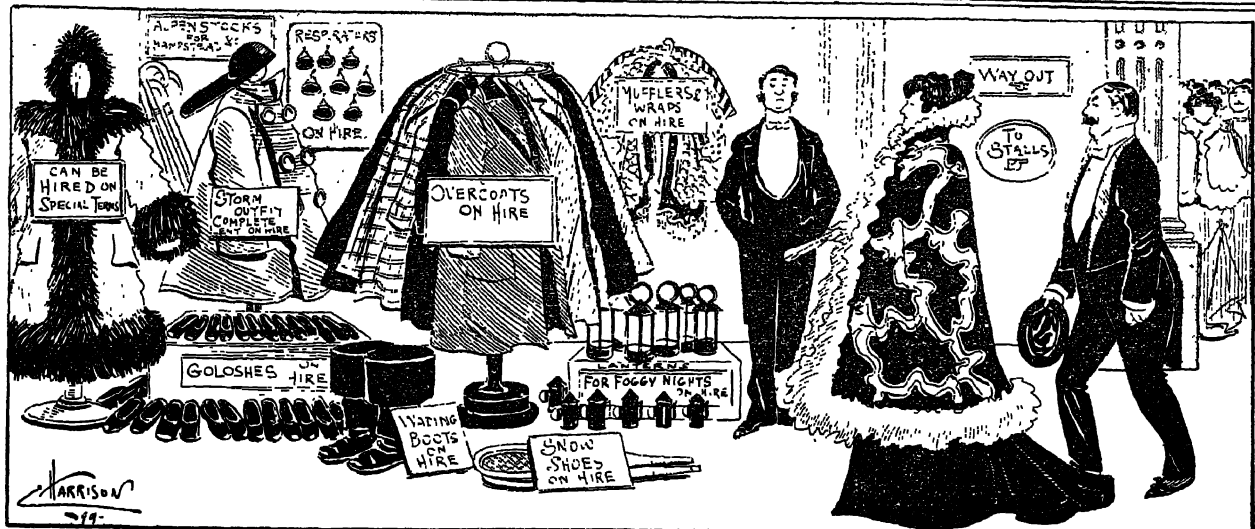
"KRUECGHKHER" some would have it,
choking,
Others rhyme it with Gruyère,

While for crookedness provoking
Outlanders at "KROOKER" swear.

Then we've heard it giv'n as "KREEG-
HER"

By the "zarps" outside your door
(Where we're not absurdly eager
To address you any more!)

On your name no longer dwell I—
Please pronounce it how you will;
"Krijger" means a *casus belli*—
When you fight, you'll get your fill!



["Umbrellas can be hired by visitors to Drury Lane Theatre on wet evenings."—*Daily Paper*.]

THE THEATRICAL HIRE SYSTEM MIGHT BE EXTENDED AS ABOVE WITH ADVANTAGE, WITH OUR VARIABLE CLIMATE.



THE BLUE RIBBAND OF THE OCEAN.
THE CONTEST FOR THE AMERICA CUP.

—Lindley Sanderson sculps. as before—

THE RETURN OF THE LION.

P. KR-G-R TO C. RH-D-S.

["The lion presented by Mr. RHODES to the Pretoria Zoo has been returned. The sending of this present is generally considered in Boer circles a piece of impertinence."—*Daily Paper*.]

AIR.

"The lion is a horrid bore,
He wants to wallow in your gore."

SIR, our acknowledgments are due
For lion sent to local Zoo.
He reached us safely, as advised,
Looking a little over-sized.
To judge from what he went and ate
His teeth were in a healthy state.
He lifted up his nasty paw
And tried to bolt the keeper, raw.
We do not wish to seem ungrateful,
But this was much too large a plateful.
Also the noise he raised at night
Made Mrs. KR-G-R ill with fright.
And when we sang our breakfast-hymn
Our voices sounded strangely dim.
Alas! the trumpet-tones of Zion
Are poor beside a peevish lion.

We advertised, without avail,
For somebody to twist his tail.
No Daniel-burgher could I bring
Even to tread upon the thing.
Yet lions always make them scoff,
Though that is when they're further off.
Myself I would not do the deed
Because it went against my creed.
All carnal pleasures, like the Zoo,
My conscience bids me count *taboo*.
Besides, as I have said before,
I never was a man of gore.

So when I saw my Dutch collapse
Beyond the saving help of *schnapps*;
When even hoary cornets trembled,
I thought it time the Raad assembled:
I also wished to state again
My views on Mr. CHAMBERLAIN;
And read, to bring them up to date, a
Small batch of mutual *ultimata*.

They met: before the Civil Power
I laid the question of the hour.
This settled, I should then be happy
To place J. C. upon the *tapis*;
But till we fixed the lion's fate
I thought that CHAMBERLAIN could wait.

All day, and rather more than that,
In secret session there they sat.
For fifteen hours they held dispute
How to eliminate the brute.
One Member, relatively placid,
Proposed a course of prussic acid.
Another thought it looked a trifle
More sportsmanlike to use a rifle.
He deemed that he could kill him dead
By putting bullets through his head.
At this a fearful laughter fell
From such as knew their Mauser well.
Of German build, and that the worst,
They knew the piece was bound to burst.

As Chairman I could not endorse
A scheme of death by guile or force.
The lion's rude decessé might well, I
Foresaw, be made a *casus belli*.
Of course the gift in every sense
Betrayed a gross impertinence.
Yet ought we in a sudden wrath
To turn the lion into broth?
So far our cause was fairly strong,
But this would place us in the wrong;
Might lose us friends and cut off short
All but the *Chronicle's* support.



SONGS AND THEIR SINGERS.

If time allowed I should incline
To take the sense of Brother STEYN;
"But now," I said, "it's getting late;
The telephone is closed at eight;
And, personally, after dark
I cannot bear the lion's bark;
And if he stays another night
I know your Aunt will die of fright.

"O let us then curtail her pain,
And sack him by the evening train.
My son-in-law, a man of tact,
Shall have the creature nicely packed;
Joubert shall see him in the mail,
And tie the label on his tail;
And I, for my part, will direct
A little note to this effect

Containing no invidious term,
But couched in language kind but firm."

Enclosed we now return the beast;
We do not like him in the least;
He's going back the way he came;
Please notify receipt of same.

NATURAL COROLLARY.

Spiffkins (to NIPKINS, fellow member of Up-to-date Club). I say, old fellah, this is dreadful. They say that there's no more brandy to be had.

Nipkins. Dreadful, indeed. And what's to become of the poor soda-water manufacturers?



THE FLIGHT OF FASHION.

Mrs. Frillington. "YOU HEARD, OF COURSE, THAT MY DAUGHTER AND I WERE TO HAVE GONE TO MISS CASHMORE'S WEDDING TO-MORROW. AND NOW, I'M SORRY TO SAY, THE CEREMONY IS POSTPONED FOR A MONTH ON ACCOUNT OF THE BRIDGROOM'S ACCIDENT."

Country Visitor. "HOW VERY DISTRESSING! NOTHING SERIOUS, I HOPE?"

Mrs. Frillington. "OH, BUT INDEED IT IS—MOST SERIOUS! WE HAVE HAD OUR GOWNS MADE SPECIALLY IN PARIS—THE VERY LATEST THING—AND OF COURSE IN A MONTH'S TIME THEY WILL BE UTTERLY OUT OF DATE!"

ALL ABOUT THE WAR.

TO MR. PUNCH.

(From Mr. Punch's Vagrant.)

MY DEAR SIR,—There's no doubt about it, we have got a violent attack of the war-fever down in this part of Blankshire, and I think it only right that you and the rest of the world should know what we are doing and saying and thinking at this crisis in the history of the Empire.

Well, to begin with, we are anti-KRÜGER and anti-Boer to a man. We're all for giving votes to the Uitlanders. Most of us have no votes ourselves, but, of course, that doesn't matter a bit; and a good many of us don't know what the Uitlanders are, or how they got there, or what they are doing now they are there, except digging for gold and living on very good provender—but all that only makes us more determined to force the Boers to give them what we call their rights. Our sentiments on the subject were beautifully expressed the other day by TOM TICKLEBAT, the captain of our local company of volunteers. TOM, whom I remember at school as a pasty-faced, grubby boy who was always slinking out of scrapes and shirking good honest games, and getting himself kicked for being generally objectionable, and who at Cambridge was celebrated according to his own account as a terror to proctors and an indomitable ogler of the fair, has settled in this neighbourhood and drives a dog-cart. "I tell you what it is, my friend," he declared to me when I met him—he treats me with some condescension as one who is not even auxiliarily a soldier—"I tell you what it is. We've got to smash old KRÜGER this time, and no mistake. He's a dirty old bounder anyhow. Nobody but a bounder could wear such clothes. Talk of him as a President? Why, my groom would make a better President than him. Besides, they tell me he's murdering and oppressing all these Uitlanders like anything. We've got to finish with the old scoundrel this time. I asked my company for volunteers for active service yesterday, and thirty of 'em answered like a

shot. Wish I could go myself and take a hand in potting a few of the brutes, but my old wound"—TOM broke his leg two years ago, coming home late from a convivial party, and always refers to the injury in these martial terms—"my old wound won't let me, worse luck. No more Majuba Hills for us, my friend. We've put our hands to the plough, and paramount's the word for us, you see if it isn't," and with these noble words, TOM flicked his mare and was soon lost to view.

Well, Sir, it's a most comfortable thing to know that we've all put our hands to the plough, and that we're not going to look back whatever happens. Lord SELBORNE—the present Lord SELBORNE I mean, not the great one—was the first of these oratorical plough-handlers. He was making the usual Under-Secretarial speech in the House of Lords, and while he was looking round for some neat allusion with which to round off a period and earn the applause of his audience, lo, the eye of his memory lit upon that plough, his hand was on it the next moment, and the gilded chamber rang with cheers. To be sure the first recorded user of the metaphor applied it, not to warlike proceedings, but to something very different. That, however, didn't matter to Lord SELBORNE; probably he didn't remember the source of the reference, and in any case a man who is not only an Under-Secretary of State, but also a Colonel of Militia (Heavens! he may be called upon, before many days are over, to garrison Ireland or to transport his regiment as far as Malta, or even to confront at Dover a Boer invasion! In national dangers even the great and highly placed are not exempt, especially when they happen to be Colonels of Militia)—such a man, as I say, must not be over particular about his metaphors. So Lord SELBORNE put his hand, or rather put our hands, to the plough. Shortly afterwards Lord SALISBURY, in the course of the same debate, with an amiability that his son-in-law must have appreciated, commended Lord SELBORNE for his novel saying, and enforced it by putting his own hand (again oratorically) to the same plough. Next morning nine-tenths of the newspapers in the United Kingdom were putting their hands to it, and since then no single Conservative or anti-Boer speaker has

failed to over-burden Lord SELBORNE's plough with an additional hand, the last on the list being Sir M. W. RIDLEY, the Home Secretary, who put a tardy but willing hand to it last week in a speech at Blackpool. Lord SELBORNE's heart must swell with pride as he contemplates his achievement, and notes the ever-growing number of his plagiarists. Even Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, Lord SELBORNE's chief, has not disdained this new departure. This horny-handed toiler and spinner has been ploughing away with all the rest—which shows what a wonderful man Mr. CHAMBERLAIN is, for he has got an hour-glass of his own, and, as he has had to turn it over a good many times lately, I should not have supposed he would have been able to spare a hand for helping to drive a furrow.

To return, however, from these divagations to the account of our own doings down here. Shortly after meeting Captain TICKLEBAT I came across EZRA HARBOTTLE, my under gardener, who is a member of the ferocious TICKLEBAT's company of volunteers. I asked him if he was one of the glorious thirty who had offered themselves for active service? "Why, yes, Sir," said the honest fellow, pausing in his peaceful digging, "I was, and my wife she give it me proper when I got home for bein' a fool. But I told her we should never be wanted for no Transvaals, and she needn't worry herself. We only give in our names to make a bit of a show. I reckon they won't trouble to take us, now they're sendin' a Army Corpse over there. I dunno what all the trouble's about—Quitlanders or suthin' o' that sort, they tell me," whereupon EZRA resumed his digging and the interview ended.

From all this you can judge, Sir, that our heart is sound and in the right place. In fact, we've put our hands— There, it all but slipped out in spite of me. An Archdeacon is to preach to us next Sunday. I'll let you know if he says anything striking.

Yours, as always,

THE VAGRANT.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

MR. LEWIS MELVILLE'S *Life of Thackeray* (HUTCHINSON) is not likely to take rank with the masterpieces of English biography. It is compiled rather on the plan of the commonplace book. Mr. MELVILLE, with an industry and perseverance as successful as they are creditable, has ransacked the bookshelves in two hemispheres in search of personal references to the great novelist. He catalogues a list of over one hundred volume and magazine articles of which THACKERAY is the theme or is made the subject of allusion. The result is two handsome volumes, through which echoes a chorus of voices, mostly of personal friends or colleagues, chatting about the author of *Vanity Fair*. THACKERAY himself contributes many passages of autobiography, like the rest not new, but deftly fitted into the fabric. So business-like a workman is not likely to have omitted an index, which is supplemented by an exhaustive bibliography. The record of THACKERAY's long connection with *Punch* is avowedly borrowed from Mr. SPIELMANN'S *History of the national institution*. Mr. MELVILLE does not appear to have known THACKERAY in the flesh. He has no access to private papers, or to a hitherto mute section of the circle of THACKERAY's private friends. But the subject is of deathless interest, suggesting a story that cannot be too often re-told. One new impression gained from the book is a sense of the novelist's hankering after a settled position outside literature. He got himself called to the Bar, not with the intention of practising, but in the hope of securing an appointment as stipendiary magistrate. Some years later, when his fame was established by the successive appearance of *Vanity Fair*, *Pendennis*, and *Esmond*, the Secretaryship of the British Legation at Washington fell vacant. "I instantly asked for it," THACKERAY wrote to a friend in New York; "but in the very kindest letter Lord CLARENDON showed how the petition was impossible." Mr. MELVILLE records that THACKERAY regarded *Ravenswood* as the best of WALTER SCOTT'S novels. During the last Midlothian campaign, my Baronite remembers how Mr. GLADSTONE, discussing at the dinner-table the same theme, unreservedly came to the like conclusion. Within the limits of circumstance alluded to this is decidedly the best, because the most complete biography of THACKERAY that has yet appeared.

The Bond of Black (WHITE & Co.), written by Mr. WILLIAM LE QUEUX, is a strange story. It is as exciting as any lover of the most modern diableresque romance could desire, and breaks down only (but alas! that it should be so!) at the climax. The description of the sacrilegious rites of the Satanists, which ought to thrill us with terror and make our blood run cold, is only that of a revolting pantomime, which would be "horrible, most horri-



Tummas (to Friend, who has joined the teetotal). "THERE'S NAE DOOT, JEEMS, YE'RE A MUCH IMPROVED MAN,—BUT I'VE LOST A FREEND!"

ble," were it not so contemptibly grotesque. The scene is spun out, tedious explanations are given, all of them most disappointing to the reader, who has trusted Mr. LE QUEUX to provide genuine devilry, not a few specimens of second-rate conjuring tricks. And this imitation "Walpurgis night," apparently held in the coal or wine cellars of a house in some outlying district of London, culminates in the appearance of the police, who arrest the impersonator of the arch-fiend and take the entire party off to the most convenient police-station! Yet, for all this, the Baron recommends *The Bond of Black* as most absorbing up to the last chapter but one, when the author "gives it all away," shows that his bogies are all "bogus," and his supernatural effects the veriest "hanky-panky."

The Romance of Ludwig the Second of Bavaria (HUTCHINSON) is a wonder-stirring book from two points of view. In the first place it creates marvel that a nation of sturdy folk such as people Bavaria could, for more than twenty years, have suffered upon the throne a selfish, sentimental lunatic. The other study in surprises comes in where we find a lady still lost in admiration of this painful phenomenon. Miss FRANCES GERARD has no hard words to heap on the grave of the subject of her romance. When she records the interesting fact that the future king, having reached the mature age of twelve, was one day discovered attempting to murder his young brother, OTTO, whom he had bound hand and foot and gagged, it is her painful duty to add that the young Prince was ordered to be severely punished. "After all," she writes, "viewed dispassionately the incident should have met with different treatment." Young OTTO, unfortunately, was not in a position to view the little affair dispassionately, and may have regarded it in another light. The best that can be said in the matter is that it shows how madness was born in the blood finally cooled in the waters of the Starnberg Lake. The book is handsomely printed, lavishly illustrated, and has abiding interest, being, according to my Baronite's account, one of the most terrible satires on hereditary sovereignty ever written.

THE BARON DE B.-W.



Visitor. "AND SO YOU 'VE NEVER BEEN TO LONDON! OH, BUT YOU MUST GO. IT'S QUITE AN EASY JOURNEY, YOU KNOW."
 Gaffer Stokes. "AH, OI'D MAIN LOIKE TO SEE LUNNON, OI WUD. RECKON OI MUST GO AFORE OI'M DONE FOR. NOW WHICH MIGHT BE THEIR BUSY DAY THERE, MISTER?"

SOLILOQUIES.

(Recorded by Mr. Punch's Phonograph.)

IV.—AT A RAILWAY-STATION.

AWFUL rush to get here in time—no lunch to speak of—and the train's due now.... Here, porter, label those two boxes for Euston.... Come, be quick, man.... Plenty of time? There isn't plenty of time, I tell you; can't you see the clock?... The express will be forty minutes late?... Then it's perfectly scandalous, and I shall write to the company and complain.... Traffic very heavy just now? That doesn't make up for my leaving my lunch unfinished and paying the cabman double in order to get here in time.... Well, I'm stranded here for forty minutes; how shall I fill up the interval? Might write a poem or an article, perhaps—got pencil and note-book in my pocket. Follow example of late Lord TENNYSON, who composed "Lady Godiva," so he tells us, while he "waited for the train at Coventry." Here's an empty bench, so I'll sit down and try.... Wonder if a woman with a squalling baby came and sat down beside Lord TENNYSON? Must move to another bench.... Really impossible to write when two noisy school-boys—sucking peppermints, too!—seat them-

selves next to you. Must give up idea for the present.... Will study the bookstall instead.... Interesting to notice the people hanging about it and to conjecture what their purchases will be. Conjectures usually wrong.... Magnificently attired lady, sealskin cloak, &c. Expect to hear her ask for the *Anglo-Saxon Review* (price one guinea net), and perhaps the *Queen* and the *World*. Buys *Snippety Bits* and the *Financial Times*.... Sporting-looking man with race-glasses.... Put him down mentally for the *Pink 'Un*.... To my amazement asks for *Hearth and Home* and the *Fortnightly*.... Elderly clergyman departs with *Church Times*, *Home Notes*, *The Poultry Fancier's Gazette*, *Golf*, and *Engineering*. Should think that he has a family of varied tastes.... One old lady is evidently determined to sample everything on bookstall.... Since I first noticed her she has read about three pages each of eight new novels.... Stallkeeper scowls at her, without effect. She buys nothing, and probably spends the day here, getting her reading cheap.... Ask the stall-keeper for my own last volume.... professes never to have heard of it! Disgraceful; must write to Messrs. W. H. SMITH on the subject.... Might supplement my insufficient luncheon in refreshment-room.

The one young lady in charge engaged in confidential talk with a purple-faced young man drinking gin-and-bitters.... My modest request for a ham-sandwich ignored.... Will retreat to waiting-room.... Good; this is empty, and there's a cheerful fire.... Always like a fire.... So soothing.... So comforting.... Will seat myself in front of it and think about that poem....

Hullo! Why, I must have been asleep. Wonder what time it is? Good gracious!... Here, porter! What? The London train left ten minutes ago? Well, all I can say is—

[The rest of this record is unprintable.]

BE POLITE TO PLANTS.

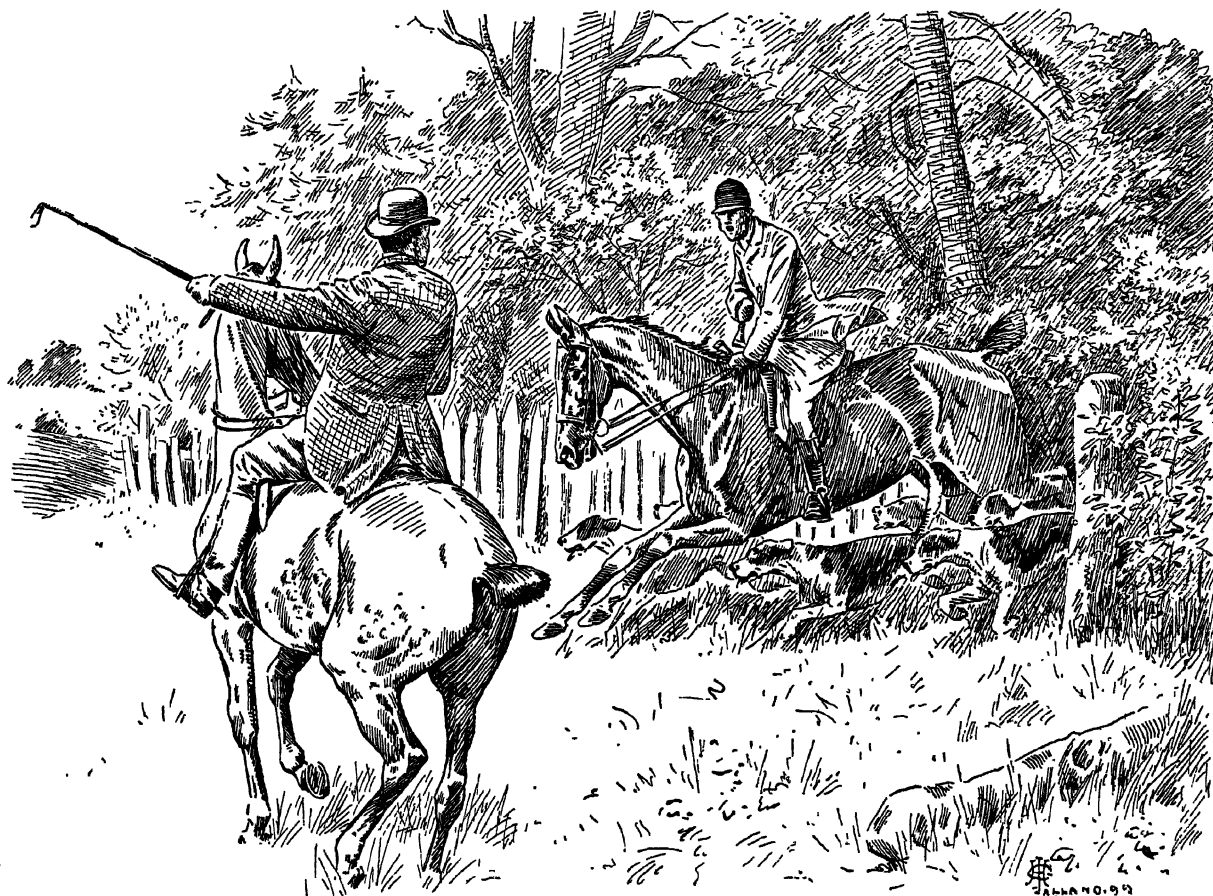
[Very many plants, according to Mr. STEZ, the author of *The Romance of Wild Flowers*, are as sensitive and irritable as animals.]

ALWAYS treat the cabbage kindly,
 For it has a tender heart;
 Never pass by French beans blindly,
 Lest the snub should make them smart.
 Do not try to "mash" potatoes
 When they see you walking out,
 And don't talk to toe-martys
 Of the agonies of gout.



A WORD TO THE UN-WISE.

JOHN BULL (to Orange Free State). "STAND ASIDE, YOUNG MAN—I'VE NO QUARREL WITH YOU!"



SHOCKING IGNORANCE.

Huntsman (galloping up to "view hallo"). "DID IT LOOK LIKE A CUB?"
 Gent (new to country life). "'CUB' BE HANGED! I TELL YOU IT WAS A GENUINE FOX!"

BEAUTIFUL IRELAND.

WHEN the Englishman goes North he frequently finds a nation as gloomy as himself, and a climate more dismal than his own. For a change he should go to Ireland, where the sunny smiles of a light-hearted race brighten even the cloudy days—the days when the landscape, though grey, is beautiful. As for the sunny days, when the sky between the clouds is as blue as in Italy, their exquisite loveliness is beyond praise or description. The gloomiest Englishman might then become light-hearted. The grass beneath that clear sunlight is a marvel of colour. The *gazon anglais* at Monte Carlo, probably the greenest grass in the South, untouched by human foot, and incessantly watered, rolled, and tended with all the resources of the Casino, all the lost *louis* of the gamblers, is bare and brown when compared to the humblest strip of roadside turf in Ireland.

The fisherman, the golfer, the lover of horses, know Ireland already. The artist, the lover of scenery, the mere holiday-maker, the harmless, necessary tourist, should know this charming country also. They will not easily find better boats than those which cross the Irish Sea, or better trains than the expresses to the North or to the South-west. It would be hard to beat the comfort, the smoothness, and the speed of the Killarney express. With the advantage of a wider gauge, the carriages are more roomy and more comfortable even than those of the London and North-Western Railway.

When the harmless, necessary tourist has reached Killarney, he will find charming scenery whichever way he goes, whether for a hundred yards in a boat on the lake, or for a hundred miles round the Kerry coast. This country has been opened out by Mr. F. W. CROSSLEY and the Development Syndicate (Ireland), Limited, with the praiseworthy object of helping the inhabitants by developing its resources. The mention of the Syndicate reminds me that a fortnight ago I made some comments on the number of horses in

the *chars-à-banc*. Certainly on September 12 two horses travelled with twelve people and luggage from Waterville to Castle Cove. Perhaps the numbers were unusual. Another day there might be, and no doubt would be, if necessary, three or four horses. It is possible that an exception, caused by sudden pressure of traffic, may—to a weary traveller anxious to reach his destination—have given an impression of overcrowding. It is certain that the long drive to Parknasilla caused me to remain for some days in that delightful spot, before undertaking another journey.

Now Parknasilla is a place which one could never willingly leave. There are no beggars, no hawkers, no organ-grinders, no nuisances whatever. There is not a shop within two miles, but there is everything one can want in the hotel itself. Round it there are delightful grounds, spreading over two islands on the great inlet of the sea, there is this bay, with more charming islands in it, there are hills around and mountains beyond.

However, one morning I had determined to ship myself, like Lord BATEMAN on his ship, all aboard of a *char-à-banc*.

I had a capital time. There were fewer passengers, two horses, possibly the same, but they seemed to me better, the roads were good, the weather was charming, and the country delightful. The horses, with a light weight behind them, went along the good roads at an excellent pace, and the English passengers, pleased with the horses, the weather, the country, and the *char-à-banc*—which I understand is the newest type of this vehicle adaptable to the district—became as light-hearted as the civil Irish driver himself.

Mr. Punch and his representatives must naturally wish all possible success to any enterprises which may benefit the courteous peasants—smilingly polite however poor they may be—of this beautiful country. So good luck to the Development Syndicate (Ireland), Limited. ROBINSON THE ROVER.

FRANCE'S APOLOGY TO HER VICTIM.—"Pardon, Monsieur!"



A HITHERTO UNKNOWN MEISSONIER.

"THE MORNING OF WAARTELOUW (OR ITS SOUTH AFRICAN EQUIVALENT), 1900 (OR POSSIBLY SOONER)," OOM-POLEON REVIEWS HIS "OUDE GAARD" BEFORE THE BATTLE.



Host. "HULLO! WHAT'S THAT CONFOUNDED FOREIGNER DOING UP THE TREE? HE CAN'T BE SCARED OF ANYTHING."
 Next Gun. "PERHAPS HE MISUNDERSTOOD YOU WHEN YOU CALLED OUT, 'BEAR TO THE RIGHT!'"

THE VOICE OF THE SLUGGARD.

[The *British Medical Journal* declares that the desire to rise with the lark is due to the hardening of the arteries and the less ready action of the vasomotor system.]

BLAME me no longer, foolish Sir,
 Because, when you would rise at seven,
 I, less abnormal, would prefer
 Eleven.

To virtue you assigned your act,
 You thought to grow more wise and
 wealthy,
 Whereas you were in point of fact
 Unhealthy.

Sweet bed to you no joy conveyed;
 Upon the contrary, it hurt you,
 So of necessity you made
 A virtue.

But while you quoted priggish saws
 And called me "sluggard," Science
 knew, Sir,
 I was obeying Nature's laws,
 Not you, Sir.

You rose before the morning star
 Because your wretched trunk a martyr is
 To "sluggish action" and to "har-
 dened arteries."

You talked of early worms, but no!
 If I caught none, I never missed 'em,
 I had a healthy vasomo-
 tor system.

Then quote me Dr. WATTS no more,
 I bid such old world fools defiance;

I take my stand upon the floor
 Of Science.
 Blame me no longer that I lie
 In bed instead of waxing wealthy;
 You are a wretched cripple—I
 Am healthy.

WORK AND THE WORKERS. (A Peep into the not very distant Future.)

THE now satisfied artisan left his comfortable workman's corridor train at the hour advertised for its arrival. The Director told off to receive passengers respectfully touched his hat to the traveller and asked "If everything had been to his liking?"

The artisan nodded and smiled.

"Yes," said he, "the free coffee is now of excellent quality, and the reading-room is stocked with plenty of pleasing periodicals. The extra three dozen copies of *Punch* is a great improvement. There used to be such a rush for the initial hundred."

"And your wife is quite well?"

"Very well, indeed, I thank you. She is staying at the free Margate Mansion recently opened by the L.O.C. Now that doctors' visits are provided out of the pockets of the ratepayers, I am almost sorry that we do not need any medical advice."

"And your children?" again queried the Director, who believed it to be of the utmost importance to keep in with the swartly sons of toil.

"Oh, tol lol! Fact is, they don't seem to get on as quickly as they should in dancing, Italian, and deportment. In the latter subject they are most backward. I dread to think what they would do were they to be required to attend one of Her Majesty's Drawing Rooms!"

"But surely the chances are small of such a fixture coming off?"

"I don't know, I'm sure," returned the artisan, rather offended at the question.

After this he took his departure from the station and picked his way to the opposite side of the road. It was muddy, and a poor broken-down old man held out his hand for a gratuity. The veteran pauper had swept a path clean for pedestrians.

"Here's a penny," said the artisan, "but it's a pity you cannot employ your time to better advantage."

"It's my only means of gaining a livelihood," whined the venerable creature. "I have no home. You, no doubt, Sir, are luckier than I."

"Well, yes, my town mansion, shooting box, and *pied-à-terre* by the sea are provided by the ratepayers."

"And you are one of them, Sir?"

"Not I. Are you?"

"I was once! I was once!" replied the poor old Duke, as he returned sadly to the sweeping of his crossing.

MOITTO FOR LADIES' HAIRDRESSERS.

"THEIRS not to reason why,
 Theirs but to do and dye!"



Keeper (with suppressed excitement and evident relief—to Fitznoodle). "THAT'S A FINE SHOT, SIR!"
Fitznoodle. "How so? I DIDN'T HIT ANYTHING!"
Keeper. "THAT'S JUST IT, SIR. AN' TH' DAWG RIGHT IN RANGE, TOO!"

O TEMPORA! O MORES!

[A correspondent writes to the *Daily Chronicle* on the subject of opium-eating, and declares that in the Fen district the practice is largely indulged in by the working classes. "I know an old washerwoman of eighty," he says, "who constantly takes it, and not unfrequently is found falling asleep over her wash-tub, of an afternoon, as a result."]

I do not utterly condemn
 The present age; in fact, I
 Disclaim with warmth the title tem-
 -poris laudator acti.
 But when with horror-stricken eye
 I read such shocking stories
 Of youthful self-indulgence, why,
 My bosom heaves a deep, deep sigh,
 And thus with Cicero I cry—
 O tempora! O mores!

Lost washerwoman, even now
 Thou rushest all too surely
 Upon thy doom. Amend, or thou
 Wilt perish prematurely.
 For, sure as sugar-plums are sweet,
 Or Unionists are Tories,
 Ere many decades you complete,
 As laundress you will be effete,

And therefore I again repeat,
 O tempora! O mores!

I am not prone to dismal fears,
 But still I never knew, Ma'am,
 A washerwoman of your years
 Sleep o'er her tubs like you, Ma'am.
 And all through opium! The sun
 Has set upon the glories
 Of Britain. Ah, her course is run;
 Her day of decadence is done;
 The race is going, going, gone—
 O tempora! O mores!

A FULL DRESS REHEARSAL.

MR. PUNCH, SIR,—As historical pieces seem now to be in vogue, I would suggest the last word. The dialogue is a matter of secondary importance, so long as the costumes are correct; and as to the scenery, I think by a simple device much could be done in this direction without causing complications. I rough out my piece, which might be played in one act (if necessary) with any number of tableaux. I may add, that as the incident of the signing of Magna Charta has been done, and

excellently done, by Mr. BEERBOHM TREE at Her Majesty's, some other notable event could be easily substituted.

SCENE—A site in England conveniently near the battle-ground of several famous victories. Grand display of Saxon costumes. The Normans advance. Then a lady of the period suggests a dance. It is an armistice. General ballet of Saxon and Norman beauties. Then a shower of arrows.

Harold (staggering in). I am wounded in the eye!

[There is a storm, and amidst the darkness the scene changes into the signing of Magna Charta. Costumes of the period are exactly reproduced. Studies of armour and ecclesiastical costumes.

King John. And thus I make my mark!

[Cheers, and another mist, in which the scene changes to the Temple Gardens. Lancastrians and Yorkists choose flower emblems. In a series of panoramic scenes, the various events sacred to PINNOCK'S Abridgment are recorded until the battle of Bosworth is reached. Grand set and battle, with costumes absolutely correct.

Richard the Third. My kingdom for a horse!

Richmond. Turn, traitor, and meet me!

[Grand combat. The tyrant is killed, and again a dense mist blots out the scene, which ultimately shows Whitehall with the scaffold. Yule-tide dances—maskers. In spite of the tragedy about to be performed the people are gay at heart. Costumes and dances historically correct.

Charles the First (appearing on the scaffold). Remember!

[The mist again blots out the view of Whitehall and shows Westminster Abbey.

Grand funeral procession of the period.

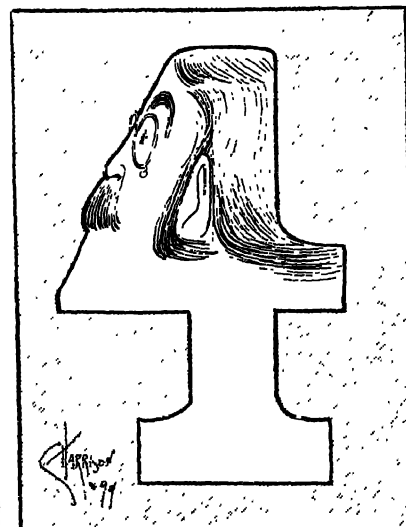
Any amount of local colouring.

Garter King-at-Arms (solemnly). Queen ANNE is dead!

[Flourish of trumpets. Ringing of bells. Crowds of people. Curtain.

There, Sir, is in brief my suggestion.
 Yours hopefully,

SHAKESPEARE SMITH.



A well-known "Four." Drawn after a "Count-out."

GOING TO PIECES.

I RETURNED to town after holiday time, whole as a healthy man could be, but soon after my arrival in London, nay, within three days, I had gone to pieces! One piece was at Drury Lane, and t'other at



High Life and Low Life.
Lady Violet Vanbrugh looks down on
Miss Beatrice Ferrar.

Her Majesty's. The one at Drury Lane is entitled *Hearts are Trumps*, which, by the way, was the title of one of MARK LEMON'S very best comedies. To that comedy the title was most appropriate; but how it applies to the Drury Lane drama, written by Mr. CECIL RALEIGH, "is a sort of thing"—to quote the great Lord Dundreary, long deceased—that no fellow, at all events not *this* fellow, can understand. No matter what the plot, which I confess to have followed at a very respectful distance, the scenic effects, due to great ingenuity of contrivance and admirable stage management, will assuredly draw all London. I have no hesitation in declaring that, to the best of my knowledge and belief, the scene representing the interior of a crowded Music Hall, as viewed from its stage, is a perfect triumph of scenic illusion. I may here mention that the illustrations here given are by a very youthful Impressionist.

More than once has this effect been attempted in Paris, with partial success, as well as in London, with no success at all, so far as I am aware. But here it is the real genuine article, and, moreover, the "action" is as dramatic as is the address of *Brutus*. Throughout the piece the acting of Miss DORA BARTON, the heroine of this music-hall scene, is excellent. Nature, who has been otherwise most generous to this clever *ingenue*, has but to improve her speaking voice, and the complete success of her professional career is assured. All other scenes in this drama pale before the representation of "The Stage of the Frivolity Music Hall," and so the final "sensational," showing how, even on the best regulated Swiss Alps, accidents will happen to the most intrepid climbers armed with axes, is somewhat in the nature of an anti-climb-ax.

What became of the wicked moneylender, Kolditz, capably played, and in a novel style too, by Mr. E. DAGNALL, I do not know, as, being like Jack Horner, in a corner, and so placed as to have all action on the extreme right-hand side of the

stage left entirely to imagination, the last I saw of him was with a rope round his waist, which ought by a verdict of poetical justice to have been round his neck, following *Dora*, who, tied to the hapless artist and rejected lover, *Basil Gillespie* (Mr. WILLIAM DEVEREUX), walked up a dangerous-looking mountain pass. Then, a moment afterwards *Basil* came to grief, falling like Humpty Dumpty into a ravine underneath the stage, after he had generously set *Dora* free by cutting the connection, and poor *Dora*, sprawling and sliding, was prevented from sharing the fate of the unfortunate artist by the Rev. John Thorold, a muscular Christian, who, swinging by a rope, leaps à la Myles-na-Coppaleen across the chasm, bringing back his *Colleen Bawn* in triumph, much to the delight of the elegant *Lady Winifred* (Miss VIOLET VANBRUGH), Miss FEATHERSTONE (Countess of Fairfield), and *Lady Louise Moodie Dovedale*, all of whom, with Mr. LIONEL BROUGH as *Michael Wain*, are clinging on to the side of a craggy mountain, and doing it with as much ease as flies crawl over the rocky surface of a lump of sugar-candy.

Mr. LIONEL BROUGH is admirable as *Michael Wain*, brother probably of Charles' Wain, who has long ago "gone aloft." I gathered from his admissions in the course of the play that he was an Australian millionaire, from Lancashire where they say "thee" and "thou," and "lass" and "nowt," and who, having nothing particular to do with his money, was freely laying it out in vengeance on a most harmless set of persons. However, he turned out to have been all wrong, and there was never any vengeance wanted! All in *Wain*! So poor Mr. BROUGH gets lectured by a parson, weeps on the neck of the deceased brother's wife, a proceeding not unfringed with danger to the security of his hitherto firmly established side-whiskers, and then kindly adopts the "lass," his late brother's child, finally contriving, as I hope, to descend from his perilous position, almost up in the "sky borders" of Drury Lane stage, and, coming down a bit in the world, to live happily ever afterwards.

The part that stands out pre-eminently,



Krul Kolditz and his Partner in Crime.

and which is a study from life, is that of *Miss Maude St. Trevor*, the impulsive, vulgar, cockney music-hall *artiste*, excellently played by Miss BEATRICE FERRAR.

The new drama is worked on the cinematographical principle of suddenly

turning on and off the light. In every scene, except the closing one of each act, the dramatic action goes on until an exciting climax is reached, and then, just as the audience is breathlessly awaiting the next move, out goes the light, and the palpitating house is suddenly left, so far as that particular subject goes, totally in



Last Scene. A Fall in Alpen-Stocks.

the dark. With this blankness would come a chill creepy feeling of fearsome loneliness, even in this great crowd, were it not for Mr. KID-GLOVER in the glow-wormishly lit orchestra, who, being on the alert, has taken Time by the forelock, and directly something uncanny is about to happen, mysterious rumblings of the "strings," varied by gruesome wailings of the "wind," are heard; minor chords plead, but are knocked out of time by bassoon and other heavy instruments; then comes a twittering tremolo, stopped abruptly by a whack and a bang, and suddenly the music takes a cheery turn, HAND-AND-GLOVER'S magic wand waves in the air, the gloom is dispelled, a burst of blinding light illumines the stage, and we see—whatever it may be that Messrs. COLLINS and RALEIGH have to show us.

And now, as to the Haymarket— But this is another story. SHAKESPEARE next week.

ROBINSON REDIVIVUS.

THE *Daily News* reports an interesting interview with Mr. J. B. ROBINSON, one of the Johannesburg millionaires, a high authority on Transvaal affairs. Discussing the true inwardness of the trouble in South Africa, J. B. R. says:—

"The issue is not a five or a seven years' franchise; it is not, as some one put it, 'a war for a consonant'; it is not the dynamite monopoly, or any other of the minor questions on which so much is being written here just now. The real point at issue is the suzerainty. President KRUGER is taking his real stand on the position that his is a Sovereign Independent State."

Or, to put it as RUSSELL LOWELL might, if he were still writing the *Biglow Papers*:

J. B.

ROBINSON he
Says the real point at issue
Is the Suzerain-tee.

NOTE BY OUR TRAVELLER.—At a station on the Elham Valley Line, "Kentish Pianos" are advertised. Are these adapted for playing only dance tunes, and therefore specially serviceable in a "Hop" county?

**PEACE AND PLenty.**

Lord Salisbury (chuckling). "I LIKE ARBITRATION—IN THE PROPER PLACE!"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

A Corner of the West (HUTCHINSON) is a work of uneven merit. Miss EDITH FOWLER (not to be confounded with, or extinguished by, her little sister who, of late, startled the world by writing *Concerning Isabel Carnaby*) has exceedingly keen insight into the ways of man and woman, especially of woman. She sketches with great skill and in exquisite phrases the littleness of society life in London. Far away the most brilliant chapter in the book is the one entitled, "The Rest of the Season," where are brought together the pure-hearted, high-minded girl, *Alison*—"a girl of light and shades," some one happily describes her—and the London butterfly, *Sylvia Desmond*. The worst of it is that before this passage is reached the reader has to yawn through some acres of padding. The friend EDITH wanted at her side when the MS. was finished, was an able-bodied person with a stout blue pencil, ruthlessly passing over scores of pages concerning school treats in the country, picnics, and postmen's premature deaths. These are very well in their way; would have made pretty papers for mild magazines. But they are not in any sense of the word "novel." Whilst the blue pencil was at work, my Baronite is sure it would have removed a minor but depressing defect. On every third or fourth page we find the conversation broken up by the remark, "JIM CAREY smiled," "ALISON laughed," or "Lady MERRIVALE laughed." Once by way of welcome change, "ALISON and the Doctor laughed." The trick is made more irritating by the fact that the communication has a line all to itself. If EDITH HENRIETTA will take a copy of the book in hand and run her pen through these insect lines, she will be surprised to find how absolutely unnecessary they are to the progress of the story.



THE GAME OF "PATIENCE."

An Oom-Policy that failed.

Design for a Memorial of "Patience" (on a Monument), to be erected in the Montrose district of Burghs.



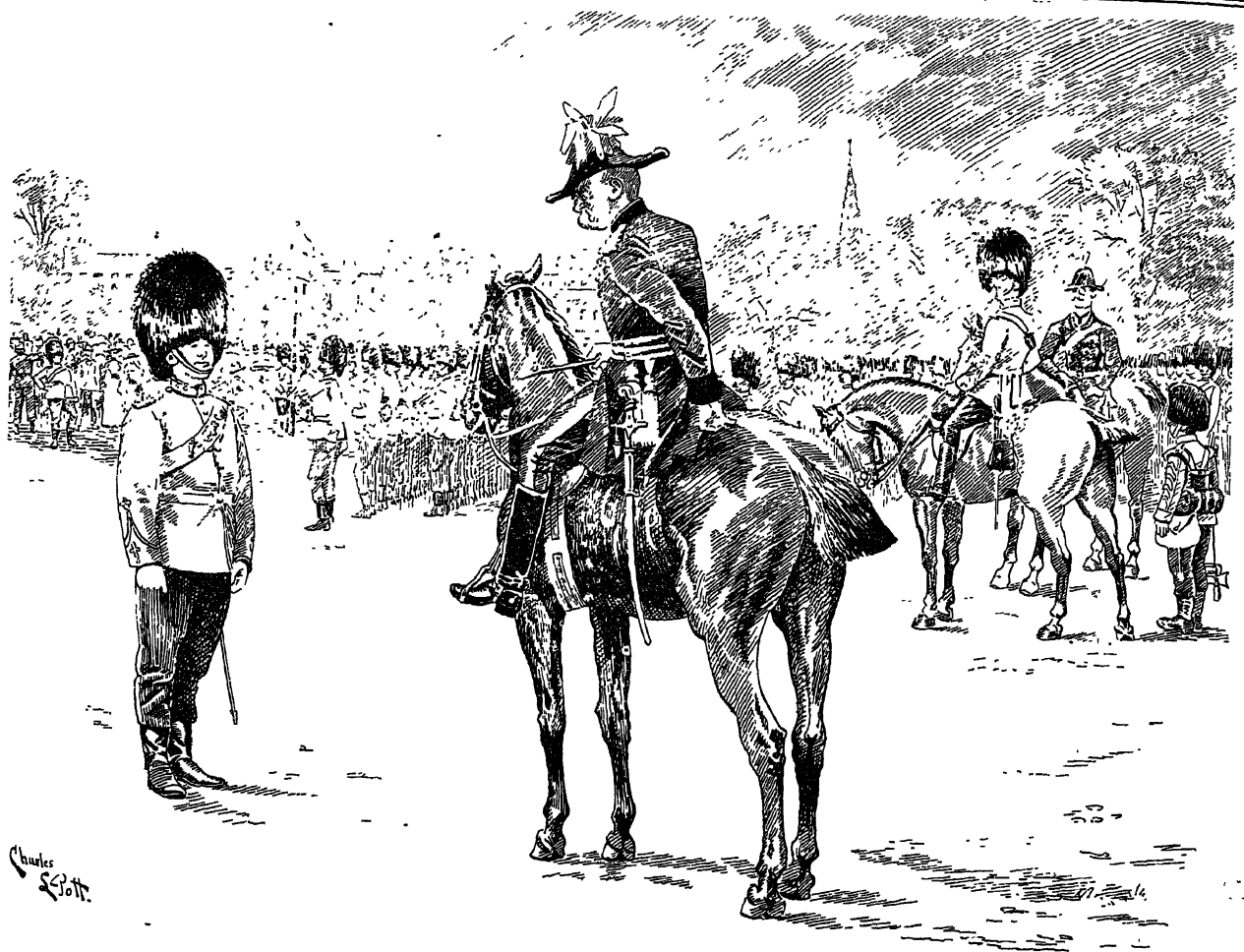
' I DUNNO WHAT 'ER MISSHUS 'LL SHAY—BUT ANY'OW 'M NOR GOIN' TO PRETEN
I'M SHOBER"—(hic).

For Admiral PHILLIP is deservedly found a place in FISHER UNWIN'S excellent series of *Builders of Greater Britain*. How the Admiral founded New South Wales is a stirring story well told by LOUIS BECKE and WALTER JEFFERY. It was the first British colony established in Australia, and PHILLIP created it. The seed earliest sown was a cargo of convicts, originally bound for Botany Bay. When, after a perilous, comfortless voyage, cooped up in a small sailing ship with some of the scum of the earth, PHILLIP arrived at his destination he found that Botany Bay was impossible. He had his flock on board and must needs pasture them. Manning three boats, he crept along the coast till he happened upon one of the finest harbours in the world, over which Sydney, capital of a prosperous

colony, to-day proudly looks. How the Admiral licked his rough materials into shape, laying the foundation of a new world for British settlers is, my Baronite says, well worth looking up in this modest but fascinating volume.

THE BARON DE B.-W.

GOOD ALL ROUND.—It is announced that Mr. GOODAY, General Manager of the Brighton Railway Company, has transferred his services in the same capacity to the Great Eastern. We understand that the speeches made on the interesting occasion were commendably brief. On his leaving London Bridge they said, "Good-bye." On his arrival at Liverpool Street, they said, "Good day."



HE ALWAYS WONDERED HIMSELF.

SCENE—General Inspection of Volunteer Battalion. Lieut. Tompkins—excellent fellow, but poor soldier—called out to show the General and British Public what he knows.

General. "NOW, SIR, YOU NOW HAVE THE BATTALION IN QUARTER COLUMN FACING SOUTH. HOW WOULD YOU GET IT INTO LINE, IN THE QUICKEST POSSIBLE WAY, FACING NORTH-EAST?"

Tompkins (after much fruitless consideration). "WELL, SIR, DO YOU KNOW, THAT'S ALWAYS WHAT I'VE WONDERED."

[Report on Subaltern Officers—bad.]

TO KIPLING.

(From Mr. Punch's Vagrant.)

KIP, my patriot poet, I must shake you by the hand, I really must; I can't wait any longer, for I'm simply shivering with joy and pride from the crown of my head right down through each gaiter—

I wear them nearly every day in this muddy weather. Have you ever tried them? If not, I advise you to, for they give a tone to almost any leg—well, KIP, as I said, I'm shivering, and all on account of you, for I've been reading about you in the *Spectator*. (Sold again, old man! Of course you thought I wasn't going to get a rhyme that time, but I did, you see, and though I don't presume to say it's one of the very best rhymes,

It's quite as good as some of yours, and in any case the second syllable doesn't so much matter, if only, as in this case, the rest rhymes.)

I know I ought to have mentioned all this last week, and as a matter of fact I did all I could to pop in a stop-press par about it.

But the printer was not only inexorable, but rather rude: he said, "We've no room for your bloomin' KIPLIN's"; I give you my word he did, and I know you won't doubt it.

So I'm dashing in early this week, taking a long time to aim, as it were, so as to be sure not to miss you.

For I do really want to talk to you about what the *Spectator*

said of your poem which was published in the *Times*, and was called for some reason or other, *The Old Issue*.

Well, the *Spectator* remarked—I'm quoting word for word—that it had "several times dwelt upon the fact that Mr. KIPLING performs a great and truly patriotic function in acting as interpreter to the nation."

The writer hadn't an idea that he was talking in poetry, but he was, for he went on to say that "He knows how to show his countrymen in a lightning flash of inspiration

The issues that lie at the heart"—(Isn't the *Spectator* man splendid? He must have been brought up on the banks of Cam and Isis,

For no non-University man could have talked like that. I beg pardon, KIP. I forgot you had never been at Oxford or Cambridge)—"the issues that lie at the heart of a great crisis."

And then it went on to quote some lines about an old king, who seems to have been a most disagreeable and preposterous specimen of royalty,

Quite unworthy of any toleration, to say nothing of respect, and least of all of loyalty.

All the same, my poetical RUDYARD, I'm fairly certain that, if you had lived in the time of that king, you'd have backed the old beggar up in spite of his want of virtue;

And on the whole I admit it's generally better to be on the side of kings, who are powerful people, and, when offended, are apt to hurt you.

You would have paid your ship-money like a lamb under

CHARLES THE FIRST, and your scorn of HAMPDEN would have been awful

For presuming even to hint that kings couldn't do as they liked, and that ship-money wasn't perfectly lawful.

And as for OLIVER CROMWELL, you would have been down on him in a whole series of ballads, and have carried on so outrageously as to be shut up in the Tower for libel,

All on account of mocking at Old NOLL's warts, and his fondness for quoting from the Bible.

Then WILLIAM THE THIRD wouldn't have got any help from you; your sympathies would hardly have gone with the Whigs, but rather with JAMES THE SECOND,

Who was a chip of the old block, and in any list of "Old Kings" comes out close to the top, and as one of the very oldest has to be reckoned.

And coming down a bit later (I hope you don't mind this historical excursion: we're both plain men, you and I, and can afford to discuss without any pompous mystery

The simple things which are all we can, either of us, remember about the course of English history)—

Coming down a bit later I can fancy I hear a KIPLING's patriotic fervours, so fervent as to degenerate into orgies,

Eulogizing in forcible decasyllables the obstinate personal government of the Third, but possibly not the worst, of the GEORGES.

"Down with WILKES," would have been your cry, and "down with the town-bred, lily-livered livermen, and all the rabble of Middlesex Electors!"

And "up with the patriot King, our GEORGE, and that patriot's friends and all his satellites, and parasites, and placemen, and protectors!"

And, earnest as would have been your affection for JAMES, and your denunciation of NOLL on his

Treatment of CHARLES, more earnest still would have been your virulence against the American Colonies.

You'd have raved yourself blue in the face with verse, and I'm sure your tongue would never have kept a civil edge,

While declaiming as hard as a poet can against those who didn't seem to mind opposing the Georgian idea of kingly privilege.

And talking of America, I remember it was only the other day that you were urging that affectionate but impulsive and emotional nation,

Whose interpreter you had constituted yourself by one of your usual lightning flashes of inspiration,

To take up the white man's burden and conduct a series of military beanos

Amongst the sullen peoples, half devil and half child, who presume to want to govern themselves, that is to say, amongst the Filipinos.

They took your advice, and I rather guess they're sorry they did since, though they are always victorious.

Such a war against men who fight to be free is by a large number of Americans considered a poor thing and an inglorious.

No, KIP, you're not a safe guide; you're too much given to blood and thunder

And battle and murder and sudden death and the notion that those who don't agree with KIPLING are bound to go under.

And you're not really a fighter yourself, for when anybody assaults you and threatens to batter,

You don't put up your fists a bit, but you call a policeman and entreat a magistrate to arbitrate upon the matter.

And, on second thoughts, in spite of the *Spectator* (but the *Spectator*'s praise ought properly to be considered a damner,

Since, in the very number that praised your verse, it published under the heading "Poetry" a piece that was almost totally devoid of grammar)—

In spite of the *Spectator* I do not admire your lines; they don't set my blood a-tingle,

Being rather obscure and bombastic and, in metre, of the tinpot style which imitates the nursery jingle

About old Daddy Longlegs who wouldn't say his prayers,

So, after taking him first by his right leg and then by his left leg, they eventually took him by both legs and managed to throw him down stairs.

And though it's most awfully kind and condescending of you to allow anybody—even Radicals, I suppose, and creatures of that sort—to reproduce them free gratis,

I don't think I'll trouble you this time: I've read them, and that I consider even more than *satis*.

So, good-bye RUDYARD, good-bye KIPLING, patriotic-nation interpreter, white-man burdener, battle-snuffer and high dry Tory,

Your only a man like ourselves after all and fallible, and even if you were not—but that's another story.



Elder Sister. "WHAT! SULKY AGAIN, MABEL! WHY AREN'T YOU PLAYING WITH BOBBIE?"

Mabel. "I HATE PLAYING WITH HIM, HE'S SUCH A DISAGREEABLE LITTLE THING!" E. S. "WHY, WHAT HAS HE DONE?"

Mabel. "WELL, I KEEP KNOCKING DOWN HIS BRICK HOUSES, AND HE DOESN'T MIND A BIT, BUT JUST BUILDS THEM UP AGAIN!"

THE CLOSE-TIME CURATE.

[“A speaker at the Birmingham Conference, alarmed at the haste with which some of the clergy rush into marriage, demanded a close time for curates.”—*Daily News*.]

Time was when Love and I were well acquainted,

Time was when half the parish schemed and planned
To win a smile from lips that they called sainted

Or press the fingers of my lily hand.

No garden-party was complete without me,

I was the first of eligible men,

And charming girls in dozens hung about me—

Ah, me! I was an "open" curate then.

Time was when thrice a day the postman brought me

Socks, sachets, silken slippers for my feet,

And dainty notes from ladies who besought me

To lend my sermon—"it was quite too sweet!"

And offers came from widows who were pining,

To which some soft refusal I would pen,

Expressing thanks, but gracefully declining—

Ah, me! I was an "open" curate then.

But now, alas, I get no invitations,

The charming girls about me hang no more,

No longer do they work me choice oblations,

The faithless postman passes by my door.

And I, whose presence ladies all but fought for,

Have ne'er a party where to make my bow;

I sit at home unheeded and unsought for—

Ah, me! I am a "close-time" curate now.

"AH!" said Master ETONENSIS Minor, who is of a literary turn. "I told the Guv., when I was coming back, that there was a story by SARAH GRAND called the *Tenor and the Boy*, and I said that instead of giving me the book, as he proposed to do, I was quite willing to accept half of it if he would make it 'The *Fiver* and the Boy.' He didn't see the point."



Mr. Smith. "OH, I WAS WONDERING WHETHER YOU AND YOUR HUSBAND WOULD CARE TO ACCOMPANY OUR PARTY TO HADRIAN'S VILLA TO-MORROW?"

Young American Bride. "WHY, YES; WE'D JUST LOVE TO GO. GEORGE AND I WILL BE FURNISHING AS SOON AS WE GET BACK TO NOO YORK, AND MAYBE WE'D BE ABLE TO PICK UP A FEW NOTIONS OVER AT THIS VILLA."

A STEEP DISSENT.

[In an interview with the *Daily Mail*, the Rev. HUGH PRICE HUGHES characterises as insane and stupid the suggestion of the *Daily Chronicle* that his denunciation of Boer mis-rule is due to his relationship by marriage with a Rand millionaire. It transpires that Mr. HUGHES is a person of independent spirit; that the gentleman in question is his wife's second cousin; and that Mr. HUGHES has met him three times in thirty years.]

So it takes a nasty tone,
HUGH PRICE HUGHES;
All because you have your own
Set of views;
Says you want a silly war
Which there isn't reason or
Adequate occasion for,
HUGH PRICE HUGHES.

Once your words were well enough,
HUGH PRICE HUGHES;
Now it counts them sorry stuff
To peruse;
Wouldn't pay a paltry penny
For your thoughts, however many,
Since you won't have peace at any
Price, PRICE HUGHES.

Once you seemed a man and brother,
HUGH PRICE HUGHES;
Now you shift to quite another
Pair of shoes;

Once you promised to be flabby
Like the little-english LABBY,
Now you wobble, which is shabby,
HUGH PRICE HUGHES.

Once among the faithful few,
HUGH PRICE HUGHES,
Pouring good advice into
Peaceful pews,
Pallid once with constant study
To be bold but never bloody,
Now you wear the warrior's ruddy
Hue, PRICE HUGHES.

Long you loved the Liberal norm,
HUGH PRICE HUGHES;
Now you go and nonconform
As you choose;
This is madness which has no
Methodism in it. O,
Have you fallen then so low,
HUGH PRICE HUGHES?

Have you lost your single eye,
HUGH PRICE HUGHES?
Frankly, do you read the fi-
nancial news?
Is it true that you admit
Certain ties that you have knit
With a patron of the pit,
You, PRICE HUGHES?

What, a man of peace by nature,
HUGH PRICE HUGHES;

Why should war-paint decorate your
Gentle thews?

Why is it that you, a cedar
Of the Lebanonian breed, are
Couching in the tents of Kedar,
HUGH PRICE HUGHES?

Are your motives pure of pelf,
HUGH PRICE HUGHES?
Are they such as WESLEY'S self
Might excuse?
Read your organ, line by line,
Where it pictures you supine,
Waxing fat on Uitland kine!
Whew! PRICE HUGHES!

Loving terms, when hand in hand you
(HUGH PRICE HUGHES)
Hunted parsons through the land, you
Used to use;
Now they hint that lust of booty
Lures you from the path of duty,
Deaf to friendship's "Et tu, Brute,"
HUGH PRICE HUGHES!

Well, your Boer's a bravish foe,
HUGH PRICE HUGHES;
To the devil himself we owe
Certain dues;
But for these false friends, say I,
There is only one reply,
Up and out and hip and thigh
Hew! PRICE HUGHES!



PLAIN ENGLISH.

JOHN BULL. "AS YOU WILL FIGHT, YOU SHALL HAVE IT. THIS TIME IT'S A FIGHT TO A FINISH."



She. "SO, DEAR BARON, YOU ARE JUST COME DOWN FROM THE MOUNTAINS. WHAT LOVELY VIEWS YOU GET THERE, DO YOU NOT?" Herr Baron. "MOST LOELY!"
 She. "AND WHAT DELICIOUS WATER THEY GIVE YOU TO DRINK THERE!"
 Herr Baron. "ACH, YES. DAT ALSO HAF I SEEN."

TO POETS!

["Wanted, one hundred verse writers, all descriptions. Call or write."—*Advt. in Daily News.*]

WALK up, ye poets of every state,
 Major, minor, and laureate!
 You are invited to "write or call"—
 Walk up! Walk up! There's room for all.

No matter what
 Your style you call,
 Or if you've got
 No style at all,
 Whether you envy MILTON'S bays,
 Or write blank-verse Shakspearian plays,
 Or limit your views

To a verse in the *News*,
 Or a par.
 In the *Star*—

Whatever you are
 Walk up, ye poets! Write or call! —
 Walk up! Walk up! There's room for all.

Miss O. would find us cheaper for her
 patriotic rhymes,
 Than the advertising columns of the *Times*.
 And statesman KIRLING also might come
 to us air

His little lucubrations
 On the sundry situations
 That occasionally rouse him from his
 lair.

Let every poet come to us who wants to
 fill his purse;
 All sources we are ready to exhaust in—
 Supplying the demand for all varieties of
 verse
 From WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE up to Mr.
 A-ST-N.

BERI-BERI.

["The latest disease is 'beri-beri.'"—*Daily Paper.*]

My head is burning, while my toes
 Are simply froze;
 My eyes are streaming like a hose,
 And so 's
 My nose;
 Dinner unheeded comes and goes,
 My claret tempts me not, nor sherry,
 And lo, the cause of all my woes
 Is beri-beri.

Sleep that would hover round my bed,
 Sweet sleep is fled;
 And now I toss about instead
 A head
 Of lead;

While fever'd fancies round me spread
 Their horrors in battalions serried;
 Ah! Better far be dead—dead
 Than beri-beried!

THOMAS SIDNEY COOPER, R.A.

Born 1808. A great Kentish Hop-grower.

THOUGH great his age, the painter-sage
 His ardour won't be stopping.
 He paints and chawks, he smokes and walks,
 And, what is more, goes hopping!

MENU

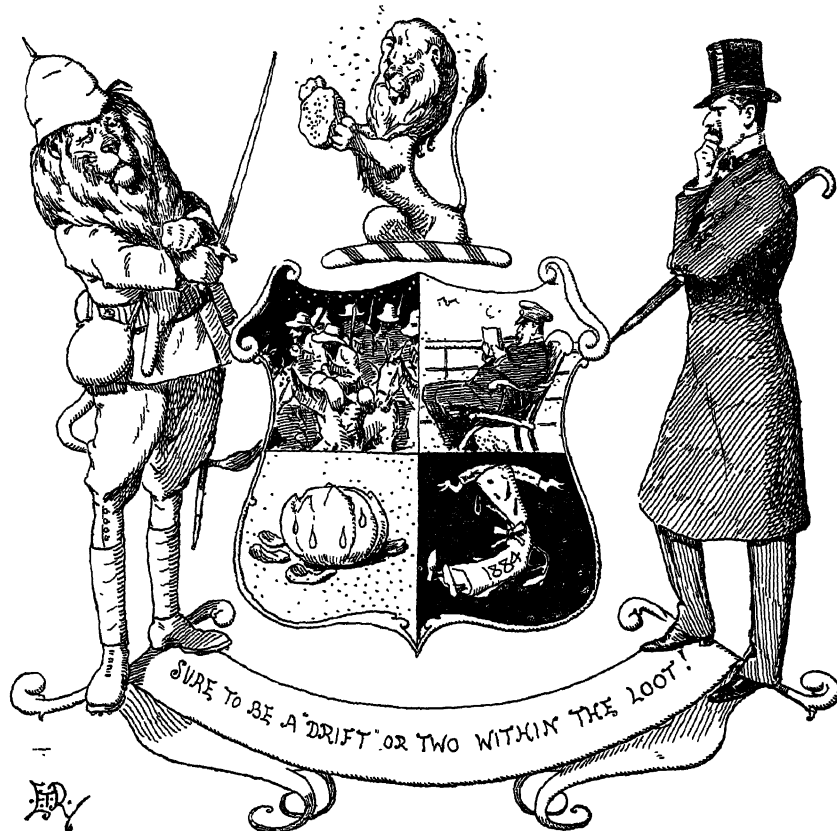
CONSOMMÉ de VOLAIRE
 POULET de MANS
 A LA PONTONVILLE
 JAMBON de PORTLAND
 CHARTREUSE Soufflée
 GLACE NICOISE
 DESSERT



["Prison cuisine is to be enlarged and improved. The chefs, who are nominally warders in the several prisons, are to undergo a course of training in Cookery at Wormwood Scrubs."—*Daily Telegraph.*]

Convict No. 7. "THIS 'ERE IS ALL VERY WELL, BUT I LIKES TO KNOW WHAT I'M EATING!"

READY MADE COATS-(OF-ARMS); OR, GIVING 'EM FITS!



GENERAL THE RT. HON. REDVERS, VISCOUNT BULLER OF WAREHAM DOWN AND SETTLEHAM, G.C.B., K.C.M.G., V.C.

Arms: Quarterly: 1st, Mounted, paltry knackery spavinois to the last, several moth-eaten guerillas or trappers hollandois of the transvaal on the war-path, nasally sanctimonious in carol, garbed slouchy snuffy in jaeger, pouched, belted, and bandoliered all proper (after evening service the usual collection will be made on the frontier); 2nd, a burly and seasoned warrior of renown, charged on the chest with complicated orders, assuming cruilly the command of a corps d'armée proper, conjoined leisurely in assembly through excess of scruple, equipped snatchy scrappy at the last, Pèle Méléé all over, and dumped down tardy on the spot; 3rd, A blood-Orange in its free state consanguine proper, fermented succulent juicy, stripped of its rind, and opened up available for grand quarters semée of billets. (*Motto* (for Transvaal): "Sans tache, sans peur."—"Without Steyn? No fear!"). 4th, An imperial covenant proper, guttée de sang, quixotically drafted in benevolence after reverses, ruthlessly mauled, mangled, and defied in truculence. (*Motto*: "Via trita non via tuta."—"The beaten path is not the safe path."). *Crest*: A British lion of supremacy rampant gules, his eyes opened to the full, holding between his paws a south-african honey-comb of disaffection exposed sinister, in the act of crushing it urgent. *Supporters*: Dexter, a lion in a uniform fighting for the crown, released joyous from the leash of restraint; Sinister, a plain citizen of the empire, of average endurance and sang-froid, unenamoured of slaughter, converted reluctant, as a choice of evils, to warfare. (*Second Motto*: "Backward at first, then forward!") *Additional Motto*: "Here wait a bit for your leader!")

MOONSHINE DOES 'EM.

A JAPANESE DRAMA.

(Suggested by Mr. C. B. Fernald's play, "The Moonlight Blossom," at the Prince of Wales's.)

[More kind than Mr. FERNALD, we have adopted phonetic spelling for the names of the cast. An orchestra will discourse Japanese airs upon the chop-sticks, supplemented by the fire-irons, between the acts.]

ACT I. SCENE—A charming Temple Precinct in Japan.

Enter I. ITO ARMO, in other words, Mr. FORBES ROBERTSON. He looks like an elderly charwoman in needy circumstances, and seems to feel his position acutely. A shawl of faded blue is pinned across his gaunt bosom, and his arms are red and bare.

Armo. Fourteen years ago my father, at the instigation of my half-brother,

drove me from his door on insufficient evidence. For fourteen years have I been employed in a subordinate capacity in this Temple and worn these ridiculous clothes. I must put an end to it. Mr. FERNALD must put an end to it, or I'll know the reason why!

Nanoya (without). ARMO, ITO ARMO! Armo (triumphantly). An avowal! And in choice Italian. Merely the displacement of a letter. Io t'amo, of course, the dear girl means. (Bridling.) Rather forward of her, I must say!

Nanoya. ARMO! Enter NANOYA, that is, Mrs. PATRICK CAMPBELL, R. She looks exactly like a more than usually fascinating YUM YUM.

Nanoya. Honourable ARMO, why don't you come when I call you? You're not nice at all. Years ago we used to play at bouts rimés together.

Armo (gloomily). Chacun à son bout.

Nanoya. ARMO! Are you aware that we are on consecrated ground?

Armo. You are frivolous, honourable NANOYA. [Sits beside her.]

Nanoya. Never mind. Let's be frivolous. Let's cap nonsense-verses. I'll begin:—

There was an old priest of Japan,
Who flirted all day with a fan.

Go on. One—two—

Armo (hastily).

By day and by night,
He was cheerful and bright,
He was such a jocular man.

[Sighs deeply.]

Nanoya (crossly). Really, honourable ARMO, you are too tiresome. You make an excellent nonsense-verse like that, and then you sigh! It's ridiculous.

Armo. That's all very well, NANOYA, but making nonsense-verses is one thing, and writing a play's another. And somehow with all our cleverness we don't seem to be getting on with the plot.

Nanoya. Bother the plot. Japanese plays have no plot. They're all moonshine and local colour. We just prattle on like this, and occasionally I do a little dance or sing a little song, and you fight a duel on stilts, and the rest is all charming scenery and pretty dresses.

Armo. But my dresses aren't pretty. I've only one and it's shabby already. I look perfectly absurd. And my half-brother, SUCKATAR, is wearing my clothes all the time. Just wait till I catch him!

[Stalks off I. to the Temple as the highly inappropriate act drop falls.]

ACT II. SCENE—The same. ARMO, in his blue shawl and a brown study, discovered seated, cleaning the Temple Sword. Enter BUNNAWASHY disguised as ITO SUCKATAR, drawn in a rickshaw by ITO SUCKATAR disguised as BUNNAWASHY.

Bunnawashy (impudently). Who is this lady?

Armo (crossly). Lady! As good a man as you are, Sir.

Bunnawashy (airily). Sorry, sorry. Thought you were the Temple laundress. This is the Temple, isn't it? And what with your red arms—

Armo (angrily, rising). Who are you?

Bunnawashy. I am ITO SUCKATAR. Who are you?

Armo (proudly). I am ARMO, ITO ARMO.

Bunnawashy (interrogatively). You too?

Armo (shortly). No. ITO.

Bunnawashy. But my good Sir, if I'm ITO you must be ITO. You're not I. It's impossible.

Suckatar (interposing). My master is pleased to jest, honourable ARMO.

Armo. A very poor jest. What does he want here?

Suckatar (melodiously). Only a pansy—I mean moonlight blossom. You have the plant growing on your Temple roof. Honourable SUCKATAR desires a cutting.

Armo (curtly). There are no cuttings for sale.

Suckatar (blandly). I didn't say he wanted to buy one.

Armo. What do you mean?

Enter C. conspicuously dressed party.

Bunnawashy (to his master, aside). Come away. There's a member of the secret police watching us. You can know him at once by his vivid blue costume. But it's etiquette not to appear to recognise him.



BUGGLES WITH THE DEVON AND SOMERSET. No. 3.

IN DEVONSHIRE.

A thoroughly Japanese form of secrecy, I call it. [Exit conspicuously dressed party.]

Suckatar (turning to ARMO). There's a blind gentleman asking for you in the next street. We heard him as we passed. Hadn't you better go to him?

Armo (apparently much impressed). A blind gentleman? I must go at once.

[Exit c. winking elaborately at the audience.]

Suckatar. Now for the pansy—ahem, moonlight blossom. (Goes to Temple L. and clambers up a rope which hangs temptingly. A bell rings loudly.) A burglar alarm, by jove!

Enter ARMO followed by secret policeman and myrmidons.

Bunnawashy. Caught, by jingo!

Armo. Got you, my friends! If you only knew how often during the past fourteen years people have tried to steal that plant, only to be caught by that simple contrivance, you'd feel rather foolish.

The Secret Policeman. Seize them.

[SUCKATAR and BUNNAWASHY are borne off struggling.]

Armo (overcome by the recollection of happier days when it was his fate to play SHAKESPEARE instead of the musical glasses). So much for SUCKATAR! [Act drop.]

ACT III. SCENE—The same. Moonlight. ARMO discovered conversing with NANOYA.

Armo (moodily). I don't like the way things are going, NANOYA. That's all about it.

Nanoya. What's the matter now?

Armo. It's that plot. We don't seem to get on somehow. There's no action.

Nanoya. Never mind about the action. Look at my clothes. Aren't they sweet!

Armo (sourly). Your clothes are all right. They always are. You forget me. Here's another act, and still I've nothing to wear but this detestable shawl. I want action. Something must be done. I know. I'll go to the wars. (Exit L. to Temple. Returns almost immediately with a bundle over his shoulder.) Now what do you think of me!

Nanoya. ARMO, you're more absurd than ever. You look exactly like NANKIPOO. And NANKIPOO always does look absurd without YUM YUM. [Insinuatingly.]

Armo (fatuously). Won't YUM YUM come too?

Nanoya. ARMO! (Falls into his arms.) But you won't go away now?

Armo. Not go away? I should think I would. Wild horses wouldn't keep me in such a play. I'm going at once.

Nanoya. But what's to become of the plot?

Armo. Bother the plot. Leave that to the secret policeman in the conspicuous uniform.

Nanoya. But my dance, ARMO? And the duel on stilts? What will the public say?

Armo (decidedly). If the public want to see them they must go to the Prince of Wales's. Come along. [Exit.]

CURTAIN.

KRÜGER'S DICTIONARY.—What's the word for "holding up" the mail and transferring the money bags of somebody else to your own pockets? "Commandeering" call you it? Ahem! This new-fangled word looks uncommonly like old-fashioned highway robbery.

ILLUSIONS.

[A writer in the current number of *Blackwood* says, "There are more aimless, indifferent loafers in the streets of the City than in any other part of London. . . . The City is not the busy place it is supposed to be."]

He thought it was a banker's clerk

That on his walk he met;

He looked again, and saw him stop

And light a cigarette;

"He may be going to work," he said—

"He hasn't started yet."

He thought he saw a "City man"

With "set and anxious face";

He looked again, and saw him mouch

Along with slouching pace,

And buy a "special" *Evening News*

To see who won the race.

He thought it was the Stock Exchange

For doing business at;

He looked again, and saw them play

At football with a hat,

And cricket with a paper ball

And an impromptu bat.

He thought it was the bar, to which

For snacks the merchant goes;

He looked again, and saw that most

Were playing dominoes;

And some were betting on the game,

The rest were in a doze.

He thought it was a busy town

He entered overawed;

He looked, and found on second thoughts

He had been all abroad,

"In more respects than one," he said,

"The City is a fraud."



Sydney, January 29

SHOOTING PROSPECTS.

Johnnie Bangs. "I SAY, OLD MAN, DO YOU MIND TAKING THESE CARTRIDGES OUT? I'VE NEVER USED A GUN BEFORE, DON'T YOU KNOW!"

A LAMENT. (By Smith Minor.)

FINISHED are the holidays,
Vanished is the time of frolic,
On a printed slip I gaze,
Which has made me melancholic;
And though tanned by Summer sun,
Comes the thought—a cheerless comer—
Masters hold (it is their fun!)
Tanning doesn't end with Summer!
Just the thing to freeze the blood is
That grim phrase, "Resume their studies!"
Comes at last the Monday Black,
Father puts a smile that's firm on,
Pats me kindly on the back,
Tends a sovereign and sermon;
Tears and tuck my mother grants,
Love—and hints for underclothing.
Technicalities on pants,
Always fill my mind with loathing;
Coddling—I call it fooling,
Indicates approach of schooling.
Centuries of Gallic strife,
Do not please me—as expected;

Centuries that cheer my life;
Are with cricketing connected;
Euclid and his "riders" tire,
Though I really am no laggard,
For one RIDER I admire,
Usually known as HAGGARD;
Work compulsory I'd vary—
Schools should all be Voluntary.

A QUESTION OF PERAMBULATION.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I should be very much obliged if you would decide, once and for all time, a question which is an object of considerable importance to many of Her MAJESTY'S pedestrian subjects. It is briefly (being a case for counsel) this:—As you are aware, when driving or riding you meet an advancing vehicle or quadruped by turning to the left. On the flags of the pavement, according to the social signal code, you, when encountering other bipeds, steer to the right. But—and this is the difficulty which I submit to your pound-wise penetration—when the traveller meets a Perambulator, should he or

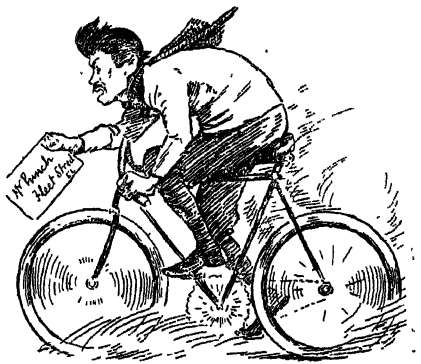
she follow the rule of the road or that of the side-walk? Clearly a Perambulator is a vehicle; but then, on the other hand, the Pedestrian is not a quadruped or a carriage, unless indeed as personified by *Lovely Woman*, a man-trap. I am continually having my legs barked by these reckless come-and-go-carts. Why should I be punished by my shins? Can you suggest any method for regulating the traffic? How would it be to have, as in a theatre, P. (Perambulator) and O. P. (Opposite Perambulator) sides?

Yours in difficulty,
BARNABAS BATTERSBY.
The Cell, Brixton.

FRESH FROM IRELAND.—"My dear NELL, I shall come over to England this week, on Thursday or Saturday, whichever of these days is the finest. Yours ever, EILY."

THE POINT OF VIEW.—No. X.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—Wot's going to be done for the "Bikers," I wonder? Things can't go on much longer as they are. Here you have a fine body of young men engaged in an innocent pastime, Saturdays and Sundays mostly, and they can't get room for it in the public thoroughfares! Never a street, nor a road, but is crowded by old fogies stepping off the footpath, all over the place, and getting in front before a cove knows where he is! If a chap wants a lark and goes for a bit of a spurt, it's "Scorcher!" he gets thrown at him, and up comes the copper on his bike, and it's a case of "ten bob or three days," if you please!! What is that but persecution? You can ring your bell till you're blind (a plucky pal of mine did it all the way from Blackfriars Bridge to Tooting last Sunday), but never a bit do these deaf and dumb old gents and old women care until they are in the mud, and then—Oh, my eye! These parties must be kept off the roadway, say I. It is rubbish that anybody should be allowed to cross the street where and when they please. There should be crossings, and the "ten bob or three days" business should be for those that won't use 'em. When a cyclist's bell is heard, everybody should clear off sharp. I'm a quiet biker myself, and I write



GRH

this letter in the interests of a noble sport that is making a decided change on the brain and muscle of Young England.

I am, old boy, yours muchly.

NO BRAKE.



SEVERE.

M. F. H. (to Youth from neighbouring Hunt, who has been making himself very objectionable). "Now, LOOK HERE, YOUNG MAN. I GO CUB-HUNTING FOR THE PURPOSE OF EDUCATING MY OWN PUPPIES. AS YOU BELONG TO ANOTHER PACK, I'LL THANK YOU TO TAKE YOURSELF HOME!"

THE PUNKAH-BOATS.—A FORECAST.

It was a cloudless morning in November, 1902, when a tall figure in a yachting-suit, and wearing about his neck a yellow scarf besprinkled with green shamrocks, wearily ascended the bridge of a steam yacht lying off Sandy Hook. He was greeted by another but stouter figure similarly attired with, "Mornin', Sir THOMAS."

"Good morning," said the taller mariner. "Any wind?"

"No wind, Sir THOMAS, as usual," replied the other, pointing to the burgee aloft, which hung as straight down the mast as a dead pig in a pork-butcher's shop.

"This makes our fourth year, I believe?" observed Sir THOMAS.

"Our fourth year, Sir THOMAS," assented his companion, "and never a match finished yet."

"Well, we shall try the Punkah-boats to-day," said Sir THOMAS, "and if they don't send us along, nothing on earth

ever will. Let the crew have an extra tot of our unrivalled one-and-sevenpenny apiece before we start."

"Aye, aye, Sir THOMAS," replied the skipper, as he slid down the taffrail into the caboose.

An hour later, a curious sight might have been observed as the competing yachts drifted to the starting point. Behind each of them were two large electric barges carrying what appeared like huge lateen sails; but, directly the signal gun was fired, the broad sheets of canvas worked to and fro with ceaseless activity immediately astern of either competitor. These barges were the Punkah-boats referred to by Sir THOMAS, and had been specially constructed by an ingenious American inventor for the special purpose of bringing, by means of artificial breezes, some practical termination to the International matches commenced in October, 1899. It had long ago been decided by the Committees of the New York and Royal

Ulster Yacht Clubs that the result of a single race should decide the fate of the America Cup. They moreover had sanctioned the construction of the wind-compellers in question.

It must be confessed that if the Punkah-boats did not succeed in producing much speed in the yachts, yet nevertheless they made both *Columbia* and *Shamrock* travel over the glassy ocean at a considerable rate, and there were considerable wagers at even money (in dollars) as to the result. Even Sir THOMAS shook off his day-by-day apathy, and for the first time for two years tossed off an impromptu jest.

"Why," he asked, "are we like Twelfth Night?" Every one gave it up.

"Because, bedad," he observed, with a twinkle of his optics, "we at last have got rid of the waits."

A burst of cheering followed this pleasantry, and Signor MARCONI promptly aéro-wired to the mainland that the Irish brigade were much elated with the success of the new "puffers," for so the Punkah-boats were styled in nautical circles. Meantime the racing yachts kept neck and neck.

The end was fast approaching. The goal was near! On, *Columbia*, on! Speed, *Shamrock*, speed! The "Punkahs" are working like the wings of fallen angels, the excitement is intense, the mark-boat is passed. The gun fires. Women shriek with emotion, strong men quiver with excitement. Up goes the signal from the umpire's boat. "DEAD HEAT." The Punkah-boats have done their work only too well. Sir THOMAS calls for a cup of 2s. 6d. (*Cuvée Réservee*), and rolls drearly into his satin-lined bunk. He cannot escape his doom.

FINE FINANCE.

La Patrie asserts that there is a syndicate in England which finances public meetings in favour of the British Government. Our Parisian contemporary is quite correct, there is such a syndicate. It sits at Bow Street and levies contributions with strict impartiality on behalf of the Government. Aliens have before now been known to contribute to this strictly Patriotic Fund.



She. "WHY, MR. SMITH, YOU DON'T MEAN TO SAY YOU HAVE TAKEN UP GOLF?"
Smith (age 78). "YES. I FOUND I WAS GETTING A BIT TOO OLD FOR LAWN TENNIS!"

TALKY AND HIS FRIENDS.

(With apologies to Mr. R-dy-rd K-pl-ng.)

"STOP rottin'," said the COCKROACH (It was just after dinner on a half-holiday and the Three were met in Number Five Study.) "Desist from exhibiting the depraved frivolity of your moral natures. Let's get to biznai. What are we goin' to do this blessed afternoon?"

"Cricket?" suggested the GOOSE. "Shall we go down to the nets? Or racquets?"

"Dry up, you futile burbler!" commanded TALKY. "Don't you know better than that by this time—after you've been in this amusing old college five years? Bless your innocent heart, my Gosling, we don't play no games—that ain't our line, not by long chalks. We provide light and wholesome readin' for the domestic circle—a chapter a month in a magazine, and then a beautiful red volume."

"D'you think we're ordinary school-boys?" echoed the COCKROACH, and he laughed till he rolled helpless on the floor, gasping: "Fids! oh, fids! Hefty gloats and fids!" Neither of the others knew what he meant. But then it was a tradition of the college to talk like that.

There was a knock at the study door, and the Chaplain entered. The GOOSE's *Thucydides* just missed, but TALKY's *Gradus* hit him fair and square between the eyes.

"Sorry, Padre!" said TALKY. "Clink-in' good heave, though, wasn't it? And we always treat our Chaplain without ceremony, you know. That's another of our traditions."

"Bravo, mes enfants," replied the Chaplain, smiling lovingly upon them, as he seated himself in the only other armchair. "Quite right. In this college, as the Head says, we must always show our blatant originality. In most public schools, I believe, it is but seldom, to say the least, that a master smokes his pipe in a fifth-form study. Consequently, I do it in every chapter. Daresay the Head'll drop in for a quiet weed presently." He lighted his pipe and puffed it silently for some minutes.

"Look here, Padre," said TALKY at length, "We're stuck. We're stuck in a bloomin' tight hole, all three of us. Take it by and large, you're a bit less of a thoroughgoing stinker than the other masters. We wouldn't do it if we weren't obliged, and we'll let you down light, but there's no help for it."

"Our TALKY speaks in parables," remarked the Chaplain, blowing artistic smoke-rings to the ceiling. "Perpend, TALKY, perpend. In what way can I place my poor services at your disposal?"

"Well, it's like this, Sir—we call you 'Sir' just once in a way to show there's no ill-feeling. We're making a book, the three of us—COCKROACH, GOOSE, an' me. Every chapter shows how we score off a master. We've used 'em all up, bar one. Now we've got to score off you."

"I won't hurt much, Padre," added the COCKROACH anxiously, "and I'll write a lovely poem about it. Shall we fill your bed with dead rats, or burn your room out, or get you run in as drunk? It don't matter what it is, so long as it'll fill a dozen pages or so."



Horse Dealer. "DID THAT LITTLE MARE I SOLD YOU DO FOR YOU, SIR?"
Nervous Horseman. "NEARLY!"

"Nothing like as bad as Brush-Drill, or Ag-Ag, or the Key," put in the GOOSE.

The Chaplain smiled more expansively than ever. "Oh, I leave it to you," he said. "At this school the boys treat the masters as they please."

"Except the Head," said a voice in the doorway. It was the Doctor, smoking a cigar. He sprawled affably on the table.

"Downy old bird!" said TALKY.

"What a giddy jest!" murmured the GOOSE.

"Hefty fids! I gloat!" This was the COCKROACH's contribution.

"Ah," said the Head, with a wise cock of his left eyebrow. "And when did I flog you three gentlemen last? Not in this chapter, I believe? So I thought. My talented TALKY, my golden GOOSE, my charming COCKROACH, if you will honour my poor study with your presence, the omission shall be rectified forthwith."

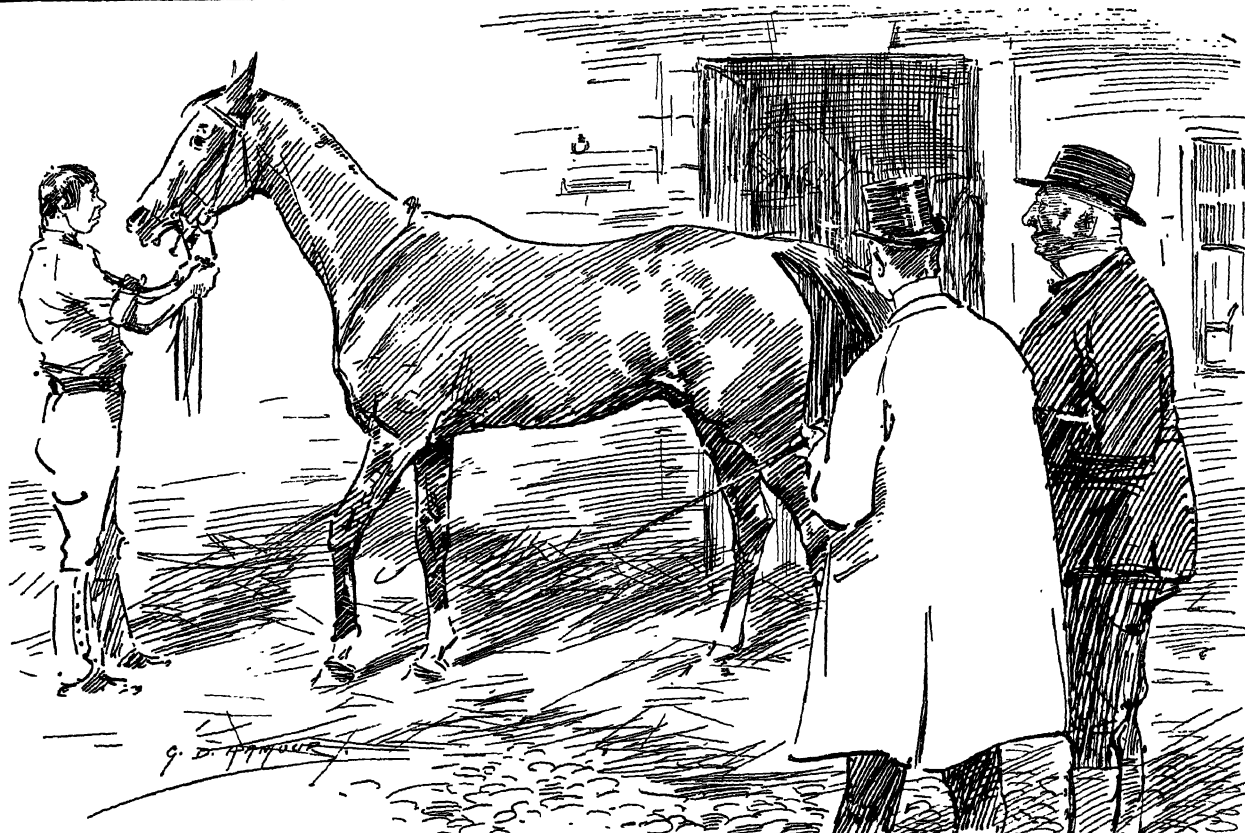
THE YACHT RACE.

SIR THOMAS was a millionaire, And yet he found, to his despair, To "raise the wind" he had no spell, So every sail became a "sell."

DOMESTIC NOMENCLATURE.

Mrs. Cristleby (to new under house-maid from Dorsetshire). Now I wish you to understand, MARTHA, that in future you will be called JANE. In order to avoid trouble, our butler is always SMITH, our footman THOMAS, our upper house-maid MARY, our under house-maid JANE, our cook ROBINSON, and our scullery-maid ELIZA.

REFLECTION BY MR. J-HN M-RL-Y.—Two wrongs don't make a right. Quite so, but one REITZ may make any amount of wrongs.

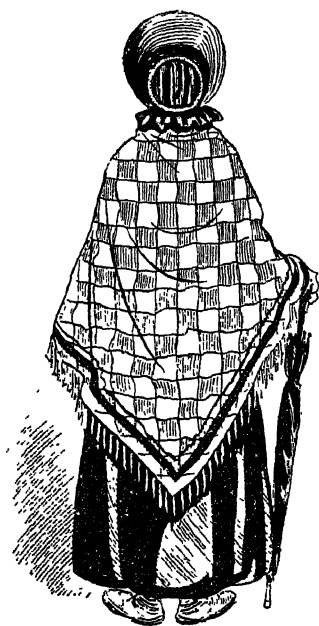


' A WAY THEY HAVE IN THE ARMY.'

"DON'T LIKE THAT LEG? WHY, BLESS YOUR LIFE, SIR, THAT'S ONLY A 'ABIT THEM CHARGERS GETS OF STANDIN' AT HEASE."

THE DESCENT OF FASHION;

Or, Studies in the Shawl Costume.



COUNTRY—1859

THE WOMAN AT HOME.

["The more sulky the man, the more cheerful the wife should be."—*The Bishop of London.*]

WHEN woes episcopal arise
On every hand, and trouble tries
My temper, and uneasy lies
The head that wears the mitre;
If, loving wife, you then should see
A sulky frown where none should be,
Remember, it is still for thee
To smile a little brighter.

When war diocesan is rife,
When lay and cleric fall to strife
And make a burden of my life,
And fight like gladiators,
Still with thy smile my anger witch,
Although my nervous fingers itch
With passion, and uneasy twitch
The legs that wear the gaiters.

And if by chance I am beguiled—
For even bishops meek and mild
May sometimes, when extremely riled
Say things that bishops shouldn't—
If I should ever tempted be
To bluster out a big, big D,
Do not give way to repartee—
A perfect wifekin wouldn't;

But still the more I sulk and gloom
The more I curse and swear and fume
And fling the things about the room,
The sweeter you must smile, dear;
And consolation you will find
If you will bear this thought in mind—
'Tis woman's mission to be kind,
And only man is vile, dear.

THE DESCENT OF FASHION;

Or, Studies in the Shawl Costume.



TOWN—1899.

AN OLD HAND AT THE GAME.

(By One who knows Him.)

["The Republics are determined, if they must belong to England, that a price will have to be paid which will stagger humanity."—President Kruger's cablegram to the "New York Herald."]

Will stagger? Tell us something new,
Most worthy Oom, that you've in view,
Some piece of fresh urbanity!
A pastime that you've played for years
(To ev'ry reasoning mind appears)
Is—"staggering humanity."

Your Boers have practised over long
The tale of arrogance and wrong,
And overweening vanity;
A second PHARAOH, many a day
The aliens you've oppressed, by way
Of "staggering humanity."

At last the "Rooinek"'s at hand
To waken justice in your land,
And bring you back to sanity;
A little while—you lose your claim
To prosecute your fav'rite game
Of "staggering humanity."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

MRS. EARLE, greatly daring as she confesses, has, with SMITH, ELDER's assistance, put forth *More Pot Pourri from a Surrey Garden*. In writing what was, perhaps, the first printed word of hearty welcome to the pioneer of these papers, my Baronite took exception to the quite unnecessary, and therefore almost criminal, use in the title of a French word that has no creditable acceptance even in its own country. "In a Surrey Garden" is not only sufficient for labelling purposes, but is pretty withal. Mrs. EARLE admits that "it is sad to have to repeat the un-English name," and forthwith repeats it, a quaintness sufficient of itself to declare her sex. Apart from this perversity, the second volume has all the charm of the first. It is just the friendly chat of a lady who has not only read books, but knows all about her kitchen, and, if possible, more about the garden she loves. The chapters are ranged under the heads of the months of the year, each suggesting its theme in garden and house. To illustrate Mrs. EARLE's versatility, it may be mentioned that she begins the year with reflections upon such diverse subjects as Apples, Skim-milk, BOTTICELLI's drawings, Manure-heaps, TISSOT's Bible, Winter honeysuckle, and RIPPINGILLE's patent stove. On each, sound, useful information is pleasantly conveyed.

Mr. STEEVENS adds to his growing library of travel-books a volume on India (BLACKWOOD). It may be presumed that, like their predecessors, these chapters originally appeared in the form of letters to the daily paper whose staff Mr. STEEVENS greatly strengthens. Unlike most special correspondence re-issued in book-form, there is in the matter and style no trace of newspaper manner. As throwing a glowing, yet piercing light on life in the East, the book comes nearer to the level of *Eothen* than anything my Baronite can at the moment recall. Mr. STEEVENS has an apparently illimitable command of picturesque language. In feebler hands this would be a weakness finally leading to bathos. With him, radiant adjectives fall into the right place, illuminating a picture which, though highly coloured, never offends. His stay in India does not appear to have been prolonged. But it is wonderful what some men can see whilst others are adjusting their spectacles with intent to look. Mr. STEEVENS saw a long way through India, its peoples, its customs, its trade, and its kaleidoscopic street pictures. He has, in marked degree, the gift of sharing his acquisitions with his readers.

THE BARON DE B.-W.

CAN IT BE A-FR-D?

HERE's a nice advertisement:—

CHRISTIAN WRITER and POET desires POST. Small remuneration. —27 A., &c.

Eh? Can it be——? No. His initials are A. A. Still it would be in full accordance with his disposition to efface himself if he modestly put forth only one half of his initials.

CAPITAL STUDY FOR AN ANIMAL PAINTER.—Going out and drawing a badger.



"HAVE YOU BEEN AWAY?" "YES. I WENT TO BRUSSELS."
"DID YOU GO TO 'WATERLOO'?" "NO. CHARING CROSS."

HOME THOUGHTS FROM AT HOME.

(Nor by Robert Browning, who is only responsible for the detestable metre.)

OH, to be out of England now October's there,
When whoever wakes in England is made painfully aware
That the golden Summer's over and dead,
That Autumn's here with a cold in its head,
That the rain has come, and the east wind too
In England,—Ugh!

And after October comes November
With fogs "the thickest you ever remember."
See how the driving mist and weeping rain
With leaden pall the sodden landscape cover
And send you shuddering back to sleep again!
That's your wise man; He yawns and then turns over,
Lest the mere thought of getting up encumber
The blest return to slumber.
Days pass and weeks, and still no sun appears,
You pack your traps and hurry to Algiers,
Careless alike of business done or undone.
Ah, better far than shivering here in London!

EX LUCELLO LUX.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I perceive that the London County Council is about to promote bills for the construction of Light Railways round about London. I have been so pleased with the idea. A few suburban Light Railways would indeed be pleasurable. But before starting fresh enterprises, why not use the material already rolling? Why not, for instance, introduce lighted lamps into the carriages, which ply between Victoria and the Crystal Palace? The long black tunnels not only turn day into night, but also hundreds away from the Sydenham glasshouse of popular recreation. I believe that there is some Board of Trade regulation on the subject, but, of course, only for waste paper purposes. Light railways by all means! Your obedient servant,
Pharos Lodge, Gipsy Hill. ELECTRA ARC.

SUITABLE spot (provided that Lord ILCHESTER does not object) for the next meeting of the Transvaal League:—Holland Park—much safer than Trafalgar Square.



THE ALTERNATIVE.

The Doctor. "WELL, MRS. BARNES, I MUST OFFER YOU MY CONGRATULATIONS. I HEAR YOU 'VE MARRIED AGAIN. AND HAVE YOU GIVEN UP YOUR OCCUPATION OF WASHING?"

Mrs. Barnes. "OH, NO, SIR. BUT, YOU SEE, IF I 'ADN'T TAKEN 'E, I'D 'A' 'AD TO 'A' BOUGHT A DONKEY!"

MY FRIEND THE ENEMY.

AIR—"John Peel."

Mr. M-RL-Y remarks:—

Do ye ken yon PAUL with his poll so bleak?
Do ye ken yon PAUL with his pipe in his cheek?
Do ye ken what he did last Monday week
By way of a bold ultimatum?

O his wrongs they lie on my heart like lead,
And I try but I cannot keep still in bed
For the twang of his psalter that hums in my head
And the boom of his bold ultimatum!

Do ye ken yon braves in their manhood's might,
How they challenge our women to open fight,
How they cheer my name on Majuba's height,
Going mad on the bold ultimatum?

O I love to plead in a tremolo bass
For the rights of a good old stiff-necked race,
But they put J. M. in a tightish place
With the blast of their bold ultimatum!

I have cursed whoever begins the fray,
Yet I stick to my Boer and I stand at bay,
And I won't, no I won't, be given away
By my friend with his bold ultimatum!

So there's LABBY and me and Mr. STEAD,
We all lie awake and we fidget in bed,
For their loud Alleluias would deafen the dead
On the top of their bold ultimatum!

Mr. CH-MB-RL-N replies:—

Yes, I ken yon PAUL with his weird little ways,
And the curious number of trumps he plays,
But I'm joining, just now, in his hymn of praise
On the strength of his rude ultimatum.

Had a deal been done with his Raad all round,
What neater device could have well been found?
It suits my figure right down to the ground,
This model of a rude ultimatum.

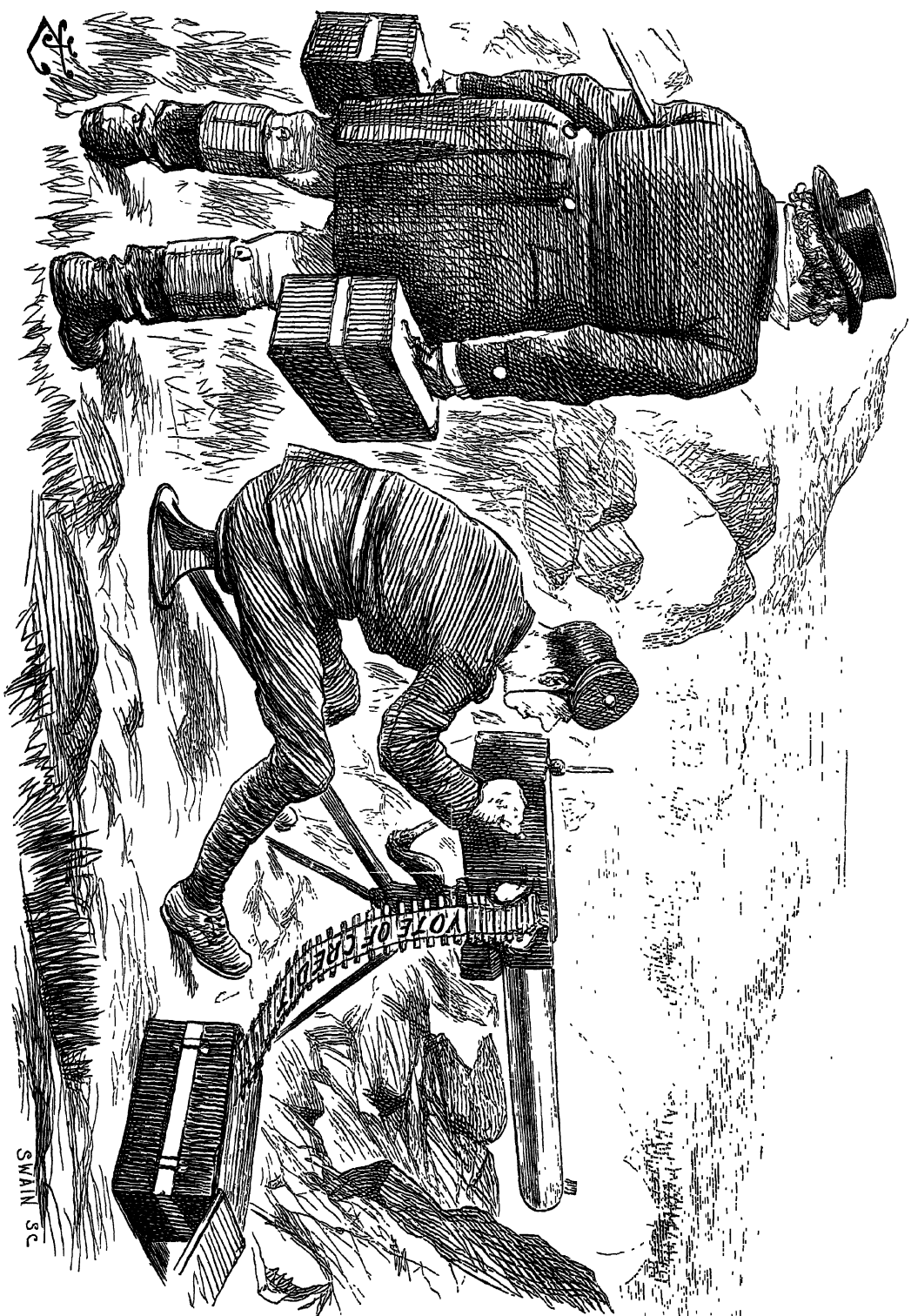
O I've followed my Oom at his tortuous trade,
And I've had no rest since the so-called Raid,
And this is the first false move he's made—
I refer to his rude ultimatum.

If his JOSEPH had stuffed him a full-sized sack
With Government gold till the seams went crack,
My Oom would have had to pay me back
With just such a rude ultimatum!

So here's to the party that played my game
With himself and nobody else to blame
For foes gone wild and for friends turned tams
On account of his rude ultimatum!

O I've much to forgive, but I seem to yearn
To embrace yon Oom with his eye so stern,
He couldn't have done me a kindlier turn
Than he did with his rude ultimatum!

BOERS' GREASE.—KRÜGER's ultipomatum.



THE SINEWS OF WAR.

JOHN BULL. "FIRE AWAY, JOE! I'M WITH YOU! I'LL LOOK AFTER THE AMMUNITION!"

THE WICKED UNCLE IN THE HAYMARKET.

AT Her Majesty's, with his superb revival of *King John*, Mr. BEERBOHM TREE has achieved the biggest success of his present management. I should imagine that there never has been, even during the régime of CHARLES KEAN at the Princess's, so perfect a setting given to this series of scenes which place before us the history of the period in dramatic action. Such a spectacle so pleases Lords, Commons, and the gods above, that if every night the appearance of the house is the same as it was when we were present, then Mr. TREE must be having perpetual "bumpers." Out of this vast crowd not a soul stirs until the curtain descends on the last patriotic speech of *Faulconbridge* over the dead body of *King John*.

Magnificent are the costumes, and splendid the suits of bur-nished armour that dazzle our eyes in camp and court, and it is quite in keeping with what SCOTT has told us of *Isaac of York*, who could supply a Knight Templar's complete outfit, sword included, at shortest notice, that the armourers to the court of *King John* should be (as is stated in the bill) "Messrs. L. & H. NATHAN."

Rough, rugged, and conscious of his own dramatic force and skill in fence is the *Philip Faulconbridge* of Mr. LEWIS WALLER; while the madness of *Constance*, as portrayed by Miss JULIA NELSON, powerfully enlists the sympathies of all the anti-Johnnies in the audience.

Carefully studied is every detail of Mr. TREE's "business" in the scene where *King John* gains over to his evil purpose the ill-favoured, soft-hearted, emotional *Hubert*, capitably played by Mr. FRANKLIN MCLEAY, and engages him for the post of *Prince Arthur's* private executioner. How much easier it would have been to have killed little *Arthur* outright than to have commenced his compassed death by putting out his eyes with red-hot irons! Yet, had this roundabout method not been adopted, the pathetic scene between *Arthur* (Master CHARLES SEFTON) and *Hubert* would never have occurred to the "Divine WILLIAMS," and the Drama would have been the poorer.

Well chosen is Miss BATEMAN as the representative of the cruel, selfish, and ambitious mother of *King John*, who, as *King Henry the Second's* widow, cannot forget how she once starred on the Oxford circuit, and, with poisoned bowl and deadly dagger, played the rôle of the leading tragedienne, when, in the sensational scene at Woodstock, she offered to *Rosamond Clifford*, then "playing seconds" to her *Elinor*, the choice of either method, as the shortest and most effective way of ending her part in the sad drama of *The King's Favourite*.

The tableaux of *The Fight*, arranged by JOSEPH HARKER, and of the *Granting of Magna Charta*, are admirably contrived and artistically arranged, and would be most impressive but that any tableau vivant seems to be incomplete without the clicking of machinery, the tinkling of a musical box, and jerky action on the part of the figures. In the signing of *Magna Charta* some of the figures did work, and no wonder, considering the amount of pennies in the boxes, but, for all that, we could have stood another turn or two of the heads to right or left, and we should like to have had both tableaux with us for just a couple of minutes longer.



King John signing the Long Lease of Her Majesty's Theatre.



FOILED AGAIN.

Light-fingered Gentleman. "YUSS. I WANTS TO KNOW JUST WHERE IS THEIR POCKETS. DOIN' US OUT OF OUR CHAWNST, THAT'S WOT THEY'RE UP TO!"

["At present pockets are not supposed to be worn in the skirt."
Fashion Papers.]

Mr. LOUIS CALVERT has not got hold of the true *Cardinal Pandolph*, whose Italian courtesy, when his Eminence is placed in more than one extremely unpleasant position, should always be in strong contrast to the boorish manners of the uncultured Barons. Miss DORA SENIOR's performance as *Prince Henry* is full of promise.

Altogether there is here every sign that the old theatrical proverb as to "SHAKSPEARE spelling ruin" will be falsified, and that the result will be a long and most profitable run. Her Majesty's is now one of the brightest and most comfortable theatres in London. Remember also, that over the portals (in effect) is written

No fees
At BEERBOHM TREE'S.

Outside, we would suggest that the service for fetching cabs and carriages is capable of considerable improvement. The system, which I believe works well elsewhere, of giving a numbered ticket to the coachman and also to the occupant of the carriage, has not yet been tried at Her Majesty's. But that's another story, and as to the play, though *King John* be full of the clash of arms and war's alarms, yet Mr. TREE may well congratulate himself on having obtained a "lasting piece."

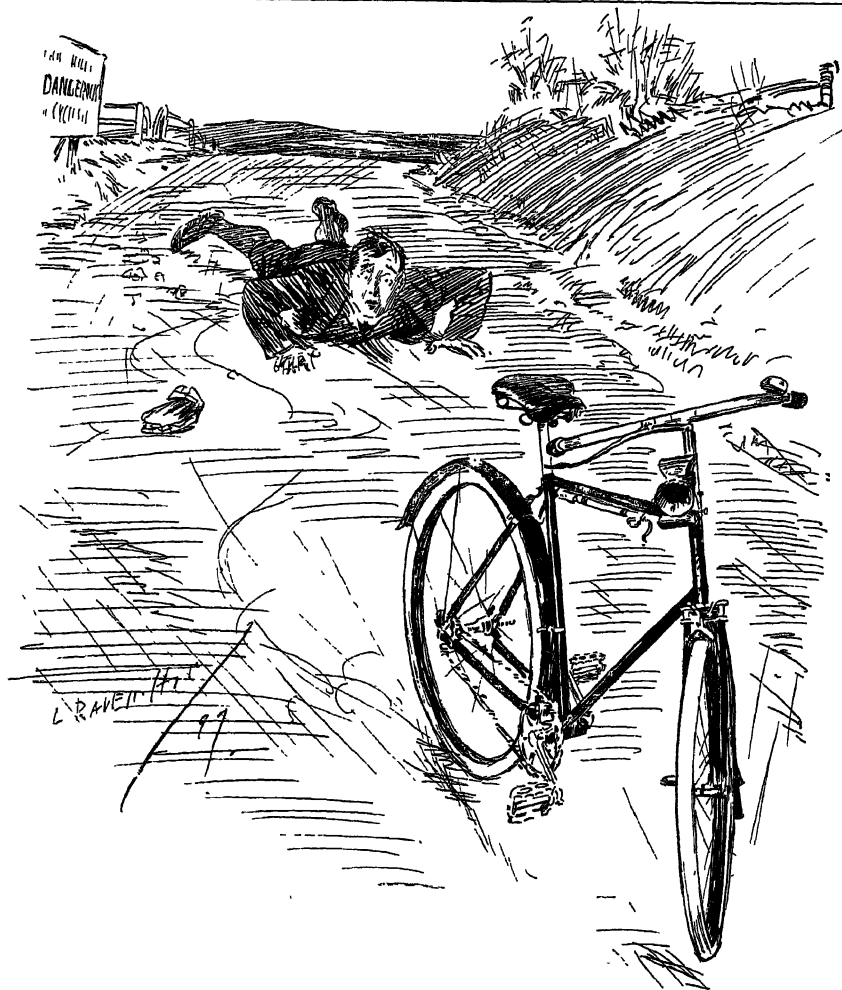
ANSWER TO A CORRESPONDENT.

ANGLO-AMERICAN.—Yes, we believe it is quite true that when, during his recent reception at New York, a man in the crowd called out, "Are you any relation to Dewey Eve?" the Admiral promptly replied, "Some. She was my first mother." As you say, the humour of the querist is a little thin. But it gave Admiral DEWEY an opportunity of showing that he is as ready on land as he was prompt at sea. No; we do not see any reason to believe that the incident was pre-arranged by the Committee.

RECENT DISCUSSION RE PRONUNCIATION OF PRESIDENT KRÜGER'S NAME.—Dear Mr. Punch,—Having seen your beautiful picture (in issue of October 4) representing Oom PAUL reviewing his troops, no further doubt can be entertained as to the "gee" being hard!

Yours,

SUJAR-FOR-BIRD.



BICYCLING NOTES.

A FREE WHEEL.

AUGUSTE AND LUDWIG.

ON THE CRISIS.

SCENE—An Hotel in Milan.

Auguste. Si je ne me trompe pas, c'est Monsieur LUDWIG. Enchanté de vous rencontrer, cher Monsieur! Comment allez-vous?

Ludwig. Wie? Ach so! Ja, ja, ja! Herr AUGUST. Es freut mich sehr. Wunderbar! Wie geht's?

Aug. Je suis désolé, mais je n'en comprends pas un mot. Vous parlez français, n'est-ce pas?

Lud. Je? Non! Je parler pas. So must we English speak, when you no Italianish can. *Lingua italiana?* That but can I not.

Aug. Nor me not more. What damage! Eh well, speak the language of the perfidious Albion. I have forgotted her one little, this language. *Quelle langue! Quel pays!* What think you of the war of the Transvaal?

Lud. Schrecklich! Shriekly! It is even so wicked as the war of Madagas— Ach nein! As the governing of Aegypten.

Aug. Nothing of more odious since the prise of the provinces of Slesvig-Hols—I wish to say the provinces, the provinces of— Sapristi! You make one little

voyage of agreement in Italy, dear Mister? Me I go to Venise. I part this afternoon.

Lud. I travel towards Florenz. Venedig is wonderfine.

Aug. But there is some English, too much of English partout. Ah, these English! Are they insupportable!

Lud. Abscheulich! The Frenchers and the Russiers should the Englanders attack, and the poor KRÜGER save.

Aug. Ah no, I am not of your advice. It is the affair of the *Puissances* of the North, of the *Allemagne* and of the *Russia*.

Lud. Ach nein! We speak much, but the KAISER will nothing do. Read you ever the *Kölnische Zeitung*?

Aug. Comment? I have readed in one journal of Paris a traduction of many morsels very interestings from one journal of your country, *la Gazette de Cologne*.

Lud. Bitte? I have never thereof heard. But the English ministers have foreign enemies, even in England. To the example, it is one Frencher, who much writes and speaks, ever very violent, one certain HARCOURT. Without doubt is he Frenchish, as his name.

Aug. Pardon, this mister is not French. Me also, when I have readed his letters, I have believed that it was not one English, but one of your compatriots. How write you "de," en allemand "von"? Un "v"

minuscule, ainsi? Parfaitement! Eh well, his name write himself, W. v. HARCOURT. C'est un nom allemand, quoique français. WILHELM VON HARCOURT, n'est-ce pas? And however it is not one Allemand, it is one noble English, he is "bart," Sir HARCOURT Bart. He love the Boers.

Aug. He love not this CHAMBERLAIN. Ah, these English! How they mock themselves the one of the other. Always some quarrels!

Lud. Yes well, but they are not so divided as the Fren— Ach nein! As the Ostriches.

Aug. Les autruches?

Lud. Ja wohl, in Wien.

Aug. Wien? Ah parfaitement! Vous dites à Vienne. Les Autrichiens.

Lud. That have I said. The Englanders are unashamed. To the example, in Samoa—

Aug. Ah, dear Mister, Samoa it is not nothing! For we other French it is one other pair of sleeves. Fashoda! Hélas!

Lud. They are all robbers.

Aug. Of veritables brigands. Tiens! He is eleven hours, at Paris ten hours. Permit that I write one despatch to my agent of change. I go to buy some actions of the mines of gold of the Transvaal. They are in base—en baisse. And, more late, one shall attend some prices incredible! Are they brutal the English! But we other French ourselves we know not to govern our colonies as them. They are of a sageness. As soon these ignorant farmers chased from Pretoria, he will have there down one true régime de liberté, d'égalité et de fraternité, that of the free England. The Boers themselves shall have more of justice. But say not one word of all this. Et alors quelles recettes des mines! Je vais gagner mon petit bénéfice, moi aussi! I buy my actions before the war.

Lud. Kolossal! You are very wise. That shall I also do. The dear Boers, I love them much, but their governing is shriekly. So telegraph I also towards Berlin.

Aug. You comprehend well, dear Mister. I despise always this odious CHAMBERLAIN. C'est un monstre! But grace to his politic, we other French, and you also dear Mister, we go to gain some mad sums.

Lud. Ein abscheulicher Mensch! But you have right. Telegraphieren wir sofort.

SALLY MEDICIN-ALLY.

[“A Danish doctor, having seen the game of Aunt SALLY in England, now prescribes it for lady patients subject to temper. After sufficient throws good humour invariably returns.”—*Daily Paper*.]

Of all the sports for womenkind
There's none like old Aunt SALLY;
Upon the body and the mind
It acts—eventually.
There is no fetish on the earth
So powerful as SALLY,
And Danish doctors see its worth,
Prescribed medicinally.

Of all discoveries, I ween,
Male man will reckon this chief,
A safety valve to come between
A woman and her mischief.
For when her mood is shrewish, rude,
Or vexed phenomenally,
Sal. aunt. ter die, after food,
Will cure her physic-ally.

“MADE TO ORDER.”—The Commander-in-Chief.

ARTFUL AND CRAFTY.

MY DEAR EDITOR,—When you were kind enough to allow me to visit the New Gallery to see the excellent contents of the Arts and Crafts Exhibition, I was slightly nervous, as the commission was what may be termed "a large order." The Society holds its show once in three years, and naturally the preparations must be of far-reaching character. However, I was somewhat reassured when, in exchange for my ticket, I was courteously handed a catalogue.

The first exhibit that attracted my attention was a fountain, but on referring to my guide-book I could not discover its number. Then I saw some most comfortable seats (occupied by weary sightseers), but these again were uncatalogued. I accounted for these seeming omissions by the fact that my volume was said to be "under revision." It is only right to say that the fountain appeared to me to be a fixture, and my impression is strengthened by a faint recollection of having seen the exhibit in the same place on other occasions.

On glancing at the catalogue, I was much struck by the evident utilitarian spirit in which those responsible for the collection had undertaken what must have been at once a duty and a labour of love. Here was a "Tea-cosy," there a cushion-square. I was much pleased with the designs for the various costumes in the Art Workers Guild Masque. "Hope" was extremely good, and "Smell"—if I may venture on an opinion—even better. Then I came upon suggestions for stained-glass windows, and finding that most of the exhibits were on sale, thought of purchasing one of the designs for myself. I was induced to take this course of action into consideration, as I feel that I had better put up a window to myself during my lifetime as there might be some hesitation in paying me the graceful compliment when circumstances over which I would have had no control had rendered me voiceless. Unfortunately I could not discover any design that was exactly appropriate, as none of the figures suggested my career as a militiaman and a rather prominent member of a not unimportant suburban "parliament."

There was one piece of excellent work that filled me with admiration. It was suggestive of fairy-land. Light, elegant, beautiful. On reference to the catalogue, I ascertained it was "An oak dresser." This outcome of the arts and crafts I should certainly have attempted to have made my own were it not that I stand in terror of the temper of our "job cook." I feared that if I carried the dresser into the kitchen, I would excite the ire of our retainer (retained from week to week at the cost of a pound for seven days), who might refuse it admission. Besides, we have a kitchen dresser already, which serves its purpose sufficiently well, but which cannot for a moment enter into competition with any other object of the same class on the score of its æsthetic loveliness.

Among other interesting items, I came across a "gesso panel" which I found representing "Peace." This I would have willingly secured for the acceptance of Mr. KRÜGER. But I felt that it would be "pushful" for me to take the initiative. Were a present to be made to the President



Miss Favasour de Paymk. "CAPTAIN RIDLEY! WHY I NEVER EXPECTED TO SEE YOU HERE! I THOUGHT YOU WERE GONE TO FIGHT THOSE HORRID BOERS!"
Captain Ridley. "HAW! LITTLE PESSIMIST!"

of the Transvaal, it should come from the Government of this country, and not from a private individual. And, alas! the present relations of "that Government" with "this Government" put a bar to an act which would be at once courteous and superfluous.

For the rest, the other exhibits were equally delightful. All of them were beautiful, and quite a fair percentage useful.

And now, my dear Editor, I have complied with your request to "do" the New Gallery. I have to ask a favour. I have some difficulty in selecting an appropriate *nom de plume*—will you kindly supply the omission? * Yours sincerely, IDIOT.

* With pleasure. See above.—ED.

GOING THE SPACE.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—There seems to be a general desire on the part of Responsible Authorities round about London to acquire Open Spaces for the benefit of the Public. The latest edition is Dollis Hill, where Mr. GLADSTONE used to coruscate between

HOMER, Mr. PARNELL and the Vatican. I am all in favour of Open Spaces, but why not make the Spaces within measurable distance of Common (or Garden) Sense? At the present moment we have the finest Open Space in Europe, Her Majesty's Park of Hyde to wit, open to everybody, but except to the loafers who lie on the grass (I am not referring to Rotten Row or the Ladies' Mile) it is an Oasis of Desolation. Why forbid the cheerful Café Chantant, the rollicking Restaurant, and the blithesome Bier Garten so esteemed on the Continent? These are not places where people get rampant in opposition to Sir WILFRID LAWSON'S methods. On the contrary, they are spots devoted to *al fresco* domesticity. If Dollis Hill be secured, let it be a Park that keeps pace with the times. Yours obediently,
MUL-TUM IN PARKO.
Willesden Junction.

THE UNCORKING OF THE RIGHT KIND OF SPIRIT (from our own Irrepressible One).—When KRÜGER "Schnapps" his fingers at Great Britain.



A SURPRISED PARTY.

"WHY THE D-D-DOOSE DON'T YOU RING YOUR BELL?"

THE HIGHLAND GAMES AT MACJIGGITY.

WHILST staying at MacFoolze Castle, my excellent host insisted that I should accompany him to see the Highland Games. The MACFOOZLE himself is a typical Hielander, and appeared in a kilt and jelly-bag—philabeg, I mean. Suggested to him that I should go, attired in pair of bathing-drawers, Norfolk jacket, and Glengarry cap, but he, for some inscrutable reason of his own, negatived the idea. Had half a mind to dress in kilt myself, but finally decided against the national costume as being too draughty. Arrived on ground, and found that "tossing the caber" was in full progress. Braw laddies struggled, in turn, with enormous tree trunk. The idea of the contest is, that whoever succeeds in killing the greatest number of spectators by hurling the tree on to them, wins the prize. Fancy these laddies had been hung too long, or else they were particularly braw. Moved up to windward of them promptly.

"Who is the truculent-looking villain with red whiskers?"

I ask.

"Hush!" says my host, in awed tones. "That is the MACGINGER himself!"

I grovel. Not that I have ever even heard his name before, but I don't want to show my ignorance before the MACFOOZLE. The competition of pipers was next in order, and I took to my heels and fled. Rejoined MACFOOZLE half an hour later to witness the dancing. On a large raised platform sat the judges, with the mighty MACGINGER himself at their head. Can't quite make out whether the dance is a Reel, a Strathspey, a Haggis, or a Skirl—sure it is one or the other. Just as I ask for information, amid a confusing whirl of arms and legs and "Hoots!" a terrific crack is heard, and the platform, as though protesting at the indignities heaped upon it, suddenly gives way, and in a moment, dancers, pipers, and judges are hurled in a confused and struggling heap to the ground. The MACGINGER falls upon some bag-pipes, which emit dismal groanings beneath his massive weight. This ends the dancing prematurely, and a notice is immediately put up all round the grounds that (to take its place) "There will be another competition of bag-pipes." I read it, evaded the MACFOOZLE, and fled.

THE PEACE PARTY.

["There is but one party in the Cabinet, the party of peace."—*Mr. Balfour.*]

No Jingoos we
A-thirst for war,
Although you see
This army corps;
These guns to fire
We don't propose,—
Our one desire
Is to love our foes.
But the fact is this,
Si pacem vis,

(You've heard the quote before?)
If you wish for peace
You must increase

Your faculty for war.

And that is why the trumpets bray,
And the troops are sailing day by day,
And the doctors stitch and the nurses

sew—

It's all in the service of peace, you know.

Then fee-to-fum! Let the foeman come;
The question we'll very soon settle
With a dum-dum-dum of the big, big drum
And a rub-a-dub-dub of the kettle.
And when we close with our well-loved foes,
We'll give them a welcome hearty
As up we run with the maxim gun,
For we are the great Peace Party.

FRIENDLY FRENCH ANTICIPATION.

IN view of the reported retreat of English troops in the early stages of the Transvaal trouble, we may expect our amiable friends on the Parisian Press joyously to blossom forth in headlines, something after the following fashion:—

Defeat Of The English.
Perfidé Albion Annihilated At Last.

Fashoda And Waterloo Avenged.

Consternation In London.

Queen Victoria Resigns.

The Cabinet Collapses.

Sir Salisbury Commits Suicide.

Hon. Chamberlain, Esq., Has A Fit.

Members Of The Parliament Drown Themselves In The Serpentine.

French Savants Of Soho Seize Soho Square.

British Empire Bankrupt.

Vive La France!

THE GREATEST OF THESE.

["The Recessional—the greatest poem written by any living man."—*Sir E. Clarke.*]

OF jingling verse how much is made!
What scores there be that try it,
And even, with good luck, persuade
A publisher to buy it!
But what is this same vapid brew?
The merest babe may know it's
Not poetry at all. Then who,
Who are the living poets?

Well—*place aux dames!*—the first is she
Whose patriotics solemn
Do dignify the *Times* (q. v.
Sub advertising column);
Then England's ALFRED, whose great pen
Adorns these self-same pages
On various occasions when
The British Lion rages.

But yet another doth remain,
At whom the world is lost in
Blind wonder: he out-Oakleighs JANE,
Out-Austins Mr. AUSTIN.
These three are great ones, if you please,
The best and up-to-datest
Of living poets, and of these
Great KIPLING is the greatest.

PRACTICE AND PREACH.

["Mr. HAY MORGAN, Baptist minister of Stamford Hill, who is lately called to the Bar, has decided to continue his spiritual work, contending that the combination of barrister and minister is not incompatible."—*Daily Paper.*]

LEARNED (or Reverend?) Sir, whose guile
Is blended still with awe,
Boldly you strive to reconcile
The Gospel and the Law.

The Bar, that many brand as sin,
Bars not your sanctity,
Because undoubtedly your inn
Will in a temple be.

Though still your flock bid you retain
Your functions pastoral,
You, while their pastor you remain,
Accept another "call."

But while your sermons urge that each
Make joys eternal his,
'Tis strange that, when thus-wise you
preach,
"Brief" life your portion is.

Political Ornithology.

Hodge (after spelling through paper).
What's an Afrigander, missus?
Missus. Why, the 'usband of an Afrigoose, o' course.
Hodge. And what's an Afrigoose?
Missus. Why, a hostrich, o' course!

NEW NAME (for the Winner of the Two Thousand Guineas, the Derby, the St. Leger, and the Jockey Club Stakes).—Fly-in-first Fox.

A TERRIBLE TRAGEDY!—Shot down in front of his door—a ton of coals.



VERY ADAPTABLE.

"NOW, NURSE, I'M THE NOBLE KNIGHT. DO YOU THINK YOU COULD BE THE BEAUTIFUL LITTLE MAIDEN IN DISTRESS?"
 "LOR! OF COURSE, MASTER DICK."

ALFRED AUSTIN TO THE RESCUE.

(By Mr. Punch's Vagrant.)

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—Dreadful as the mere statement sounds, I fear there can be no doubt that on this Transvaal question the judgment of foreign nations is not in accordance with our own. It is not merely the French who indulge themselves in the accustomed luxury of denouncing our conduct and impugning our motives. That we could understand, for it is not in the nature of things that the French, whom we have lately been trouncing with some vehemence over their behaviour to the unfortunate DREYFUS, should neglect so glorious an opportunity of paying us back in our own coin, of holding us up to the Universe as tricksters, liars, and servants of the Mammon of unrighteousness. But from Russia, from Holland, from Austria, from Belgium, from Italy, from Portugal, and even from Germany there comes a chorus of detestation directed at Great Britain, at Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, at Mr. BALFOUR and even, Heaven help us, at Sir ALFRED MILNER, which must be both painful and perplexing to those who have been industriously assuring us that we had on our side not merely the conscience of our own Empire, but the conscience of civilised mankind.

The ordinary Briton, of course, troubles himself very little about the approval or the condemnation that a foreigner may pronounce upon his conduct. When he himself declares that Russians are liars or Frenchmen rogues he has the profound conviction that he is uttering a truth, and that his utterance of it ought to make Frenchmen or Russians quiver with humiliation. But when the Frenchman or the Russian retorts JOHN BULL is complacent. He knows why they attack him: it is because these foreigners, poor blinded, bigoted creatures that they are, envy JOHN BULL and gasp with impotent rage at the spectacle of his wealth, his manliness, his beauty, his

freedom, his Birmingham statesmen, his loud, strong voice—all the qualities, in fact, that make JOHN BULL superior to the beggarly remnant of humanity, whose ignorance he pities, and whom he proposes to go on despising.

It appears, however, that Mr. ALFRED AUSTIN has been pained to the inmost recesses of his sensitive being by the unfavourable comments of some of our German friends. ALFRED is a Laureate; he occupies an official position; he knows all about the Royal Family, whose domestic incidents are supposed to provide him with perpetual inspiration; he is on easy terms with Dukes and Cabinet Ministers; he knows how things are done; he keeps watch and ward over the British Empire, and not even a German shall presume to criticise that Empire without laying himself open to pretty nearly a full printed column, not of poetry, to be sure, since even ALFRED tempers a just severity with a merciful consideration for a foe's feelings, but of solid, self-laudatory, argumentative prose from ALFRED'S temporarily depoetised pen.

But how blessed, how touching is the modesty of our ALFRED! His German correspondent had spoken of ALFRED as one who had "the double capacity of statesman and poet." ALFRED puts all this by; he will have none of it; he cannot, he says, "in the least agree with what you much too partially say in your letter." Not a statesman, he seems to murmur in a sweet and blushing confusion, only a leader-writer on the *Standard*, better informed, it may be, than most statesmen, but let that pass; not a poet, oh no, only a writer of sonnets, odes, ballads, and dramatic pieces, which for fire and force, and real affatus—but, tush, I must dissemble. However, of course, ALFRED knew that this letter of his was going to be printed in the *Times*, and no doubt he thought it a pity that certain carpers should not have the chance of knowing what a real critic (though a German) thought of ALFRED; and so, equally of course, ALFRED included this particular quotation about the "double capacity of statesman and poet" in his reply, and sent it off to the *Times*.

But what beats me about the whole business is the fearful, if unconscious, criticism which this correspondence passes upon us, ALFRED'S fellow-countrymen. Not one of us would have dreamed of thinking or writing of ALFRED as either a statesman or a poet, let alone statesman and poet in combination, so deeply immersed are we in the trivial materialities of life. It is left for a German to set the Laureate on his true pedestal, to proclaim him to the world as the Titan he really is, and to shame our miserable lack of appreciation. It is plain that we must bow our heads and revise our estimates of statesmen and poets.

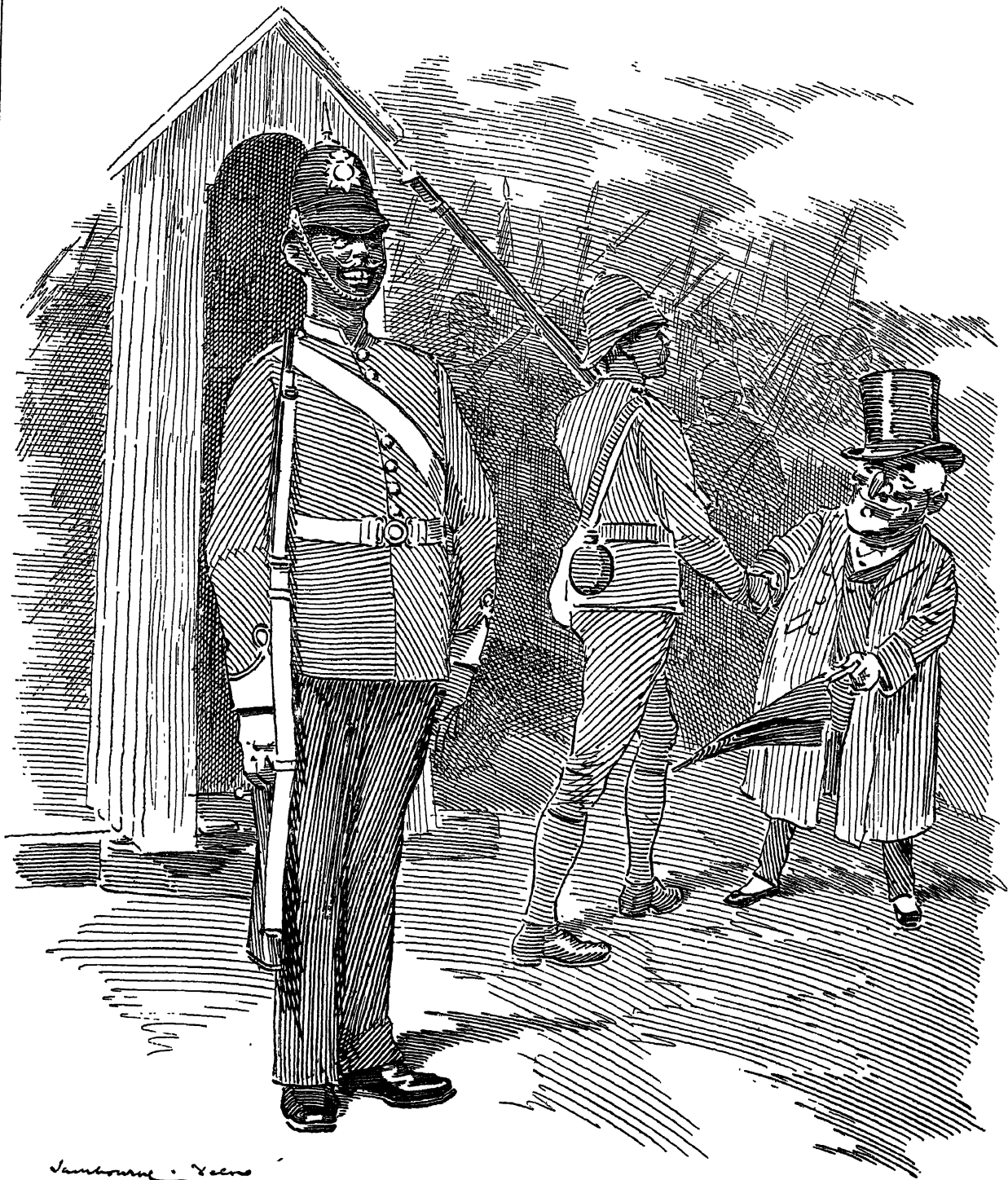
Did you notice, too, how delicately ALFRED conveyed to us the fact that the great BISMARCK admired him, that the man of blood and iron knew that ALFRED, our own ALFRED, was as good a German as the German Minister of War, and that the founder of the German Empire knew by heart one of ALFRED'S immortal poems entitled "The Challenge Answered"? Where is that poem now? I am panting to read it, to commit it to memory, to recite it to you, Mr. Punch, to try it on everybody, to make it famous instead of forgotten, and thus to bind another chaplet about the already overloaded brow of our statesman-poet.

My dear Mr. Punch, you must, you really must read ALFRED'S letter for yourself. Don't have it read to you, don't be satisfied with excerpts, but read it through without skipping from start to finish. Nothing in this cloud-compelling production is vanity, nothing is conceit. ALFRED does not patronise the memory of BISMARCK; he does not condescendingly pat the present German Emperor on the back; he does not assume an intellectual protectorate of the German nation. If men should impute such faults to ALFRED, he need not defend himself. He can smile the lyrical smile that he learnt from Apollo when he interviewed the god and his attendant muses on the topmost peak of Parnassus; he can nod his head with the awful nod that Jupiter taught him, Jupiter whom he once chanced upon on the summit of Olympus what time the father of gods was reciting "The Challenge Answered" to Mars and the rest of the minor deities. Yes, ALFRED is a statesman and a poet, and the whole world knows what to think of him.

Faithfully yours,
 THE VAGRANT.

NOTE BY OUR OWN IRREPRESSIBLE ONE.—The *Daily Telegraph* states that a man who fell asleep on the grass in the Green Park, had his boots half devoured by sheep. Of course, the animals were French and mistook a boot for *choux*.

ACADEMIC.—Is "Road making" included in the subjects lectured upon by a Professor of Path-ology?

**RELIEVING GUARD.**

Mr. Punch (to Guardsman off to Transvaal). GOOD LUCK TO YOU! OUR MILITIA BOY WILL LOOK AFTER US WHILE YOU'RE AWAY."

DARBY JONES REDIVIVUS ON THE
CAMBRIDGESHIRE.

HONOURED SIR,—Like the Lethargic Tortoise or the Hybernating Dormouse, I occasionally rouse myself from the Slumber of Content to browse upon the Verdant Produce of the Turf. I perceive that Mr. JOHN CORLETT bewails the Demise of p.p. wagering. So do many of those who often played but never paid. Meantime the Gem, which coruscated for the Seezerwitch having enabled me to consume a Magnum of Sparkling Parnassus (Cuvée Réservee, Anno Jovis, 1874), I venture under its Magnetic Influence to hymn the following Augury on the great event associated with the county of the Cam. in these lines :—

For the Man who was strapped to a wild circus horse,

I confess I have greater respect
Than for *Anxious*. The *Swimming Fowl* must
go the course;

And the *Highland Port* some may select.
The *Scoto-Hibernian* may do the trick,
And *Pax à la Hague* be most nigh;

But I think of the basket I'm naming the pick
In the *Shark* and the *Creeper on High*.

Such, Honoured Sir, is my little Peep into the Future. May it provide You (and other Honoured and Always-Remembered Patrons) with some of that Winter Keep without which the Best Stabled Editor cannot be expected to celebrate Christmas as heretofore.

Your obedient Henchman and Heeler,
DARBY JONES.

P.S.—I have *heartrending* accounts of my misguided nephew, ASCOTT HEATH. He has lost his Little All in attempting to run Shakspearian Drama with real horses. I always warned him against entering for the Stratford-on-Avon Handicap. Meantime I am receiving subscriptions for his well-earned Benefit. Verb. sap. D. J.

A QUESTION OF SIZE.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I notice that the Little Englanders are never tired of calling Great Britain a coward, because she is trying "to crush two little Republics." Well, (supposing a Little Englander were stung by two little wasps, what would the Little Englander do? Would he let them sting him again, because he was so much bigger? Do you suppose he would?

Yours in doubt, PHILIP PHAGG *min.*
Eton College.



SCENE FROM A NEW FOOT-BALLET.



PHILIP
39

STRANGE VAGARIES OF A PAIR OF MOUNTACHES. SKETCHED IN HOLLAND ON A WINDY DAY.

THE NEW "SPEAKER."

[Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT has addressed a very encouraging letter to the young Oxford men who are running the *Speaker*.]

I LOVE my dear *Speaker*
Its views are so fine,
And they all have been moulded
Most wisely on mine.
I love my dear *Speaker*,
Its tone is so high,
And of all politicians
Its idol is I.

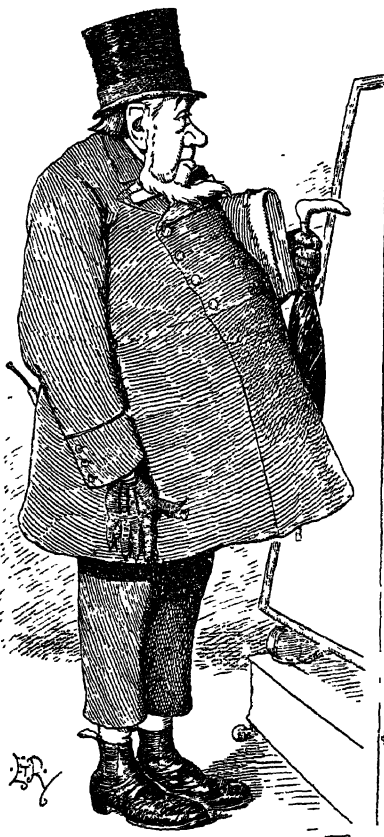
I love my dear *Speaker*;
Your scholarly pen
So savours of Isis,
You very young men!
And I note with a pleasure
I will not deny
That in all your opinions
Your idol is I.

I love my dear *Speaker*,
For hasn't it shown
That its views on finance are
Entirely my own?
While the wrath of the Jingoes
It dares to defy,
For in policy foreign
Its idol is I.

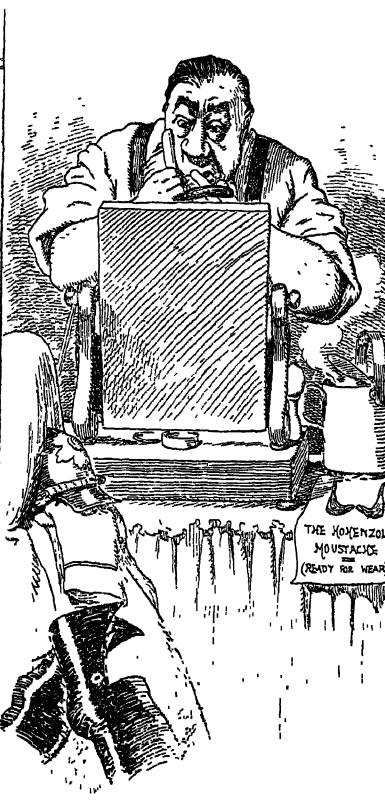
I love my dear *Speaker*,
'Tis the mouthpiece, you see,
Of the Liberal Party
Consisting of me;
So in future, each Friday,
A copy I'll buy
Of this excellent paper
Whose idol is I.

(FLYING) FOX'S MARTYRS.—The Book-makers who took the odds on the Duke of WESTMINSTER'S colt for the St. Leger.

HOW TO MAKE A WAR-LORD OUT OF UNPROMISING MATERIAL.



THE RAW MATERIAL.



THE PAINFUL PROCESS.

THE FINISHED ARTICLE.
HOCH! HOCH! HOCH! OR (DUTCH) WORDS TO
THAT EFFECT.

MR. PUNCH'S DRAMATISED NOVELS.

THE CRANKSMAN.

(By H-U C-ne.)

ACT I. SCENE—The ruins of a great reputation in the Isle of Man.

John Storm (showing round party of tourists). Yes. This is a particularly instructive ruin. Dramatic, in fact. The original edifice attracted some attention, and this makes its fall only the more interesting. I should call it a Ruin with a Purpose.

Archdeacon Wealthy. He was a man of Letters, I think you said?

John. Yes.

The Archdeacon. Poor fellow!

John (irritably). You mustn't say "Poor fellow" like that. It's not your cue. You represent the full-fed; and worldly-wise dignitaries of the Church. That's why your name's WEALTHY. So subtle! The Queen is one of your parishioners. (Aside.) Take off your hat, man. On the stage a statement of that kind is invariably received bar-headed. (Aloud.) You're not heartless enough. Poor fellow, indeed!

The Archdeacon (puzzled). I am sorry if I have said the wrong thing.

Enter Lord STORM, a very new Peer.

Lord S. Ah! Archdeacon, how are you? My son been showing you round the ruins? Quite right. My idea entirely! My son is to become a popular novelist. He can't begin to advertise himself too early. The

puff, the paragraph, the interview. They are all important. You agree with me?

The Archdeacon. I should have thought some literary gift or a sense of style would have been more necessary.

Lord S. You're quite wrong. Advertisement is everything. That's why I insisted on my son showing you round the ruins. Such an opening! (Confidentially.) Perhaps you could paragraph it?

The Archdeacon. I don't understand you.

Lord S. A note, a few lines merely. In one of the Church papers? The Guardian for choice. I rely on you.

JOHN STORM returns after having got rid of his tourists.

John. Father, I cannot become a novelist. Father LAMPLOUGH says—

Lord S. LAMPLOUGH! Did you say LAMPLOUGH? The Patent Medicine, of course. Cultivate him, JOHN. He might give you some tips about hoardings or sandwich-men.

John. No, no, father. Father LAMPLOUGH is quite a different person. No relation to the firm at all.

Lord S. No relation! Then he's an impostor. What business has a man to take an honoured name like that, and deceive everybody?

John. Perhaps it's his real name, father.

Lord S. Don't tell me! A name like that is worth five thousand a year to a man. Do you mean to tell me he got it for nothing?

John (firmly). Anyhow, I'm not going to write novels.

Lord S. (grimly). Then what are you going to do, pray?

John (hesitating). I think I'm going to be a prophet, father.

Lord S. What, Sir! (Raises his stick.)

John. A prophet. I shall start an almanac like "Old Moore." Don't be angry. It's literary, too, after all.

Lord S. You're a crank, Sir.

John. Why not, father? Half the successful novelists in London are cranks.

Lord S. That's true. (Mollified.) Well, as you are still to embrace a literary calling, I don't mind. I daresay prophecy is a remunerative line. It's next door to preaching, and there's nothing like preaching for a novelist. Couldn't you prophecy under the guise of fiction?

John. My prophecies will be fiction, father. [Exit proudly.]

ACT II. SCENE—The Promenade of a Popular Music Hall. As the Curtain rises, a voice is heard without, singing—

Oh My! Oh Publicity!

Oh Publicity!

Oh Publicity!

Fiction will always be highly prized

If it's sufficiently advertised!

Lord Robert Ure. Bravo! bravo!

Horatio Drake. Isn't she splendid? So refined!

Lord Storm (ecstatically). What's her name?

Drake. GLORY QUAYLE.

Lord Storm. GLORY QUAYLE! What a name for the top line of a Bill!



AWFUL RESULT OF THE WAR!

A Dream of Mr. Punch's Sporting Correspondent.

[“Mr. ARTHUR WILSON, Master of the Holderness Hunt, has received an intimation from the War Office that, in consequence of the war with the Transvaal, ten of his horses will be required.”—*Daily Paper*.]

Lord Robert. So your son thinks.

Lord Storm. My son?

Lord Robert (in his graceful way). Prophet JOHN. She's his new craze. He's a crank, and the music-hall stage is his latest fad. Prophet JOHN!

Lord Storm. You needn't sneer. You write his prophecies, you know.

Lord Robert. Quite true. John's no literary sense, and no imagination. I supply both. I've prophesied the end of the world for to-night.

Lord Storm. I say. You oughtn't to have done that, you know. A prophet should never be precise about dates. It gives him away.

Lord Robert. Not a bit. The almanac's gone through fifty editions on the strength of that prophecy.

Lord Storm. But if the world doesn't come to an end?

Lord Robert. Why then every one will be immensely relieved.

Enter JOHN and GLORY QUAYLE.

John. Father, let me introduce to you my future wife.

Lord Storm (stormily). Your future wife!

John. Yes. Miss GLORY QUAYLE.

Lord Storm (relieved). My dear young lady! JOHN, I congratulate you. (Aside.) What an advertisement! A music-hall singer. Crank, indeed! JOHN's a genius!

ACT III. SCENE—The Athenæum Club. As soon as the Curtain rises a skirt dance is given by one of the members, followed by an exhibition of boxing by two others.

The Archdeacon. I had no idea the Athenæum went in for this sort of thing. They never used to.

Lord Storm. Must move with the times, Archdeacon. It advertises the club, you know. A literary club can't live nowadays without advertisement any more than a literary man. It was my son's idea.

Enter JOHN and GLORY.

The Archdeacon. They admit ladies, too?

Lord Storm. For the sake of the paragraphs in the ladies' papers.

The Archdeacon (shocked, apostrophising the club). I will never darken your doors again. [Exit.]

John. Good evening, father.

Lord Storm. Good evening, JOHN. GLORY, you look charming. (Anxiously.) I hope your dress will be described in the illustrated papers?

John. Trust me for that. I may be a cranksman, but for “booming” I don't know my equal. I have had it photographed, and sent copies to all of them.

Lord Storm. And how does the prophesying go on?

John. Pretty well. We sold fifty editions of the last almanac.

Lord Storm. Weren't the public annoyed when your last prophecy didn't come true?

John. They were rather. So absurd of them! It isn't as if they wanted the world to come to an end. They ought to have considered me a public benefactor. But they didn't.

Lord Storm. They won't pay much attention to your prophecies in the future.

John. I don't mind. I've sold the almanac to a company. JOHN STORM, Limited. Good name, eh?

Lord Storm. But what are you going to do now?

John. I? Oh, I'm going to write a play.

Lord Storm. JOHN, you're a genius, positively a genius!

John. I always said I was, father.

CURTAIN.

A LEGAL TENDER.

WHEREAS I do respect, revere,
Love, honour and adore thee;
Whereas I long to plead, my dear,
In re myself before thee;
Whereas for thee my heart doth beat
With passion never-waning,
I offer thee said heart, my sweet,
With all thereto pertaining.

That is to say, *videlicet*—

A brief that never came, dear,
Likewise the fee, unsettled yet,
Belonging to the same, dear,
Together with some cases—no,
Not legal—these were made for
Champagne, but emptied long ago
And, like the first, unpaid for.

Aforesaid assets, with whate'er
Besides belongs to me, love,
I hereby promise I will share
Without reserve, with thee, love.
That is my case. For Pity's sake,
Decide it not at random,
But think it over fairly, take
It, dear, *ad avisandum*.



Desperate Householder writes out advertisement:—"To BE DISPOSED OF, A MONKEY. VERY COMICAL AND PLAYFUL. LIVELY COMPANION; FULL OF FUN. WOULD EXCHANGE FOR GOLD FISH, OR ANYTHING USEFUL."

TO AN IRISH FIELD-CORNET.

[In a letter of regret for absence, addressed to a meeting in Dublin of which the object was, according to the *Freeman's Journal*, to express the hope that "God may prosper the Boer," Mr. SWIFT MACNEILL, M.P., wrote: "The war comes rather under the category of murder for the purposes of robbery."]

AIR—SHELLEY'S "To Night."

SWIFTLY come over the southern wave,
Spirited Knight!
Out of thy curious emerald "cave,"
Where all day long in the law's despite
Prayers for their Oom my lovers lift,
Come like a swallow, and O so swift,
SWIFT, be thy flight.

Wrap thy form in a banner of green,
Jaeger-wrought;
Do, for the airs of the veld are keen,
Take of thy precious health good thought;
O and between thy extra shawls
Put in a harp from Tara's halls,
High-toned and taut.

When I arose and read the news,
I longed for thee;
As the early worm laps up the dews,
I drank thy phrases cool and free;
Thy "Robbery under Arms" I read,
And knew the veteran's touch and said:
"MACNEILL for me!"

DAVITT, no doubt, has sworn to die
Hot spurs on heel;

I felt the brave O'BRIEN's eye
Stabbing the air like German steel;
I heard NAPOLEON-REDMOND's hide
Bristle for Oom; but Oom replied:
"Give me MACNEILL!"

If I can tell a lion of war
By his bow-wow,
Thou art the man for my Irish corps,
SWIFT, here is none but thee (or thou?);
Thews of the warrior-born are thine,
Thou hast the cornet's martial sign
Stamped on thy brow!

Better to draw thy final breath
Here in a drift,
If thou art anyhow bent on death
By Saxon rope or bullet-rift!
So, lest thou die like a pariah dog
And haunt the pit of thy native bog,
Come SWIFT, SWIFT!

A SUGGESTION FOR MR. HENNIKER-HEATON, M.P.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—Now that I note
Signor MARCONI's wireless telegraphy has
proved such a success, why not go a step
further and invent a system for posting
letters without stamps? Think what a
priceless boon this would be to many im-
poverished persons, including
Yours respectfully,

MARTHA MCGUBBIN.
Haggis Mount, Peebles, N.B.

THE BRITISH VESTRYMAN.

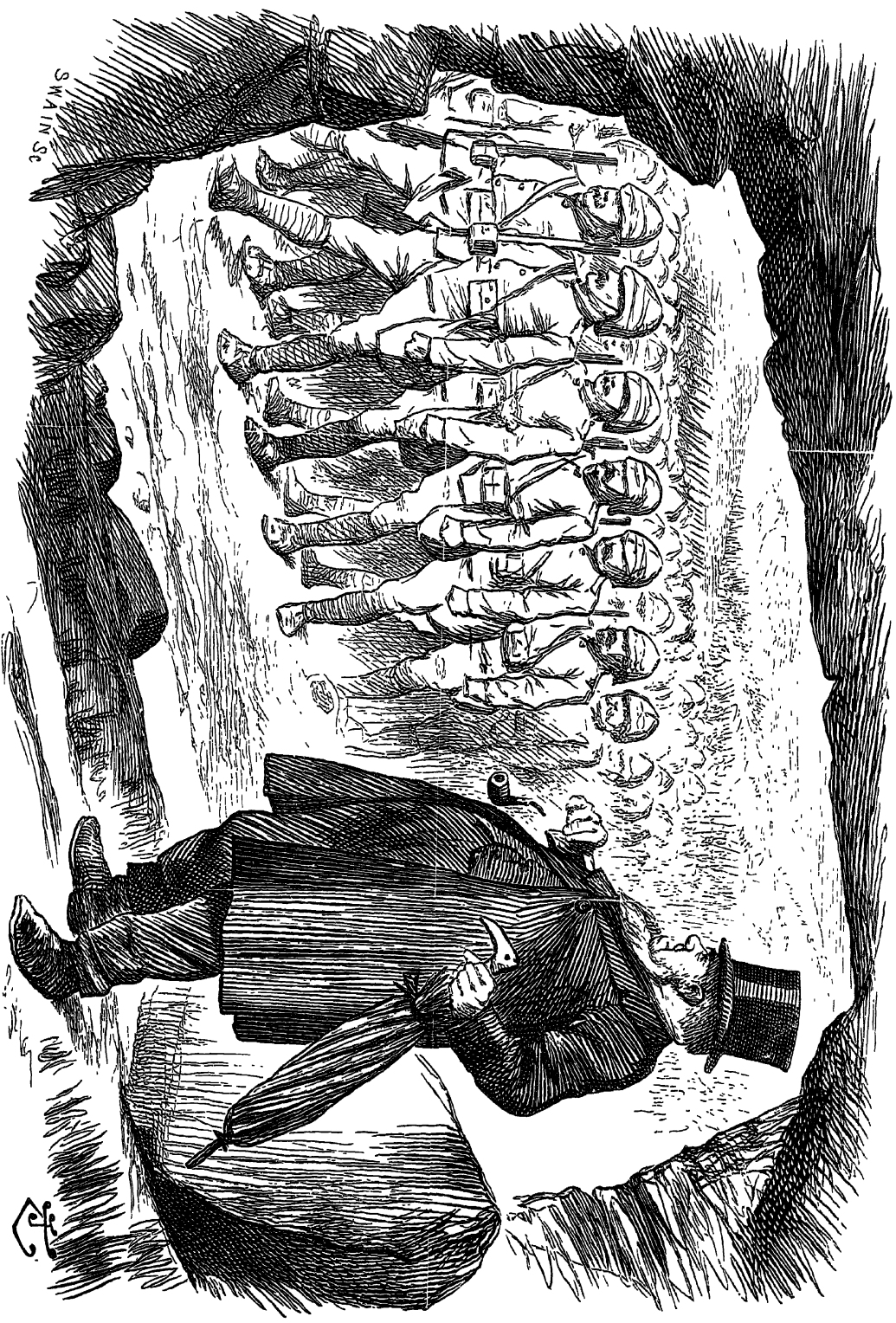
["You never know," remarked a Camberwell Vestryman, "when you leave your wife and family to come here whether you will ever see them again. It is almost as bad as going into battle."—*Westminster Gazette*.]

SOME talk of REDVERS BULLER,
And some of GEORGIE WHITE,
They say these are the fellows
To give Oom PAUL a fright;
But of all the world's brave heroes
There's none that's braver than
(Sing, what a jolly row-row!)
The British Vestryman.

At duty's call we fall to
And bash each others' hats,
We spar and fight together
Like any dogs and cats;
While all the gay spectators
Who do the battle scan,
Sing, what a jolly row-row
For the British Vestryman!

And when the fight is over
We to the pub. go then;
The urchins cry hurrah! boys,
Here come the Vestrymen!
Here come the Vestrymen, my boys!
My! ain't they cripples when
They've had a jolly row-row,
Them British Vestrymen?

KRUGER CRYSTALLIZED.—*Vox et Pretoria nihil.*



KRÜGER'S VISION.

"WHAT, WITH THE 'THIN RED' LINE STRETCH OUT TO THE CRACK OF DOOM?"—*Macbeth*, Act IV, Scene I.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

The P. and O. Pocket Book is a small volume on a great theme. It sets forth the history, and throws light on the domestic economy, of a commercial fleet of which the Empire may well be proud. Incidentally it supplies in a nutshell much valuable information for voyagers. There are excellent maps, many picturesque photogravures of ships and ports, and a supplement of blank sheets for private notes. Half a dozen descriptive articles deal with the various countries between which the palatial P. and O. liners pass to and fro, shuttles on the loom of the world. Thus STANLEY LANE-POOLE writes on Egypt, Sir EDWIN ARNOLD on India, Sir THOMAS WADE on China, and HENRY W. LUCY on Japan. Far away the most interesting contribution is that wherein Sir THOMAS SUTHERLAND, Chairman of the Company, relates its history. As he has practically made it during the prosperous epoch of the last twenty-five years, he is well qualified for the task. The first ship owned by the P. and O. Company was the *William Fawcett*, built in 1829, of 206 gross tonnage; the last is the *Persia*, whose structure of 8,000 tons is now approaching completion on the stocks. Between the launching of these two vessels there lies a field of achievement possible only to dauntless courage, tireless patience, infinite resources of mind and money. There are few cases (there is a parallel in the White Star Line) wherein, with full acknowledgment made to capable and loyal colleagues, the success of a vast enterprise is so directly traceable to an individual, as by common consent it is with the Peninsular and Oriental Company. The Chairman has his most cherished reward in the prosperity of the concern of which, for nearly a quarter of a century, he has been the guiding hand. There is one delicate little fashion in which his colleagues on the Board might give expression to the esteem and admiration they in common with the staff and officers are not slow to express in private conversation. They should christen the next new ship *Lady Sutherland*.

Whose Deed, by HADLEY-WELFORD (JARROLD AND SONS). The best criticism of this book is *Hamlet's* commentary on the light literature in Elsinore Castle—"Words, words, words." Had the author allowed one person instead of six to tell the story, had he omitted epilogue and prologue, and condensed the whole to magazine length, it would have made a very passable detective story.

The story, as told by VIOLET HUNT, entitled *The Human Interest* (METHUEN), begins well and brightly, but as it goes on the active-minded Baron is of opinion that there is plenty of exercise for the practised skipper who knows the ropes. The Baron does not regret that he has no time to spare for skipping.

No more fascinating modern romance, replete with stirring adventures by sea and land, can the Baron at the present moment recommend to his clients who take him as their guide, philosopher, and friend, than *A Sailor's Bride* (F. V. WHITE & Co.), by GUY BOOTHBY. It is the story of a successful failure, for had the hero succeeded in the mission with which he was entrusted by the Admiral, all the adventures that followed on the disastrous result of his attempt to obey his superior officer's



A GAIN OF THREE.

Vicar's Daughter (showing Parishioner new Harmonium). "IT HAS ONLY TWO STOPS, JOHN. BUT EVEN THAT WILL BE A GREAT IMPROVEMENT TO THE SINGING."

John. "THAT IT WILL, MISS. FOWER OR FIVE STOPS HAS BIN T' AVERAGE OF LATE!"

command would never, in this form at least, have occurred to the fertile brain of the nautical author, whose breezy style and perfect mastery of his sea-going (literary) craft do not allow the reader a chance of being wearied by so much as a dull half second. No "skippers" aboard Commodore BOOTHBY's fast sailing clipper. Highly recommended by

The BARON DE B.-W.



["It has been discovered that JULIUS CESAR edited a newspaper."—Daily Paper.]

IMPORTANT BASSO-RELIEVO, SHOWING THE GREAT EDITOR DISPATCHING HIS SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT TO THE SEAT OF WAR.



First Bystander. "Ah! they be noble boys, them sodjers, goin' an' dyin' for their country."
 Second Bystander. "Shure, an' isn't that the way they make their livin'?"

LES ALLIÉS DU BRAVE KRÜGER.

À Monsieur Punch.

MONSIEUR, — Le vaillant, l'invincible MAX RÉGIS, l'illustre exilé chassé d'Alger par les infâmes mouchards de l'ignoble LOUBET, quittera bientôt Barcelone pour se rendre à Pretoria. Et non seulement lui, mais aussi quelques rédacteurs de son admirable journal. Un régiment de rédacteurs sous les ordres de RÉGIS, régisseur de la régie et du régime du régiment.

Et vous, brigands britanniques, qu'est-ce que vous espérez faire au Transvaal? Vous envoyez un certain général, qui est même plus qu'un JEAN BULL, c'est un BULLER. Ah, voyez-vous, je comprends votre langue effroyable et grotesque! Eh bien, vous avez beau envoyer un BULLER, ou même un BULLEST, tout ce qu'il y a de plus superlatif, car MAX RÉGIS se battra à côté des simples et honnêtes paysans du Transvaal. Vivent les Boers! Tremblez infâmes insulaires, ignobles boutiquiers, amis des boursiers hébraïques, esclaves de JOSEPH CHAMBERLAINE et de SICILE RHODE!

Vous avez beau envoyer toute votre misérable petite armée, y comprise même votre Armée du Salut du Général BOOT, car vous les perdrez, toutes les deux, sans avoir le temps de prononcer le nom de JEAN ROBINSON, le millionnaire sud-africain dont vous parlez de cette façon bizarre. Et MAX RÉGIS, installé là-bas et nommé directeur en chef des mines d'or, deviendra encore plus richissime que l'infâme RHODE lui-même, qui a gagné pas mal d'argent à force d'être patriote. Et moi, TROFFORT,

seul patriote de la France, moi aussi je deviendrai riche en partageant le butin.

Il n'y a qu'un moyen pour vous sauver, pauvre bossu du Flet Stret. Envoyez vos rédacteurs, vos gérants, vos collabora-



THEIR SAFE INVESTMENT.

MAMMA HAS BEEN FOOLISH ENOUGH TO GIVE THE CHILDREN SIXPENCE TO SPEND IN SWEETS, AND THIS IS THEIR SAFE INVESTMENT.

teurs, vos commis, tous vos employés au Transvaal, comme régiment de journalistes anglais. Mais vous n'osez pas. Les journalistes de l'Angleterre écrivent; les journalistes de la France se battent. Vive la France! Vive la Presse française!

Allez-vous promener, vieux farceur du Flet Stret! MAX RÉGIS écrasera bientôt l'insupportable orgueil des bandits d'Outre-Manche. Tremblez, ignoble bossu! Chantez, si vous voulez, comme tous vos odieux compatriotes, le *God Save* et le *Roule Bretagne*, chantez avec eux, tas de fous et de sots, mais tremblez quand même!

HENRI TROFFORT.

POLITICAL GEOGRAPHY.

Teacher (thinking to improve the shining hour). What is the capital of the Orange Free State?

Smart Boy (without hesitation). Belfast, Sir.

QUITE A NOVELTY. — The Sketch, for October 18, invented it. It gave a photograph of Mr. ARTHUR CHUDLEIGH and described it as Mr. DION BOUCAULT, while an excellent portrait of Mr. DION BOUCAULT, at page 588, did duty for Mr. ARTHUR CHUDLEIGH, lessee of the Court Theatre. Funny idea for new set of "puzzle-portraits;" give various portraits with any names underneath, and offer a prize to any one spotting the original of the portrait.

TUM-TUM BULLETS.—P*11s.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Tuesday Night, October 17.—PRINCE ARTHUR never so charming in manner as when accident of his position leads him to disclaim personal knowledge of questionable things. Example forthcoming to-night. CAWMELL-BANNERMAN, in debate on Address in reply to Speech from Throne, began by uncompromisingly ranging himself on side of Government in resisting Boer invasion of British Colonies. Enthusiastic cheering from Ministerialists reminded him what would be expected by section of his own following. As the member for SARK says, finger of Providence plainly visible in selecting for Leader of Liberal Opposition as at present constituted a gentleman with double-barrelled name. CAWMELL having patted Ministers on the back, BANNERMAN, coming up in front, lands his right fist in unpleasant propinquity to their unresponsive countenance. So, as in the concluding scene of *Box and Cox*, "every one is satisfied."

To-night, having declared that it is "the plain duty of us all" to resist the invading Boer, C.-B. went on to accuse the Government of bluffing.

"Bluffing? What's bluffing?" PRINCE ARTHUR whispered to DON JOSÉ, seated on his left.

"Oh," said Colonial Secretary, "it's something to do with a game of cards. Poker, I think. Consult the Attorney-General. That's what he's here for, you know."

"What's poker?" PRINCE ARTHUR asked, turning towards the Attorney-General seated at the other side.

"Pokare?" said Sir RICHARD, whose long residence in Paris in connection with the Venezuelan case has distinctly affected his accent. "It is a domestic implement. *Tisonnier* we call it in Paris, sometimes *fourgon*."

"Tut!" said PRINCE ARTHUR impatiently.

Fortunately, addressing inquiry to eminent authority, he leaned across GEORGE WYNDHAM, seated immediately on his right. Under-Secretary for War not



BANNERMAN EXHORTETH CAMPBELL.

Friend Bannerman (of the Antagonist's Protection Society). "Oh-h-h! my dear friend, beware of unseemly terulence. Be not, I beseech you, led astray from the paths of Peace."
Campbell, V.C. "Oh! that's all right, old cockalorum, but flesh and blood wouldn't stand that ultimatum, you know, and we must give the beggars a licking."



THE DEFENCE OF JOE'S DRIFT.

He gives a good account of himself for two hours and forty minutes under a withering fire.

been at Pall Mall for best part of a year without learning desirability of being armed at all points.

"Never know what sudden call may not be made upon you, dear TOBY," he once said. "My motto is, 'Be ready.' So never miss opportunity of picking up bits of information, however out of the way."

Rule now stood him in good stead. Able to explain to his chief all about poker, supplying him with what proved most effective point in admirable debating speech.

"What is bluffing?" PRINCE ARTHUR said, when his turn came to reply to CAWMELL-BANNERMAN. "I understand," he shyly continued, deprecatingly rubbing his hands and hanging his head, "it is connected with a game of cards—of which I have no personal knowledge—and so used indicates that the person having no useful cards in his hands acts as if he possessed them."

That was a mild paraphrase of GEORGE WYNDHAM's explanation. Combined with the subtle attitude of shrinking from actual touch with an unholy thing, it might have been spoken from a Methodist



W. H. S.
M. 11599

' A STRAW SHOWS,' &C.

Governess. "YOU'RE A VERY NAUGHTY BOY, HAROLD! YOUR FRENCH EXERCISE IS SIMPLY FULL OF MISTAKES."

Harold (firmly). "I DON'T CARE, MISS ROBINSON. THE FACT IS THAT MAGGIE, GERALD, AND I HAVE QUITE AGREED TO BOYCOTT FRENCH LESSONS ALTOGETHER!"

pulpit. All the more effectively it led up to the next sentence.

"That is not the condition of this country," PRINCE ARTHUR continued, drawing himself up to full height, and gazing with glowing eyes round the crowded House. "We have the cards and we mean to play them."

Tumult of applause rewarded as fine a flash of unpremeditated point in debate seen in House since DIZZY left us.

Business done.—Parliament met for War Session. Pro-Boer amendment to Address negated in full House by majority of six to one.

Thursday.—House crowded from floor to topmost range of seats in Strangers' Gallery. Peers flocking early, fight for places just as if they were common mortals. Members crowding side galleries two rows deep complete the ring. Is it a bull-fight? No. This isn't Boulogne. Nevertheless evidently a fight to the fore. You can see expectation gleaming in the eyes of the throng, can hear the undertone of battle in the buzz of conversation that fills the place.

Preliminaries concluded, DON JOSÉ is discovered standing at the Table, a blood-red orchid in his button-hole, a suspicious look of urbanity on his countenance. At last the moment has come when he can meet his enemy in the gate. For months his meek head has bowed under a storm of accusation and insinuation. Now he is going to have it out.

Starts with the SQUIRE OF MALWOOD, an ancient and accustomed adversary. Every one expects forthwith to see the fur fly. On the contrary, to the amazement of

all, the undisguised perturbation of the SQUIRE, he pats him affectionately on the back, holds him up as an exemplar of the art of fair criticism, extols his speech of yesterday, as worthy of himself and the occasion.

"I suspect the Greeks when they bring gifts," the SQUIRE murmured in JOHN MORLEY'S ear.

This was, surely, the prelude to an exceptionally bitter attack. It was; but not on the SQUIRE. Turning aside DON JOSÉ fell upon CANNELL-BANNERMAN, contrasting his really piratical behaviour with the innocence of the SQUIRE. C.-B. startled into almost angry contradiction. Having made him moderately uncomfortable, DON JOSÉ turned to another quarter. Yesterday PHILIPPE EGALITÉ STANHOPE, who since the South Africa Committee reported has been nursing his wrath to keep it warm, let himself go. Rarely since impeachment went out of fashion has House listened to charges brought against a Minister with the engaging frankness that marked the speech of PHILIPPE EGALITÉ. Now it was DON JOSÉ'S turn, and he lashed out at his former friend and colleague in Radical councils in terrible anger. All the same he kept himself well in hand. His utterance rather slower than more rapid: only a tendency to import a hissing sound into some of the epithets he flung at his accuser testified to the molten heat below.

The SQUIRE OF MALWOOD set up on high, C.-B. having had his hat beaten over his brows, and PHILIPPE EGALITÉ ground to powder, the Colonial Secretary turned to the defence of a Ministry responsible for engaging the country

in a war their ex-Solicitor-General denounced as "a crime against civilisation." For three hours less twenty minutes DON JOSÉ spoke. The time does not accurately describe the flood of words poured forth. When he had finished the personal encounters, through the heat of which he imposed on himself restraint of utterance, his delivery far exceeded the average speed.

As a mere physical effort it was a marvel. Unlike the ordinary speaker with half an hour before him, DON JOSÉ had not made provision even of a glass of water. An intricate case of vital national interest, it would tax the resources of a supremely able man to set it forth clearly and convincingly in an ordered speech free from the embarrassment of interruption. DON JOSÉ with his back to the wall was fighting subject to constant surprises. Interruption burst forth from all quarters, sometimes in chorus. He might have ignored it, and gone on with a speech whose course was indicated by the notes held in his hand. On the contrary, he joyously stepped forward to deal with successive assailants. No one touched his shield with angry lance without drawing on himself a stroke of the glittering rapier. All the while, returning time after time one of these sorties, he patiently, effectively elaborated his plan of defence.

"A great speech," PRINCE ARTHUR called it. So it was; a speech which, standing alone, would make a lasting reputation in the House of Commons.

Business done.—Address carried. PHILIPPE EGALITÉ'S hostile amendment negated by 362 votes against 135.

Friday Night.—Whilst GEORGE WYNDHAM was moving the Army Estimates, involving charge of eight millions for the Field Force landed in South Africa, you could almost hear the echo of the guns in far-off Glencoe. Time after time messengers arrived bringing despatches. The story of War Office preparation was interrupted whilst the Minister read this prompt and striking commentary on its success.

Piecemeal the story grew through the sitting, culminating in the sad news of gallant SYMONS' mortal hurt. Before that was reached it was known that there had been in South Africa another intrenchment on a hill counted inaccessible; another resistless rush of armed men up its steep; another fight at the top; another fight down the slopes. But this time the hill was not Majuba.

Business done.—Men and money voted for South African Expedition.

The War-Horse.

["Ten animals have been taken from the stables of the London Road Car Company by the War Office."—*Daily Mail.*]

THE road-car horse to the war is gone,
Now in martial ranks you will find him,
To heavy guns he is harnessed on,
And his 'bus is left behind him.

AMONG THE TURNIPS.

Timpkinson (eagerly, to Keeper). I know I hit that bird, anyhow. Didn't you see its feathers fly, ROGERS?

Rogers (who is very disgusted—slowly). Yes, Sir, I did see 'em fly—(aside)—away from you.



THE NEW PHOTOGRAPH.

"YES, DEAR, IT'S VERY CHARMING AND PRETTY—BUT NOT A BIT LIKE YOU!"

A COURT MARSHALL.

A Royal Family at the Court Theatre, written by Captain R. MARSHALL, is a most amusing piece. There is scarcely a dull moment in it. Interesting too, although in the slight plot there is no striking novelty. This "comedy of romance" will remind the theatre-goer, well versed in dramatic and recent romantic literature, of a variety of novels he has read and pieces he has seen. A Royal Family is the very plot for a comic opera, and perhaps the author originally intended it to be set to music;

but, if such were ever the case, thank goodness he changed his mind, and was sufficiently fortunate not to find a composer, as, if he had, we should have lost in "words for songs" most of the satirical dialogue that indeed goes a great way towards the making of the piece.

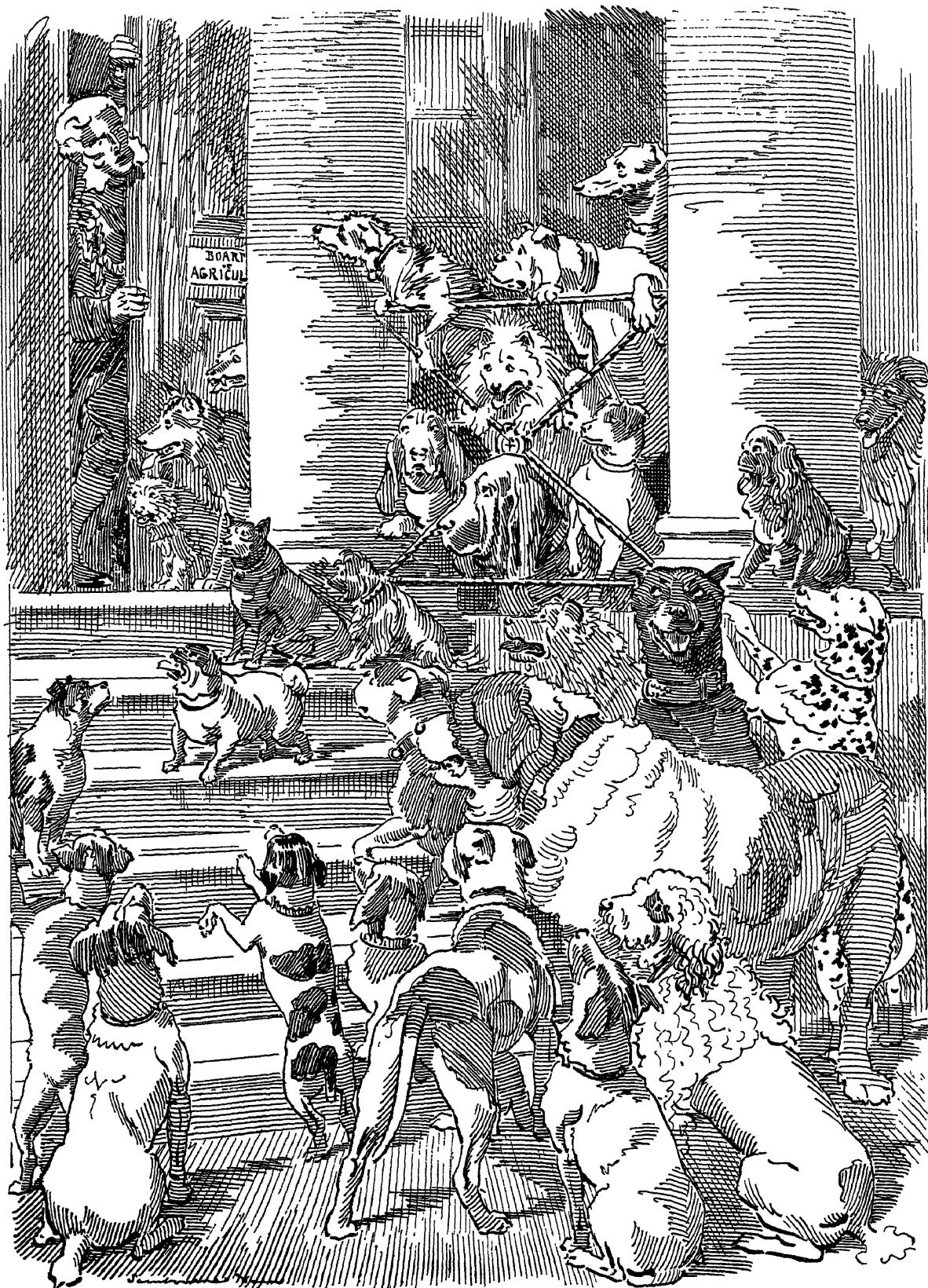
Mr. ERIC LEWIS, as *Louis the Seventh of Arcadia*, is admirable, as are all the royal personages, Mrs. CHARLES CALVERT as the Queen Dowager, Miss ADA BRANSON as his pleasant-looking, easy-going queen, Master REGINALD DENNY as the very youthful heir apparent, aged about eight (quite a first-class boy in the school of dramatic art), and Miss GERTRUDE ELLIOTT as the delightful Princess, only daughter of *King Louis*.

The whimsical satire upon the monotonous routine of court existence in the very limited Monarchy of Arcadia, uncommonly like that of many other monarchies of greater extent, is simply excellent. The author evidently knows "the ropes," and his imagination exercises itself on a very solid foundation of fact. All the characters, with the exception of the melancholy *Father Anselm* (carefully rendered by Mr. MARSH ALLEN), are conceived in the vein of true comedy. A more courtly ecclesiastic than Mr. DION BOUCAULT'S *Cardinal Archbishop of Caron* it would be difficult to find. Why he is always studying a big book it is difficult to discover: it isn't his breviary, that's evident; neither is it a time table, nor a dictionary. This is the only unreality about the Cardinal, who otherwise is a far more true type of the genuine article than was BULWER'S theatrical *Richelieu* or any other waxwork stage figure of a Cardinal, *Wolsey* excepted. He is a courtier, he is a politician, and he is very human. He wears a curious sort of ring, which is not Cardinalesque, and, by the way, *Father Anselm* also wears a ring, which no ordinary ecclesiastic ever does. But this is a trifling detail only noticeable where all else is so perfect.

Mr. JAMES ERSKINE plays the *Duke of Berascon*, Equerry in Ordinary, to the very life: it could not be bettered in any other hands. Excellent, too, is the make up of Mr. AUBREY FITZGERALD as the Chief Commissioner of Police, though the part is rather over-acted. *General Casella*, who is a *Verges* to Chief Commissioner *Dogberry*, is also good. Mr. PAUL ARTHUR'S impersonation of the Prince beloved by the Princess is everything his best friends could wish until the author suddenly insists on his denuding himself of his beard, whiskers and moustache, a proceeding not only utterly unnecessary to the plot, but rendering the recognition of him by the Princess dangerously improbable. "What!" she might well have exclaimed, "a hairless, undistinguished nobody! This isn't the man with whom I fell in love!! This cannot be the Hair Apparent! No! I'll wait till it is all grown again!" Indeed, 'tis almost fatal to the piece. The scenes are picturesque, and the costumes brilliant. So, taking it for all in all, it is to be hoped that its like may often be seen again; but, until it appears, our advice to all who appreciate smart writing, good character-acting, laughable situations, and brilliant setting to a brilliant piece, is, do not fail to see *A Royal Family* now reigning at the Court Theatre.



AT THE STORES. BUY—OUR TAPESTRY ARTIST.

**UNMUZZLED!**

Chorus of Dogs. "CAN WE SEE MR. WALTER LONG? WE WANT TO SHAKE HIM WARMLY BY THE LEG."

FURTHER WESTMINSTER IMPROVEMENTS.

1899. Embankment of the Thames from Victoria Tower to Lambeth Bridge.
 1900. Rescue of CROMWELL'S statue from the area outside the Hall of RUFS.
 1901. Improved BOADICEA on Westminster Bridge.
 1902. Wood pavement for Belgrave and St. George's Roads, and Eccleston and Warwick Squares.
 1903. Completion of Victoria Station up to Ebury Bridge.
 1904. Earl of ROSEBERY created Lord Mayor of Westminster.
 1905. Opening of the new Chamberlain Theatre, with attendant cafés, next door to TATE'S Gallery.
 1906. Abolition of existing statues on the Embankment.
 1910. Opening of the Night and Day Recreation Grounds opposite Battersea Park.
 * * * * *
 2010. Establishment of a really satisfactory steamboat service on the Thames.

THE SCULLERY DRUDGE.

["Women are pouring into the professions. . . . In consequence of the difficulty of procuring domestic servants, it is proposed to employ men for general house work."—*Daily Paper*.]

MAMMA is a bishop in gaiters,
 Aunt FLO is a brilliant Q.C.,
 They say that no better debaters
 Are heard in the Commons than she.
 Aunt AMY 's an eminent surgeon,
 Aunt JANE is a Chancery judge,
 Aunt KATE is a greater than SPURGEON,
 And I am a scullery drudge.

I've female relations in dozens;
 I eye them with awe from afar,
 For most of my feminine cousins
 Are lights of the Church and the Bar.
 They are crowned with a halo of splendour,
 A glory I cannot but grudge,
 For being of masculine gender,
 I'm only a scullery drudge.

Time was I had other ambitions
 Than scouring a pot or a pan;
 Alas, I forgot my conditions,
 I forgot I was merely a man.
 But none of my friends cared a bit for
 My notions. They laughed, and cried,
 "Fudge!

My dear, what is any man fit for
 But the lot of a scullery drudge?"

PAGE FROM A DOG'S DIARY.

WOKE up in a particularly good humour. Don't understand the reason, but have a pleasant presentiment.

Had my usual playful bite at the postman's fingers through the letter-box.

Got my customary bone from the breakfast table.

To my delight found the door ajar and made my escape into the street.

Met a policeman face to face. He did not arrest me! Half a mind to report him for dereliction of duty! After all no business of mine. I am not a ratepayer!

Got into the square and discovered Toddlers.

As usual she made for me, and I met her, ready, aye ready.

Suddenly she stopped and bolted up a tree.

Barked at her from below. But she hadn't any pluck. Gave her up as out of reach.

Chivied a few more cats and enjoyed myself thoroughly.

Found, too, I could have a comfortable roll. No irritation about the head. Can't make out why I am so comfortable.

Left the square and met my hated foe, the boy who collects the newspapers.

For the first time he gave me a wide berth. He usually chases me. Chased him—and he bolted.

Came across the butcher-boy. He seemed more civil than usual. As a rule he chivies me. This time I chivied him.

Let the butcher-boy have it. He, too,

beat a hasty retreat. So did the postman, the dustman, and the organ-grinder with the monkey.

Met a second policeman. Again, in spite of my being at large, he did not arrest me. Most civil, but scarcely professional.

Returned home, lunched, slept, dined, and supped.

As I prepare to go to rest for the night, I consider the events of the last twelve hours.

Why has this been one of the pleasantest days of my life?

Why have I thoroughly enjoyed myself?

Why have I felt like a free dog, a Briton?

I know.

I am unmuzzled! "So Long!"



"WHAT ARE YOU CRYING FOR, LITTLE GIRL?"
 "BOO-HOO, 'OOS SITTIN' ON MY JAM TART!"

Phil May 55



Miss Pecticus Soulful (just finishing an inspired sonnet)—

"AND AS THE SILENT SHADOWS STEAL
ATHWART THE DAY-DEAD SKY,
IN SOLITUDE I GAZE AND FEEL
HEAVEN-WAFTED, LIKE A—LIKE A——"



FIFTH OF NOVEMBER.

Chorus (*fortissimo*). 'GUY!'

LETTERS TO THE CELEBRATED.

To MR. ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.

SIR,—*Habent sua fata poetæ!* Yours have been strange, indeed, and, within narrow limits, of a surprising variety. It has been your lot during a youth that in its emotions, if not in its actions, was tempestuous to be hailed as a newly risen day-star of English song flaming with gorgeously tricked beams in the forehead of the morning sky. Thence, if at one time you flamed, you have as certainly waned, your glory fading, your light dwindling, your rays contracted to a gleam, fitful and capricious as the true sun's gleam on a November day in England. You who were once the prophet of revolution are now the apologist of armed authority; you have glorified WALT WHITMAN; you have turned upon him and rent him. Once a lyrical worshipper at the shrine of Eros you are become the high priest of babyhood, celebrating in verse the merits of infants instead of the languors of the Hermaphrodite. Formerly a delight to those who rejoiced in glorious music, now at the last you are seen sonnetteering so rabidly in the columns of the *Times* that Mr. FERNANDEZ, a meritorious if superannuated actor, must needs recite your Jingo bombast in a Music Hall that but lately resounded with the passionate strains of ALFRED AUSTIN, your brother bard and fellow Jingo.

Oh, Sir, was it manly, was it even worthy of you? We are engaged in a war against two Republics small in everything except the valour of their sparse population of farmers. Bravely though they may fight for a time, there can be but one result of a contest so unequal. Over bloody battlefields strewn with their mangled corpses we shall, in spite of the loss of many of our bravest and best, assert what we are now pleased to call the paramountcy of Great Britain. We shall overturn their Government and destroy their independence on the specious

plea that we propose to set up in its place a reign of equal rights for all white men. Those of us who have been taught from their youth up to reverence the men who fought for the freedom of Poland against Russia, those of us whose hearts have been fired by the recital of the heroic deeds achieved by the Hungarians against Austria and Russia in combination; who know, since history and experience have taught them, that the American colonists who defied GEORGE THE THIRD were in the right, cannot easily in the present war satisfy their consciences that Great Britain has on her side all the justice of the case. And we have seen with dismay the attempts that have been made to inflame the opinion of our public by an appeal to the basest passions, by falsehoods disseminated broadcast, to be disavowed only when they had done their despicable work, by ferocious denunciations of our foes as the most mendacious, the most corrupt, and in every respect the vilest of mankind. Our diplomacy, conducted by a statesman who has refused to disperse the suspicions that have gathered round him in consequence of his behaviour before, during, and after the Raid, has been admittedly designed, not to soothe animosities and ensure peace, but to purchase popular support by parading grievances, by inveighing openly against Dutchmen, by carefully rubbing salt into raw places, until irritation became anger, and anger turned into an unreasoning passion that clamoured for blood and would be satisfied with nothing short of battle.

Was it not enough that to aid this novel diplomatizing a KIPLING should rhyme and an AUSTIN should prose? Them and their like we know, and we know that they must act after their kind. Why was it necessary that you should step down and gnash your teeth, and flash fictitious fire from your poetic eyes, and howl for bloodshed, and liken the Boers, whose equal rights we are to safeguard, to beasts of prey? See what has happened. Your tumid invective has disgusted reasonable and manly men. As a type of such men I take Mr. SELOUS, a mighty hunter

from his youth up, a man whose strong and active life puts to shame such hot-house existences as are spent, let us say, in the retirement of Putney Hill. He at any rate will have none of your froth and your fury. He has lived amongst the Boers, has broken bread with them, and never had aught but kindness at the hands of those whom you liken to wolves; and thus he has been moved by your calumnies to record his opinion of the Boers, and to point out to us in language which is not the less earnest for being strictly moderate, the disastrous consequences that, in his judgment, will be entailed upon our country by this war. His language, I confess, pleases me more than your ravings or the mock-heroics of a High Commissioner or the flippancies and evasions of a Colonial Secretary.

Yours, Sir, thank Heaven, is not the temper in which our soldiers fight their battles. They do not rave; they charge with a death-despising courage against a hail of lead; they offer the sacrifice of their lives in order that, high and low alike, they may carry out their orders and do their duty to the end. Brave men themselves, they recognise, they admire the courage of their foes, and when the heights have been won, and darkness comes down upon the ghastly work of lead and steel, they will succour their wounded foes no less readily because of KIPLING'S nursery jingle or SWINBURNE'S disgusting sonnet. Those who are bearing the brunt are gentlemen. Cannot the poets and the rest of the stay-at-home folk who have clamoured for this war imitate them and be gentlemen too?

I am, Sir, Your obedient servant,
THE VAGRANT.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

ON his desk the Baron finds one of the "Privately Printed (at the Bedford Press) Opuscula issued to the Members of the Sette of Odde Volumes," bearing the title *University Magazines and their Makers*, by H. C. MARILLIER, "*Knyght Erraunt*." Excellently well hath the good Sir MARILLIER executed his task, if task it could possibly have been. Most interesting, especially to all past and present students both of Oxford and Cambridge. "A benison on thee! Good Knight!" quoth the Baron, as after a light blow out he falleth into the arms of Morpheus.

Following up the Biographical Edition of THACKERAY'S works recently completed, Messrs. SMITH, ELDER commence the publication of *The Life and Works of the Sisters Brontë*. The Hawthorth Edition it is happily called, and will be completed in seven monthly volumes. Like its predecessor, it is turned out in excellent form, good type, neat binding, gilt-edged, and going at six shillings a volume. A novelty in connection with a classic is the illustration of the volume by photographs of many of the places which CHARLOTTE BRONTË to some extent idealized and altogether immortalized. There is also a dainty engraving of her portrait, drawn by RICHMOND for her husband. Mrs. HUMPHRY WARD writes an introduction which my Baronite notes does not err on the side of enthusiasm. We are reminded, with the assistance of italics, that the daughter of the lone country parsonage, with none of those social advantages that gild the life of successful London authoresses, makes one of her characters address another in conversation as "Baroness INGRAM, of Ingram Park." Shocking! But then the plain-looking, ill-dressed little woman wrote *Jane Eyre*.

Mr. RICHARD WHITEING has done well to republish *The Island* (GRANT RICHARDS). Its first upheaval took place a year or two ago, and the world went its way as if it had not been endowed with a new gem of the sea. *The Island* was, in truth, severely neglected by the reading public. Since then No. 5, *John Street* has been published, and Mr. WHITEING awoke to find himself and his book famous in two hemispheres. Thereupon follows the process familiar with that well-known publisher *Autolykus* of harking back to pick up hitherto unconsidered trifles, earlier works of the popular author. My Baronite knows of modern instance where not only the waste-paper basket of a popular and patriotic poet was ransacked, but his offending father was trotted out as a man of letters. The result there was melancholy. In Mr. WHITEING'S case, the work that has made his literary fortune is twice blessed—blest for the pleasure it gave in the reading, and blest because it has been the occasion for rescuing from comparative oblivion a book that may well stand beside it on a favoured shelf. Regarded simply as a love story set in the new scenery of Southern seas, *The Island* is a perfect idyll. Beyond it is a pungent satire on life in London, the sarcasm being not less effective because the barb is delicately fashioned and winged with genial laughter.

Not only young readers, quoth our junior Baronitess, will find much pleasure in reading *The King's Signet* (BLACKIE AND



"Is—a—Mrs. FITZSIMMONS IN?" "No, Sir, she's NOT AT HOME."
"Oh, PARDON ME. I JUST NOW SAW HER ENTER THE HOUSE."
"YES—AND SHE SAW YOU!"

SON) by ELIZA POLLARD, giving, as it does, a vividly descriptive picture of France during the Huguenot troubles. Illustrations, by G. DEMAIN HAMMOND, admirable.

Any youthful aspirants who are filled with the desire to go treasure-hunting, my Assistant Baronitess would strongly advise to make friends with the *Bastable children*, who are the heroes and heroines of E. NESBIT'S delightful book entitled *The Story of the Treasure Seekers* (FISHER UNWIN). They are such entertaining little folk, and say such quaint and natural things, that one follows their adventures with real pleasure, and can laugh heartily at their amusing conversations.

What a splendid book has A. HILLIARD ATTERIDGE (CASSELL & Co.) given us, entitled *The Wars of the Nineties*! It contains a history of the warfare of the last ten years of the Nineteenth Century, with over 500 illustrations, original sketch-maps and plans by the author. Walk up! Walk up! All the incidents are vividly described, especially the battle of Omdurman and the taking of Khartoum. The volume is massive, but well worth its weight in coin.

The Assistant Baronitess declares that she certainly was in a cheerful mood when sitting down to read *Only Joe*, and other *Short Stories of Homely Hearths*, by IDA CUTCLIFFE (SKEFFINGTON), but when she closed the little volume her eyes were moist and her lip quivered. My A. B. recommends these short stories.

Signors of the Night (PEARSONS) is a strangely fascinating work by MAX PEMBERTON. The entire collection of stories is of first-rate quality. The beneficent, powerful, mysterious monk of princely rank is just such a hero of romance as the Wizard of the North would have chosen had he sought fresh inspiration from Venetian legends.

In a parody of RUDYARD KIPLING'S latest impossible school-boy style, one of Mr. *Punch*'s young men gave so sufficiently clear an idea of *Stalky and Co.* (MACMILLAN) as to enable those who run and read to keep off the KIPLING grass in this instance. The Baron ventures to assert that it would be most difficult, if not absolutely impossible, to find any such school as is here depicted by Mr. KIPLING. The Baron is patient and not difficult to please, but *Stalky and Co.* tried his powers of endurance to their utmost limit.

BARON DE B.-W.



SKETCH AT A RESTAURANT.

William the Waiter. "COMING, SIR!"

THE TWO VOICES.

(By Mr. Punch's Depreciator.)

SCENE I.

A Krügerphil Orator is imagined as addressing an East End audience. TIME—Prior to resignation of Sitting Member.

As I was saying ere the tumult rose,
This is a war—to cite my Irish friends,
True patriots, not your Dublin Fusiliers
That go with careless heart like Herod's
crew

To worry babes-in-arms with wicked
steel—

This is a war arranged to gratify
The giddy lust of lucre; 'tis a raid
On Naboth's hop-field where the laager
grows;

A wild gorilla-warfare with designs
Upon a lone ewe-lamb, gold-mint for sauce;
A butchery of helpless innocents
Whose bloody parallel is far to find.

Picture the pious Doppler on his tilth,
A stranger to the insidious wiles of soap,
Unspoiled in fact by luxury's debauch,
And several centuries behind the time!
Into his old-world calm the serpent comes,
Discovers golden fruit, the bane of men,
And makes a private hell in Eden's
bowers!

What does our farmer Adam? Does he take
And trounce the rash intruder out of
doors?

Not so; he gives him lease of tree in
question,

But will not sample that forbidden food,

Not in the raw, his stomach saying No;
Carefully extricates the creature's sting;
Sits firmly on his head; puts barricades
About the accursed region; takes his toll
(Permitted as the righteous meed of sin)
Whereby to build him guns and like
utensils,

And waxes fat against the evil hour
When Lucifer and host shall march that way.
Such is the Paradise, so void of guile,
On which our sweltering hordes prepare
to swoop!

I fear my audience is very deaf.
As water from a duck's impervious plumes
My filtered peroration falls away.
Lo! how the horrid heathen ramp and rage!
I listen, but I cannot hear my voice;
The noise is far, is very far too great.
Shame on you, cowards all! I stand alone,
Gallantly pleading for a Good Old Man,
Of whose perennial wrongs, most bravely
borne,

The penetrating savour reeks to Heaven!
Well, if you will not hear me, I shall go,
Shaking your filthy dust from off my feet.
What, ho! policeman, kindly bear me
hence;

Take me from this vile rabble, take me
home!

SCENE II.

Same Orator. Same audience.

*TIME—Subsequent to resignation of Sitting
Member.*

Enlightened and refined electorate!
Salt of the earth, apple of all my eye!
Ah! take it not unkindly if my voice,
Such of it as you heard some days ago,
Sounded a little rough; if this my face,
Wreathed at the present hour with radiant
smiles,

Seemed to the unobservant eye to frown
Black as the driven crow. 'Twas mere
disguise.

I but dissembled something of my love,
As one that wears his heart well up his
sleeve.

This is no HAROLD who defies your strength;
You claim no Norman blood, as I believe;
But you are English braves, and never
knew

Even the "French of Stratford-atte-
Bowe"!

Beloved Helots! since I hold you such;
Aliens on your actual native heath!

I stretch my hand this day to London's
poor,

For Charity should first begin at home.
Much talk we hear about a barbarous
realm

Where utland men are taxed, but get no
vote.

They move my sympathy, and always did;
But can their case be deemed a patch on
yours?

They have at least the right of paying rates,
But you pay none, and yet you have no vote!
Brethren, it is preposterous, is it not?

But never doubt that we will change all
that!

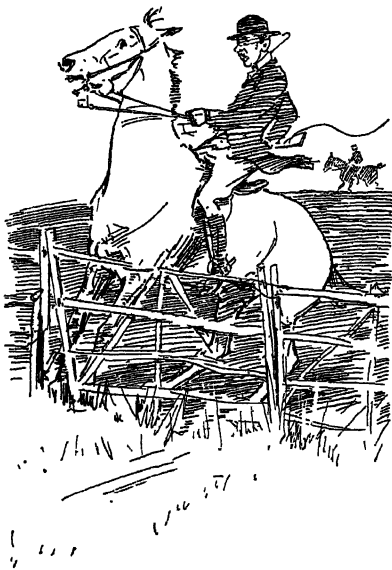
There shall be manhood suffrage! Did I say
Manhood, alone? The coster's very ass
That hauls his barrow, he shall have a vote
In course of time; nay, more, the privilege,
Although I give no certain pledge of this,
May be extended to the barrow's self!

Further, perhaps, I need not go just now.
Trust me that I am yours, if you are mine!
O what a blessed meeting this has been!
You never knew me rightly till to-day,
Not at my sweetest. So, a short farewell.
Once more your hands and voices! Bless
you all!

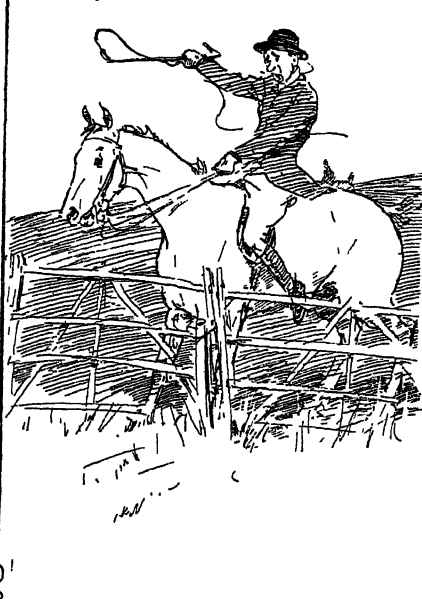


“TO THOSE IT MAY CONCERN.”

JACK TAR. “GOOD LUCK, MATE! YOU ’RE GOIN’ TO DO THE JOB ON LAND. IF THERE ’S ANYTHING WANTED AT SEA—AGAINST OTHER PARTIES—I ’M ON!”



"HUP!—YER BEAST!"



"HUP!!—YER BRUTE!"



HUP!!!—YER INFERNAL, CONFOUNDED—
HOVER!!!!!"

THE CROWNING TEST.

COME what come may, I fancy that
Amor durabit semper;
Nor shall we part through incompat-
ibility of temper.

(That Latin tag I must explain.
The fact is—but for *semper*
I rack the brains of me in vain
For lawful rhymes to temper!)

I seem to hold the fond belief
That you and I shall never
In double harness come to grief
On any grounds whatever.

Though sometimes "philosophic doubt"
Assails one's ruminations,
Sweet PHYLLIS, I will now set out
My said "belief's foundations."

It is not that you calmly smiled,
And even seemed enchanted,
When, as we danced a polka wild,
My foot on yours I planted.

Nor that, when once we missed the train
Because we found each coach full,
You did not say, "Your fault again!"
Nor even looked reproachful:

Nor that upon your best new hat
(As I, upon my soul, did)
I absent-mindedly once sat—
And was not even scolded!

Still less that up you failed to blow
Your future lord and master,
Who greeted with "I told you so"
Some unforeseen disaster!

No, PHYLLIS, no! Though, I admit,
These facts some weight have carried,
I've surer proof that we shall hit
It off, when we are married.

For—greatest far of wonders all—
I did not e'en evoke a
Cross word from you, however small,
When I beat you at croquet!

So, I repeat, I fancy that
Amor durabit semper;
We shall not part through incompat-
ibility of temper!



AND "HOVER" IT WAS!

IS GRATITUDE HEREDITARY IN A NATION?

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I read in the *Daily Telegraph* and other daily papers that the Dutch are bitterly adverse to the cause of Great Britain in South Africa. Why? Have we not always been their best friends despite occasional wars from time immemorial? Without England was, Holland would not be. Let me quote that excellent historian, Mr. JOHN RICHARD GREEN, in one instance only:—

"The earlier Flemish refugees found a refuge in the Cinque Ports. The exiled merchants of Antwerp were welcomed by the merchants of London. While ELIZABETH dribbled out her secret aid to the Prince of ORANGE, the London traders sent him half a million from their own purses, a sum equal to a year's revenue of the Crown. Volunteers stole

across the Channel in increasing numbers to the aid of the Dutch till the five hundred Englishmen who fought in the beginning of the struggle rose to a brigade of five thousand, whose bravery turned one of the most critical battles of the war. Dutch privateers found shelter in English ports, and English vessels hoisted the flag of the States for a dash at the Spanish traders."

Surely this is enough evidence without mentioning the help given to WILLIAM OF ORANGE in later days, the victories of MARLBOROUGH, or the final expulsion of the French, which culminated in the battle of Waterloo? I repeat that the Netherlands owe a great debt to England. How do they repay it? By finding funds for the bullets made of LEYDS. What says the Master of the Horse?

Yours obediently, PORTLAND CEMENT.
Albemarle House, Schnappston-on-Sea.



First Officer (to very young Subaltern, who is packing his kit for South Africa). "WHAT ON EARTH DO YOU WANT WITH ALL THOSE POLO STICKS?"

Subaltern. "WELL, I THOUGHT WE SHOULD GET OUR FIGHTING DONE BY LUNCHEON-TIME, AND THEN WE SHOULD HAVE THE AFTERNOONS TO OURSELVES AND COULD GET A GAME OF POLO!"

RHYMES FOR THE TIMES.

[These lines seem to have been designed to accompany Mr. SWINBURNE's sonnet on the Transvaal which recently appeared in that paper.]

SIR EDWIN makes Buddhist breasts tingle,
Sir LEWIS holds Hades in fee,
They are heavy but My gift is jingle,
And this is the moment for Me.
Let the carman write odes on his way-leaf,
Let the footman write odes in the hall,
Let AUSTIN go crowned with the bay-leaf,
I care not at all.

The night gives me stanzas in plenty,
Each dawn will a dozen suggest,
In my bath they have risen to twenty,
By breakfast I've finished the rest.
Verse boisterous, boiling and bloody,
Just the sort that I've written for years

In the quiet retreat of my study
Till luncheon appears.

In my lines if the old vigour freshens
Will you find in your columns a space
For the trenchant and vigorous expressions
In which I have summed up the case?
The War is the theme of my thunder,
The War is the source of my strain,
A Republic where KRÜGER knocks under,
A State without STEYN!

Though the many shops dwindle to one shop
In Johannesburg's desolate squares
Till at last there's not even a bunshop
On which he may light unawares,
The Outlander, reading this sonnet
And conning a patriot's rhymes,
Will shed tears of gratitude on it
When he opens his Times!

OUR FINANCIAL COLUMN.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

M. N. (*Mudby-in-the-Marsh*).—We cannot recommend any absolutely safe investment yielding 15 per cent. Consols are thought well of, but the yield is less than you require.

HOPEFUL.—We cannot say whether Chartered will rise $\frac{1}{2}$ next Friday. Consult a clairvoyant.

ANXIOUS.—If the whole of Brighton were swept away by a tidal wave it is not improbable that Brighton "A" would fall. But it would then be too late to sell at a profit, so we should advise an immediate sale if you expect any such disaster to happen within the next few weeks.

X.—For a perfectly safe lock-up try Bow Street.

DOUBTFUL.—It is possible that if the Sultan suffered from a cold in the head a fall in Guatemalan securities might follow, but it would be only temporary, if it did not continue.

DISGUSTED.—If the person you name promoted the company you mention in the way you state, it would seem to be wise to act in the manner you propose, unless the other circumstances to which you allude appeared to render the contrary advisable, as you suggest.

A PROMISSORY NOTE.

(V. "A Legal Tender," *Punch*, Oct. 25.)

I READ my *Punch* on Wednesday, and
I recognised the sender
Whose very tender legal hand
Had penned *A Legal Tender*.
I've thought the matter over well,
And now, Sir, as thou biddest,
My judgment I proceed to tell,
Which is as follows, *id est*—

Your prospects are not, I regret,
What prospects ought to be, Sir;
The only silk you'll ever get
Will be a dress for me, Sir;
The case of cham. that used to grace
Your rooms in dear old New, Sir,
Is just about the only case
Will opened be by you, Sir.

Such being your position, it
Will very likely strike you
As odd of me if I admit

That I do rather like you.
The tender tender which you penned
I do not quite decline, Sir;
Give me your heart and I will send
An I O U for mine, Sir.

NOTE BY OUR OWN IRREPRESSIBLE ONE
(believed to be in Devonshire).—Q. What modern romances ought to be the most remunerative? A. Those labelled BARING GO(U)LD. [*West Country police notified.*]

A CHRISTMAS CAROL.—The "General Yule" log will not be very pleasant reading for the Boers during the forthcoming festive season.

Not much difference after all in the Established Church:—The highest clergy incensing and the Archbishops highly incensed.

OOM PAUL'S OPINION OF THE TRANSVAAL.—"A 'Boer' thing, but mine own."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

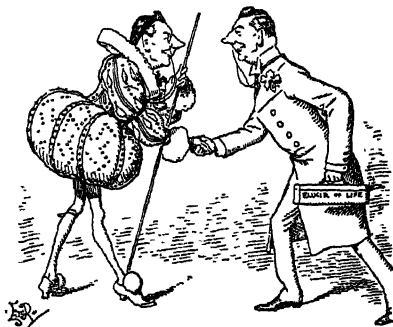
EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, October 23. —“All can grow the flower now, for all have got the seed,” murmured REDMOND Cadet, eying with ill-concealed vexation PATRICK O'BRIEN in the attitude of Ajax defying the lightning of the Chair.

REDMOND discovers too late that he has made the mistake of hot-headed middle-aged youth. Has been too hasty; played his hand recklessly. Game was to wind up a brief and otherwise inglorious session by getting himself suspended. Of all forms of advertisement that at once the cheapest and most effective. A member of mediocre abilities, decently behaving himself, may sit through a night or through a session, the newspapers not even mentioning his name, the world ignorant of his existence. Resolve to throw common decency of conduct to the wind, emulate for a few minutes the behaviour of the lamented JANE CAKEBREAD, and you become a person of prime consequence. SPEAKER concentrates his attention on you; confers a new distinction by reciting your family and Christian names; a Cabinet Minister moves resolution all about you; the Serjeant-at-Arms leaves his chair to conduct you forth with military honours; and the morning papers, where you are accustomed to figure in the parliamentary reports in the formula “the Hon. Member continued the debate,” report your remarks in the first person in leaded type, calling attention to the incident in a flaming line on the contents-bill.

When JANE CAKEBREAD did analogous things on the street pavement she was promptly removed by a stalwart policeman, and, being haled before the magistrate, went to prison for a month. The Parliamentary JANE CAKEBREAD runs no such risk. If like a peccant schoolboy he were “kept in” when, at the appointed hour, the good boys went gaily off, that would be something. On the contrary, to complete the absurdity of the situation, he is let off especially early, allowed to return the next day as if nothing had happened.

REDMOND Cadet taking note of these things got his advertisement on Friday. If he had waited a day or two, lying low and saying nuffin till the penultimate day of Session, he would have had the glory



“AND YET WE ARE STILL ALIVE!”

“The same (pessimistic) predictions” (as to the decadence of England) “were made one hundred, two hundred, three hundred years ago; they were current in the time of Queen Elizabeth, and yet we are still alive!” — *Mr. Chamberlain's speech, House of Commons, October 25.*



‘AGONY RAGE, DESPAIR!’

Redmond Cadet, as “Cyrano de Bergerac,” has to stand by and see his lady-love, Mademoiselle Erinne, lavish on his colleague, Patrique Aubrienne, the affections that he has taught him how to win!

all to himself. Now PATRICK O'BRIEN rushing in claims his share of the glory, and gets it. A dull mechanical performance, rushed through as rapidly as possible in presence of bored House, members amazed in the morning to see what the papers make of it.

“In all the Parliamentary reports,” says the Member for SARK, “you come upon a final welcome line running thus, ‘The House then adjourned.’ If in such trumpery cases as we saw to-night, and suffered on Friday, able editors would agree to record the incident by the line, ‘Mr. WM. REDMOND (or Mr. PATRICK O'BRIEN) was here suspended,’ the dreary practice would fizzle out.”

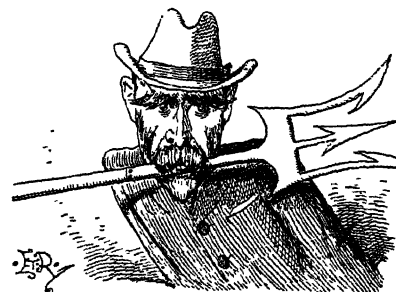
One flash of humour there was in the business. Let us cherish it. PATRICK showing disposition to flout order to retire, on suspension being decreed after solemnity of division, SPEAKER ordered up military forces. At sight of Sergeant-at-Arms, with sword clanking at his side, advancing at the double, the descendant of many kings surrendered. Drawing himself up to his full height of five foot one and a half (in his boots), he shouted, “You need not bring another army corps to remove me.” Then he strode forth.

That really was comic, being all the more enjoyed because PATRICK was evidently unconscious of it. He thought he was mouthing a tragic defiance that would tell well in Ireland.

Business done.—ST. MICHAEL AND ALL ANGELS explains War Budget. PATRICK O'BRIEN considerably relieves War Office from apprehension of fresh embarrassment by assurance that the exclusive attention of an Army Corps will not be necessary for his removal.

Tuesday. — House hushed to solemn silence whilst GEORGE WYNDHAM read the latest news from the battlefield. Uneasy feeling prevalent for last twenty-four hours. It is known that the Boers are sweeping down in overwhelming force to crush the gallant little force that on Friday dislodged them from their “inaccessible place” overlooking Dundee. Will they catch up with them? or, indeed, men ask with bated breath, have they caught up with them? To-day's news shows that all is well, that the beleaguered force holding the outpost till the arrival of the army speeding forth, is safe.

Another loud cheer rises when the Under-Secretary announces that the President of Royal College of Surgeons, abandoning the comforts of home life, the emoluments that pertain to the head of the profession, has volunteered to go out



THE END OF AN UNRECORDED ESOP'S FABLE.

“But the Trident proved stronger than the teeth of the Rodent, and he finally realised that the task was hopeless and withdrew.”



A brilliant idea suggested by the fact that "Pincher," when taken for his daily exercise, develops entirely original ideas as to the way in which he should go.

"COULDN'T WE PUT HIM ON WHEELS, MUMMIE?"

to the front and tend the wounded, as he did at Sedan twenty-nine years ago.

"I have known big WILLIAM MACCOR-MAC," the Member for Sark says. "Somehow he has always reminded me of the finest type of a Newfoundland dog—big, brave, a giant in strength, a woman in gentleness. The sight, from hospital beds, of his kindly face, the knowledge of the skill that lies in his right hand, will of themselves be a good start for the healing of gunshot wounds."

Business done.—Appropriation Bill brought in.

Friday.—Parliament muzzled by prorogation; the London dog unmuzzled by proclamation. Dogs duly grateful. Among their masters none so pleased as the Pre-

sident of the Board of Agriculture. Since the Muzzling Order came into operation he has led a dog's life. To a man of less courage and firmness of purpose the temptation to bend to the storm of personal obloquy would have been irresistible.

There was a dog well known in history, which, to serve its private ends, went mad. If WALTER LONG had been chiefly anxious to serve his private ends, he would long ago have let the dogs go mad and be hanged to 'em. He has stuck to his post with the tenacity of a bull-dog, has stamped out rabies, and has earned a meed of national gratitude.

The ladies, young and old, possessors of pet dogs, who, during the last two or three years have been peppering him with angry

objurgations, can now make amends only by spending the long winter evenings in knitting him innumerable slippers, cunningly contrived braces, and eke the woollen comforter.

Business done.—The War Session prorogued. Dogs within the Metropolitan area celebrate event by eating their leather muzzles, tearing to pieces those contrived of wire.

A LONDON ANNUAL.

SING a song of London fog,
Sulphurous and gritty;
Stealthily it comes to clog
Traffic in the City;
Do you live down Brixton way,
Or at Fulham, haply,
Travelling to Town each day?—
Shade of famous Tapley!
Even Mark might fume and fuss
At a "cruel crawling" 'bus.

Sing a song of murky gloom,
Odorous and clinging;
(If the Influenza doom
Has not stopped your singing.)
For this "Yellow Peril" will,
Wheresoe'er you 're dwelling,
Constitute a saffron ill
(Kindly note the spelling);
And the papers, I confess,
Nearly all seem "Yellow Press."

Sing a song of sunless days,
When mine eyes alight on
Weather notes that speak the praise
Of beloved Brighton;
To my doctor I repair,
Visit voluntary;
Hope he 'll think a change of air,
Highly necessary;
And will then prescribe for me,
Dose of—London-by-the-Sea.

"PLEASE TO REMEMBER."

GOOD MASTER PUNCH,—I approach you with the above greeting, Sir, not because I have lost touch of the times, but because I believe in local colouring. When I was younger than I am at this moment every one under the dignity of a knight was "a Master." Now, I believe, the title is reserved for certain officials connected with the Royal Courts of Justice, whose pens are terrors to the bills of costs of exorbitant solicitors.

Master Punch, I have to complain of neglect. Times were when I had a fine time of it—a very fine time of it. During the present century I can remember appearing on a huge barrel, and representing no less a person than the Emperor NICHOLAS, the then TSAR of all the Russias. Later on, I represented clergy of various denominations, to say nothing of many unpopular Cabinet Ministers. But of late I am scarcely seen at all—either in *propria persona* or as a deputy to some one else. I am left to the tender mercies of penny masks, cheap wall-papers and small boys imperfectly educated.

At length an opportunity offers for my revival. Mr. KRÜGER, as I write, is the reverse of popular. Cannot Mr. KRÜGER act as my *locum tenens*? If I am not sufficiently appreciated to warrant a niche in the Chamber of Horrors, surely no one will grudge me a parade in the streets?

So do what you can for me good Master Punch, on the 5th of November.

Yours sincerely, GUY FAUX.



AT THE COUNTY BALL.

THE GRIGSBY GIRLS AND MINNIE DOBBLES HAVE GONE UNDER THE CARE OF MRS. RIPPLING-CHATTERTON, BUT THEY CONSIDER SHE HAS ONLY A VAGUE IDEA OF THE DUTIES OF A CHAPERONE.

THE TWO JOSEPHS.

First Joseph.

CONCEIVE me, if you can,
A COBDEN-and-BRIGHT young man,
A radical wonder
Of fury and thunder,
A red republican;
Who thinks that war's a woe
To which we should not go,
Describing as gory
The cabinet Tory
Of SALISBURY and Co.
A down-with-the-Lords young man,
An up-with-myself young man,
A viciously rancorous,
Rather cantankerous,
Very sharp-tongued young man.

Second Joseph.

Conceive me, if you can,
An utterly changed young man,
Who thinks it a glory
To rank as a Tory
And fight in the Jingo van;
A soul that soars on wings
With lords and queens and kings,
And now never mentions
Such matters as pensions
Or mere parochial things.
A noble-souled young man,
ALEXANDER-the-Great young man,
A most ministerial,
Ultra-imperial,
Trumpet-and-drum young man.

First Joseph.

A 'home-affairs young man,
A water-and-gas young man,
A nuisance-inspecting,
Chairman-directing,
Brummagem-mayor young man.

Second Joseph.

A foreign-affairs young man,
A paint-the-map-red young man,
A fierce blood-and-thundering,
Set-the-world-wondering,
Grab-what-you-can young man.

First Joseph. An angel-of-peace young man,

Second Joseph. A devil-of-war young man,

First Joseph. A live-the-democracy,

Second Joseph. Old aristocracy,

Ensemble. Much-in-the-way young man.

NOTE BY OUR OWN IRREPRESSIBLE ONE (still being pursued).—Q. Why is billiards a most amatory game? A. Because it is full of kisses and misses.



THE ANCIENT EGYPTIAN LORD MAYOR'S SHOW.



Lucy Vandenberg Del.

Sentinel Punch. "WHO GOES THERE?"

German Emperor. "FRIEND!"

Sentinel Punch. "PASS, FRIEND, AND ALL'S WELL!"

THE MILLIONAIRE BUSINESS.

["MAX NORDAU has been giving some advice on how to become a millionaire. . . . It is not such a difficult matter after all. He must possess the instinct of a beast of prey—nothing higher."] *Westminster Gazette.*

THERE is money in the bowels of the earth,
There is money in the water and the air,
And you've merely got to make it
In sufficiency, I take it,
To become an independent millionaire.
If you'll only give attention
To the points that I will mention,
It is easy to become a millionaire.

Think of money, money, money, day and night,
Be your dreams of money-market, stock and share,
You must never let your fancies
Wander far from your finances
If you ever hope to be a millionaire;
For ideals are quixotic,
And are simply idiotic
In a man who wants to be a millionaire.

If you have a bogus business on your hands,
Noble profits may be made of it, with care,
For I've got a little notion
That in company promotion
Lies the secret to become a millionaire.
Other folk must bear your crosses
In the shape of money losses
If you'd be a *bond fide* millionaire.

The widow and the orphan, what are they?
Do not listen to the working-man's despair.
If you only get their savings,
Do you think their little ravings
Will be able to affect a millionaire?
Do you dream that such a trifle
As another's starving wife'll
Inconvenience a well-fed millionaire?

No, I haven't tried the trick as yet myself
For I question if it's altogether fair,
But no doubt were I inclined to
Turn the forces of my mind to
It, I'd very soon become a millionaire.
As explained to you already
It is very simple—*crede*
Inexperto—to become a millionaire.

THE NINTH OF NOVEMBER, CHARLES DICKENS, AND THE LORD MAYOR.

"THE old churches in the city," says DICKENS in his delightful *Uncommercial Traveller*, "yet echo to the time when the City of London really was London. . . . When even the Lord Mayor himself was a Reality—not a Fiction conventionally be-puffed on one day in the year by illustrious friends, who no less conventionally laugh at him on the remaining three hundred and sixty-four days."

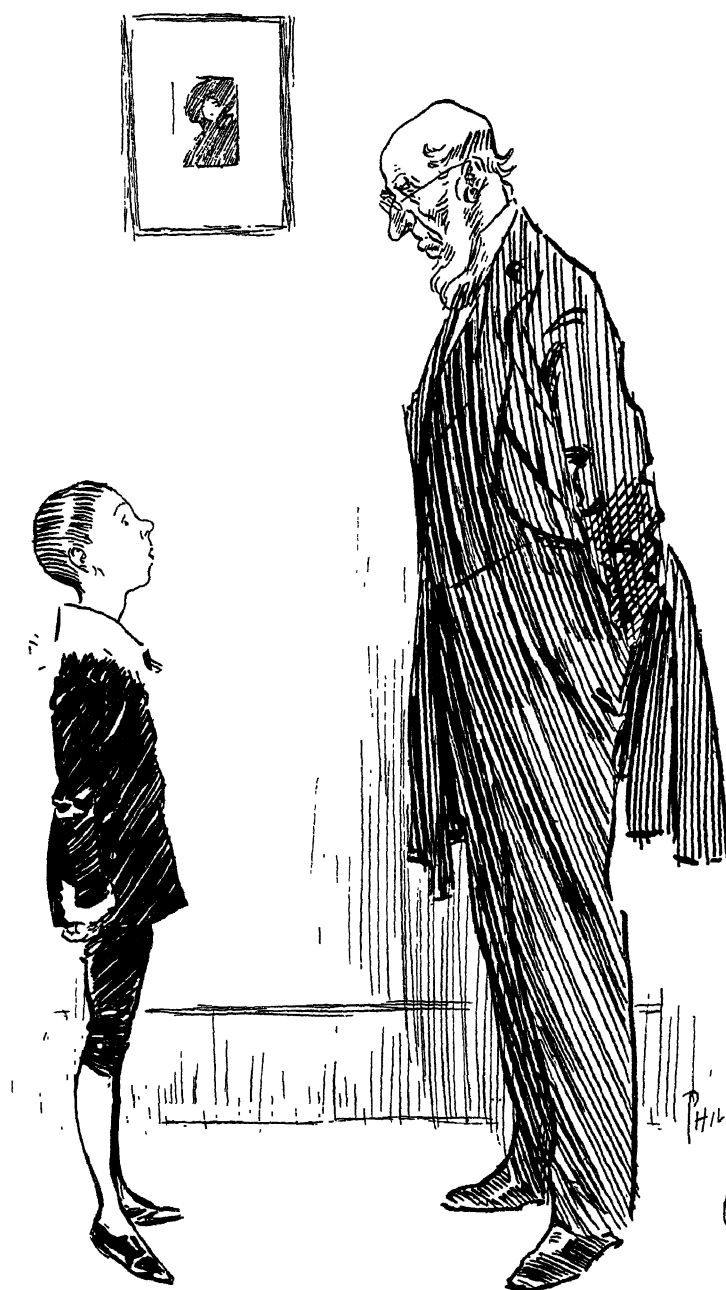
MODERN METAMORPHOSES.

An American paper states that at a recent fashionable assembly every guest had to declare what other form of animal life he or she would take.

SOME folk would change their present state

And cats or dogs would be,
And some with dormice hibernate,
Some soar like swallows free,
And others swim beneath the wave
Of some cool stream or sea,
And others Arctic terrors brave—
Such change is not for me!

I would not be a pet gazelle,
Nor e'en a chamois bold,



Gran'pa Macpherson. "HOW MANY DOES TWO AND TWO MAKE, DONALD?" Donald. "SIX."
Gran'pa. "WHAT ARE YE TALKING ABOUT? TWO AND TWO MAKE FOUR."
Donald. "YES, I KNOW; BUT I THOUGHT YOU'D 'BEAT ME DOWN' A BIT!"

Nor be a wrinkle in a shell,
Nor lobster-claw unfold;
I would not be a golden fish,
Nor heavenward lark-like rise,
But if I had my present wish,
A spider catching flies!

TRAVELLERS' TALES.

First Traveller (in the smoking-room). I think the most marvellous sight I ever saw was when I was crossing the Bight of Benin. You know the Bight?

Second Traveller. Perfectly. Shot two sea-serpents there last year.

Third Traveller. I landed hard by when I cycled across Africa.

First Traveller. Well, it was there we sighted a man who had crossed from Buenos Ayres on a hen-coop, with a cotton umbrella for a sail, and—

Other Travellers (jealously, in chorus). Oh! Come, I say!

Quiet Man (in corner). Oh, I'll vouch for the truth of the assertion.

First Traveller (nettled). How's that?

Quiet Man. Why, I was the man.

[*Company disperses.*]

INTERESTING SMALL TALK.—The wedding trousseau of the Hon. and Gay Miss Q. is on view in the front-window of Liberty Hall. Inspection on presentation of *carte de visite* to attendant policeman.



A NICE BEGINNING.

THE ABOVE IS NOT A FRENCH BULL-FIGHT, BUT MERELY THE UNPLEASANT ADVENTURE MR. JOPLING EXPERIENCED ON OUR OPENING DAY, WHEN A SKITTISH ALDERNEY CROSSED HIM AT THE FIRST FENCE.

ANY SCHOOLBOY TO ANY FOND MAMMA.

DEAR Mater, this is very rough, that you
Who say you love me—and of course you do—

A jolly sight too much, Old MUGS would say—
Should go and all your promises forget!
Half-term, you know, is precious near, and yet
You haven't sent that hamper on its way.

I'm fading fast—I know it! Might I save,
Gladly I would, the tips kind people gave,
Me t'other day, and buy myself some food.
But that's no go. Or rather, I should say,
It fairly takes the cake the awful way
That tin *does* go. All mine, in fact, is blued.

I'm working jolly hard all round this term,
Even the music-master, who's a worm,
Has said, "You haf ver well begun to blay."
Ah, couldst thou only hear me play one tune
(I'm just dead nuts on music), not so soon
With thee would parting promises fade away!

I hope you'll notice how my style's improved;
I've read a skish of books since I've been moved—
Into this form. There's one chap bad to beat—
To write like him, you twig, 's my latest boom,
A rummy poet-bloke called BROWNING, whom
I don't suppose you've heard of. He's a treat.

Read KIPLING's book? Those sharps were wide awake—
Too grown-up-clever by half. Our House'd make
Stalky, McTurk, and *Beetle* sit up—some—
Shirking their games to smoke and such-like rags!
Stalky and Co. weren't kicked enough, when fags.
Rotters like that would catch it here, my gum!

Well, now about that hamper. Chickens, ham—
You know the sort of tack—some home-made jam,
Choos, apples, biscuits—plenty of 'em, too—
Sardines are useful. Tell the cook to bake
An "extry-speshul" numble-number cake,
And—all the other things I'll leave to you.

No more at present, Mater. Time for Prep.
The bell's begun to ring, and I've some rep.

And lots of con. to mug—*Euripides*.
Best love to all. Excuse that inky mess—
BROWN jogged my arm. Your loving TOM. P.S.
You won't forget that hamper, will you, please.

P.S. That brute, Old MUGS—he is a beast—
I didn't really cheek him in the least—
Threatened to-day in math. to get me swished.
P.S. I'm sure that you'll be glad to hear
I've taken to my winter under-wear,
Those nice warm extra-thick ones, as you wished.

[Mater, blissfully ignorant of connection between two last postscripts, says, "Good boy!" and duly forwards hamper.]

"La Chasse."

(A *Shakspearian* Epitaph on a Hen-Grouse.)

"MOOR, she was chased; she loved thee, cruel moor."

A WELL-EARNED "BENEFIT."—Mrs. JOHN BILLINGTON's Farewell Testimonial Benefit is to take place at the Lyceum Theatre on November 28. It is a *matinée*. Excellent work has this good actress done in her time, and never was JEFFERSON's *Rip Van Winkle* suited with a better representative of the hard but much-tried wife than when Mrs. BILLINGTON, the present *beneficiaire*, played the part. Long was her name associated with those of our leading actors, and rarely was "JOHNNIE" TOOLE better seconded than when Mrs. BILLINGTON gave "more power to his elbow." Mr. *Punch* trusts that her benefit at the Lyceum Theatre, on the afternoon of November 28, will be a bumper, and that the clever actress may long live to enjoy the fruits of her professional labours, the company of her many friends, and the esteem of the theatre-going public. The box-office at the Lyceum is open on November 7, and cheques should be made payable to Mr. C. L. CARSON or Mr. BRICKWELL, Honorary Treasurers.

VITA BREVIS AQUA PURA.

[Madame KEELHOFF, of Brussels, grieved that there should be no good song in praise of water, and adverse to alcoholic liquors, has offered the magnificent sum of £1 for a suitable ditty. Our poet, therefore, enters for the prize.]

I WILL not sing of *eau de vie*,
Nor laud the vulgar twang of gin,
No rum or whiskey pour for me,—
Nor ale nor port from cobwebbed bin.
Avaunt! pernicious frothy wine
That bathes in yonder icebound pail,
For me no bantling of the vine,
When I can quaff old ADAM'S ale!

What though the grim bacillus lurk
About my modest beaker's lip,
Shall I my bounden duty shirk,
And fear the unseen traitor's grip!
No! no! I'll drain it and resound
Its eulogy both far and near,
For shall I not have Madame's pound
To liquidate my watered bier?

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

MR. JOHN ASHTON, who has thrown much light on the picturesque byeways of social life in the reign of Queen ANNE, supplements it by a series of thumb-nail sketches of *Social England Under the Regency* (CHATTO AND WINDUS). The plan of compilation is simple and effective. Mr. ASHTON hunts up the newspapers, pamphlets, and squibs of the period, snips out the spicy bits, and connects them by a rapid narrative. The letterpress is illustrated by nearly a hundred sketches, being reproductions of contemporary popular art. There is, of course, a good deal of chat about the Regent, including the account of his installation, and his solemn oath "in all things to consult and maintain the safety, honour, and dignity of His Majesty, and the welfare of his people." It is pleasing to know that "during the ceremony His Royal Highness maintained the most graceful and dignified deportment." Still preserving this, H.R.H. within four years increased his debts to the round sum of £1,480,600. The following year, 1816, H.R.H. growing fat and scant of breath, the royal yacht was refitted for his use, at a cost of £60,000, of which £13,500 was spent upon gilding. Apart from the charms of royal society, my Baronite makes the acquaintance of BLUCHER, the Pig-faced Lady, SHERIDAN, JOANNA SOUTHCOOT, the Calculating Boy, and an interesting circle of body-snatchers.

The Ship, Her Story (CHATTO AND WINDUS) is told by W. CLARK RUSSELL, than whom none is better qualified for the pleasant task. "Mere prattle," he calls it, "dropped as we wander about the ship-building yard." But the prattle of a man who knows what he is talking about and has the gift of graphic description is the pleasantest way of communicating knowledge. Tarpaulined, sou'-westered, sea-booted, CLARK RUSSELL, standing on the bridge of Time, surveys the progress and growth of ship-building from the Ark to the *Oceanic*. He could scarcely have been a contemporary of the first craft. Nevertheless he is able to supply some interesting, and, to my Baronite, quite novel particulars of its build. The burden of the Ark as registered at the Lloyd's of the day was, he says, 15,000 tons, 7,000 less than the *Great Eastern*. NOAH, when he laid his keel (in the yard of PATRICK CAIRD, B.C., afterwards of Greenock), had ever in view the nature of his cargo. "Unless the animals were stalled," CLARK RUSSELL shrewdly remarks, "a sudden panic amongst them would occasion a dangerous list." NOAH seems to have provided against this by building his extraordinary stables on a gigantic spoon-shaped hull. The volume is illustrated by half a hundred drawings by Mr. SEPPINGS WRIGHT, worthy the picturesque charm of the letter-press. That is high praise.

G. A. HENTY'S many youthful schoolboy friends will welcome with delight their favourite author's latest works, entitled *Won by the Sword* (BLACKIE AND SON), a brilliant historical romance, effectively illustrated by CHARLES T. SHELDON, and *A Roving Commission*, with illustrations by WILLIAM RAINY, R.I. What an appropriate name for a water-colour painter, RAINY! Peace and quiet, quoth my Assistant Baronite, during the holidays can be ensured by presenting the school-boy with these delightful volumes. Captain F. S. BRERETON'S *With Shield and Assegai*, will delight the most insatiable story-devourer, for it is brimming over with thrilling adventures and escapades. No boy who loves adventures should be satisfied



HORRIBLE SITUATION!

Artist (to friend whom, in the absence of the professional Model, he is utilising). "ALL RIGHT, OLD MAN. DON'T MOVE, WHATEVER YOU DO! IT'S ONLY MY SISTERS AND SOME OTHER GIRLS COME IN TO TEA. LET ME INTRODUCE YOU."

[Dismay of friend, who is rather particular about his appearance.]

till he has added this interesting story to his collection. On arriving at the last page of SARAH TYTLER'S *A Loyal Little Maid*, my Junior Baronite feels that none will feel they have wasted time in making themselves acquainted with this little girl, who suffers so much for those she loves.

Home and School. ANDREW HOME'S *The Spy in the School* (R. CHAMBERS) will be read with interest by boys. The spy in this case is one of the masters, a most objectionable person who practises hypnotism to an unpleasant degree. Our boy readers will unanimously agree that he richly deserves the fate which befalls him.

The Junior Baronite heartily welcomes *The Rosebud Annual* for 1900. (JAMES CLARKE & CO.) Various artists and authors have contributed to it. It is full of funny stories and equally funny pictures which will amuse little people for any length of time.

Who wrote the deathless verses attributed to Mother Goose? Three countries, America, France, and England, claim to be the birthplace of the nameless poet. Mr. FRANK BAUM, leaving the question unsolved, has taken the best known of the verses and told *Mother Goose in Prose* (DUCKWORTH). It is a ticklish task meddling with classics. He has performed it excellently well, his prose being full of humour and fancy. The volume is illustrated with equal originality and merit. Regarded as a Christmas Goose suitable for carving in the nursery, it comes out in good time.

My Assistant Baronite says she laughed heartily over the delightfully funny illustrations of *Rag Tag and Bob Tail* (GRANT RICHARDS), by EDITH FARMLOE, with equally amusing verses by WINIFRED PARNELL, and she recommends it thoroughly to young or old who enjoy a good laugh.

Young April, by EGERTON CASTLE (Messrs. MACMILLAN) needs no other pictures than those artistically painted in words by the deft hand of the author, who is a brilliant colourist and a master of romance. The interest is thoroughly sustained from start to finish. A work highly recommended by THE BARON DE B.-W.



THE POINT OF VIEW.

Eccasperated Old Gentleman (to Lady in front of him). "EXCUSE ME, MADAM, BUT MY SEAT HAS COST ME TEN SHILLINGS, AND I WANT TO SEE YOUR HAT—"
The Lady. "MY HAT HAS COST ME TEN GUINEAS, SIR, AND I WANT IT TO BE SEEN!"

RUDYARD AUSTIN.

[In attempting to paraphrase *The Absent-minded Beggar* for the use of those who prefer what the *Chronicle* calls the "ultra-classical bent" of the Poet Laureate, Mr. Punch's Depreciator is anxious not to seem to cast any sort of ridicule upon the object of Mr. Kipling's latest poem, written to serve a need which has the sincerest sympathy of all hearts.]

"Arma virumque cano."—*Aeneidos*, I, 1.

WHEN Rule Britannia rings through hut and hall,
 And men have sung *God Save the Queen* withal;
 When has been whet the keen invective's sword

Against Meridian Afric's tyrant lord;
 Spare not your largesse for his kin who plies
 The legionary's task in tan-hued guise!
 Vague in his views, a man of errant thought,
 His best endeavours oft with frailty fraught;

Yet with a conscience facile to forego
 The judgment of or us or yonder foe;
 Southward, to clean our 'scutcheon, see him wind,
 Leaving his loved impediments behind!

Scion of Atheling or of kitchen-drone,
 Claimant perchance to ALFRED'S ALFRED'S throne—

Five tens of thousands in each other's train
 They press athwart the ship-encumbered plain;

With their domestic wants 'tis ALFRED'S hope
 To see your cornucopias cope, cope, cope!

Wives he may have, our THOMAS, one or more,
 Whose nuptial knot the callous powers ignore;

From which unchartered wedlock—who shall say?—
 Some offspring may have seen the light of day,
 Who needs the warmth Prometheus first conveyed,

With solvent hearth, and Ceres' homely aid.
 Doubtless are left some damosels with whom

He held high converse in the devious gloom!
 Wrong? was it wrong? I only know they grieve

To miss the pressure of his ambient sleeve,
 Who to our care with careless trust assigned
 The loved impediments he left behind.

Heir to an Ealdorman or kitchen-thrall—
 These crust-distinctions shall we now recall?

What boots it though he left his licensed sire
 'Twixt Wapping barmaids serving Bacchic fire?

With claims of wife or wench 'tis ALFRED'S hope
 To see your cornucopias cope, cope, cope!

Myriad the matrons who, in utmost need,
 Are nerved by pride to nor complain nor plead!

Their dear Penates rather would they doom
 To lie as pledges with a local Oom.
 Their brave breadwinner absent, serves but ill

The nation's pittance, practically nil!
 Vague in his views, a man of errant thought,
 He waited not in corners to be sought,
 When summoned, much like sturdy CIN-CINNATUS,

To leave across his toil a crude hiatus;
 Nor lagged to haggle as to who should mind
 The loved impediments he left behind.

Life-work of feudal lord or simple serf,
 Toilers that race upon, or mow, the turf;
 Ceasing their several labours forth they range
 From ecurie and mart and moated grange!

Come, with their kindred's wants 'tis ALFRED'S hope
 To see your cornucopias cope, cope, cope!



BRITANNIA CONSOLATRIX.

"I WILL TAKE CARE OF YOU! YOUR MAN HAS GONE TO DO HIS DUTY—AND I WILL DO MINE!"

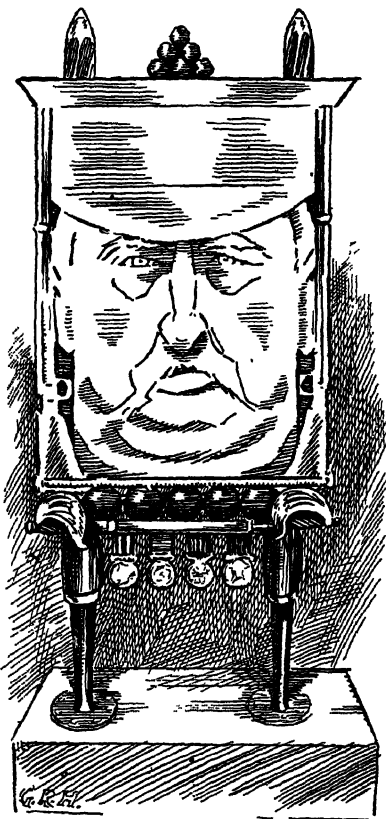
So shall we face him with reproachless hands
 (If anything this meaneth) when he lands.
 And as returned our Roman, having whacked
 The Aequian foe, to find his plough intact,
 Likewise should THOMAS, Victor, view with pride
 His former pair of shoes unoccupied!
 Vague, as I said,—a man of errant thought,
 And apt, when hurt, to say, 'Tis naught!
 'Tis naught!
 Yet, by our "flag, inflexible as Fate,"
 Shall it be said that we have relegate
 To pauper's rations, we, his kith and kind,
 Those loved impediments he left behind?

Mansion of Cressus, pastry-monger's cot,
 Villa of Earl, in all a vacant spot!
 Five tens of thousands in each other's train
 They move athwart the ship-encumbered main!
 Lo! with the wants of these, their country's hope,
 I bid your cornucopias cope, cope, cope!

THE TOWN WHERE ILL-TEMPERED WIVES
 SHOULD END THEIR DAYS.—Shrewsbury.

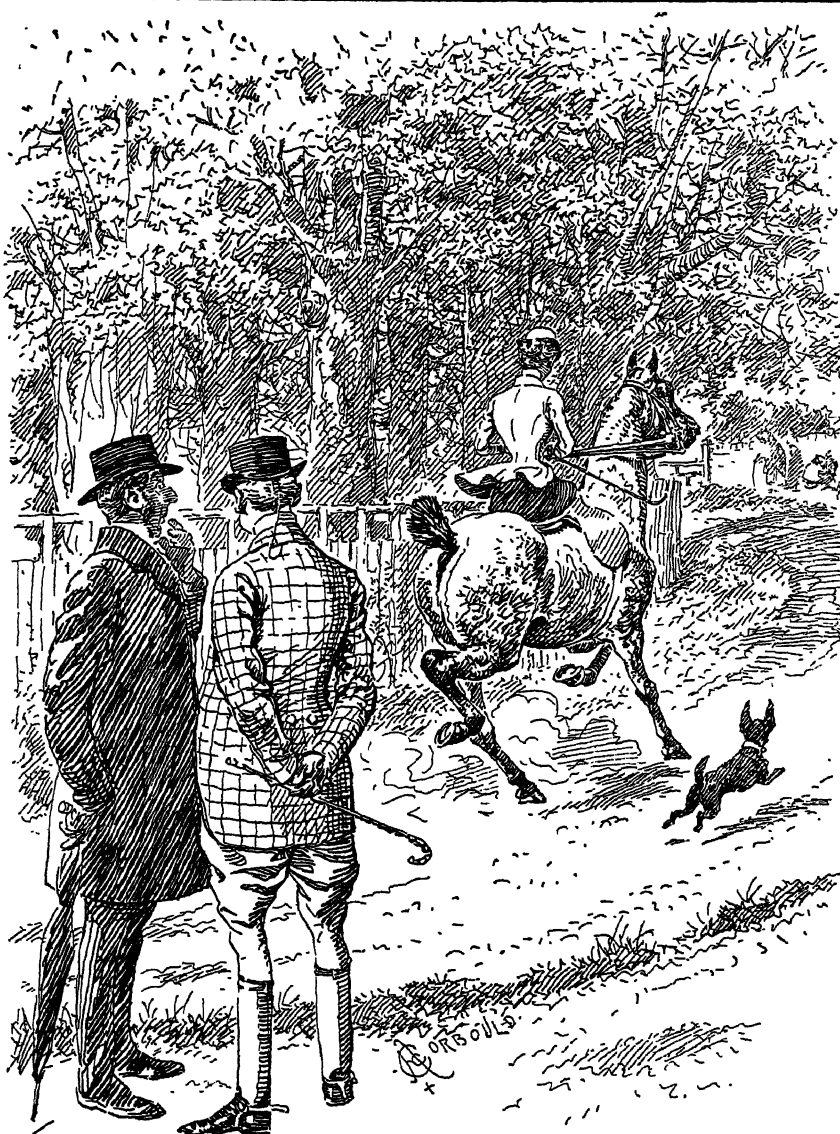
MOTTO FOR LIVERPOOL.—*Docks et præ-
 terea nihil.*

MR. PUNCH'S MUSEUM.



THE BULLER FIRE SCREEN.

A fine strong specimen of military design, valuable against a hot fire, especially in camp. Though much used in various climates, it remains as good as new. Now on loan to South Africa (where it was partly made, and where its value is known), on an educational tour, from which Mr. Punch hopes to receive it back undamaged and with added fame.



Smith (referring to the horse). "THEY TELL ME SHE'S THE FASTEST LITTLE THING IN THE COUNTY."
 Jones (referring to the lady). "INDEED? I'M SORRY TO HEAR THAT. AND SHE A PARSON'S DAUGHTER, TOO!"

THE BOYS IN BLUE.

[In the bombardment of Ladysmith the Boer batteries were silenced by the guns of the Naval detachment under Captain the Hon. HEDWORTH LAMBTON, of H.M.S. *Powerful*.]

THERE are 'eroes in the regiments
 Be they foot or be they 'orse,
 And they'll fight by day or night
 And not mind the loss, of course;
 I'm one who's proud to see 'em
 Goin' out to do their due,
 But don't forget when scrappin' 's set
 The lads, who wear the blue.

They're not good at bein' bosses,
 They don't straddle bloomin' 'osses,
 Nor do they generally sport kharkec;
 But they've just the sort of goin'
 That it takes a deal of knowin'
 For the poundin' of the enemees!

There are gunners on the ocean wave
 Their work is shootin' straight,
 And they'll smite by day or night
 If the others only wait;

They can batter down a fortress
 While the silent quid they chew,
 And set ashore they'll do yet more,
 The lads, who wear the blue.

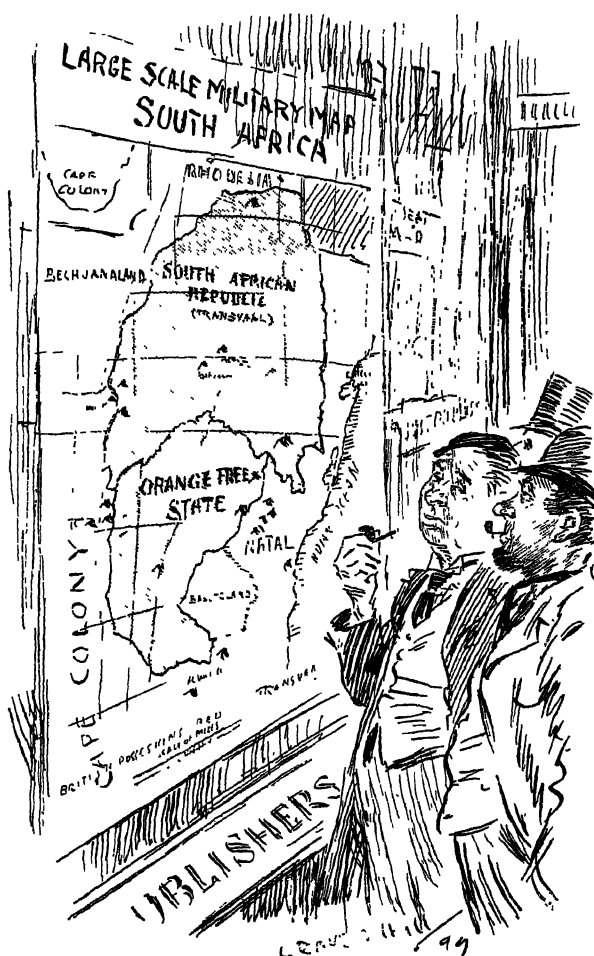
They're not good at makin' charges,
 Nor at scullin' trains like barges,
 But they know the use of powder when its
 fired full and free;
 If they're wanted they are ready,
 And as land-crabs they are steady,
 For the honour of the Queen's Navee!

Father of eligible Bride (to Medical Aspirant). Well, Sir, and what are your prospects?

Medical Aspirant. I need scarcely remind you, Sir, that I live in the centre of a Rugby football circle, and that the season has just commenced.

[Nuptials sanctioned on the spot.]

THE LATEST ARMOURD TRAIN.—One worked on the Bloch system.



THE SITUATION.

British Workman. "SEE THAT PINK, BILL? THAT'S OUR'N. SEE THAT GREEN? THAT'S THEIR'N. IT'LL ALL BE PINK SOON!"

"GO IT, MY TULIP!"

COULD the united forces of early nineteenth century slang, picturesque scenery, bright costumes, artistic stage-management, and excellent acting achieve success for a pseudo-idyllic play, lacking both in human interest and dramatic situation, then Mr. and Mrs. CYRIL MAUDE, Mr. FREDERICK-SOLE-LESSEE-HARRISON, and their first-rate company at the Haymarket Theatre, would at once have achieved the greatest possible success for *The Black Tulip*, as dramatised by Mr. SYDNEY GRUNDY from *La Tulipe Noire* of ALEXANDRE DUMAS.

The love scenes in it are delightful, though it is to Miss WINIFRED EMERY that their charm is mainly due. The *Isaac Bortel* of Mr. KINGHORNE is a trifle too melodramatic: the character is too petty an area sneak to be credited with the tragic attitudes of a *Macbeth*. Mr. SYDNEY VALENTINE makes such a strong personality of the brutal gaoler, *Gryphus*, as one does not easily forget: he is villainously good. The "Dogberry and Verges" business, most amusing at first, between *Meester Van Spinnen* and his clerk, is very soon overdone and becomes dangerously wearisome. *Hamlet's* advice to the clowns, like the fifth of November, "should never be forgot,"—especially by such a couple of "Guys" as are these two queer figures of fun, so quaintly represented by Mr. SAM. JOHNSON and Mr. BREWER. But, Mr. GRUNDY, why drag in "chose jugée" and the old story of the stupid judge's summing up? Both pointless.

On Mr. FREDERICK HARRISON, as *William of Orange*, is laid the responsibility of the success or failure of the undramatic story. He is the *Deus ex machina* with *William of Orange's* nose. The likeness is excellent: the success of the nose is the triumph of the part and of the piece. Through that nose he conquers all opposition. Speaking through that nose, Dutch *William*, has to

denounce the villain already unmasked by *Rosa*—the *Rosa* whom *Cornelis van Baerle* will now cultivate in preference to his *Tulipa*; it is Dutch *William's* nose that commands the attention of the audience from the moment he enters until the fall of the curtain; it is Dutch *William* who, always assisted by his nose which gives point to everything he says and does, has to pardon the supposed traitor, to conciliate the audience which is never very amicably disposed towards a representative of the Royal Dutchman, and who has to win every one over to his side by uttering a kindly sentiment, always through his hooked nose, doing an act of cheap but effective generosity utterly impossible without that remarkable nose, and, finally, by uniting the lovers and awarding the prize for the black tulip to its legitimate producer. Bravo! *William of Orange*! Hero nasal and military! The tableau on which the curtain descends is a triumph of contrasted colour and artistic grouping, which sends away an audience delighted.

At the Vaudeville. *The Elixir of Youth*, by SIMS and MERRICK, is still going at this theatre as strong as an elixir of youth should make it go. Capitally acted all round. Mr. GEORGE GIDDENS excellent, Miss FLORENCE WOOD very funny, and Miss ELLIS JEFFREYS at her best. Miss NESVILLE sparkling, and all the ladies as bright as possible. The three young men, Messrs. FERRIS, YORKE, and ATHERLEY, are a trio not to be beaten anywhere. It has now been running for some time, but the effervescence is still there, the sparkle of the dialogue is as fresh as ever, and the piece throughout is received with uproarious laughter. There is not the slightest sign of decadence in *The Elixir of Youth*, the results of which must satisfy even the melodramatic author, Mr. GEORGE SIMS, gifted inventor of Thatcho, the Long-lost Hair Restorer.

SUPERFLUOUS WOMAN.

"I know nothing about automobiles. Why should there be a ladies' club? Why cannot ladies belong to the Automobile Club? At present they cannot do anything useful, and they are very expensive."—*The Countess of Warwick.*

As I brooded in my study all apart,

There were notions that occasionally stole
Through the secret inner chambers of my heart
And the intricate recesses of my soul.

Just the notions, be it noted, which I have already quoted,

Though I never, never dared avow them yet;

No, my infant thoughts I smothered till I found they had been
mothered

By a real living Countess in DebreTT.

What a knowledge she betrays of womankind!

What a perfect comprehension of its ways!

What an insight into all the female mind!

What a mastery of all its little traits!

Woman's useless! She has dared to speak the truth I never
cared to,

And she adds a golden truth, must not be lost:

Those whose wardrobes are extensive must be terribly expensive—

And the Earl, I doubt not, knows it to his cost.

HOW A REVERSE IS MET ACROSS THE CHANNEL.

(According to Precedent.)

THEY would have called upon the Ministry to resign.

They would have marched along the Boulevards shouting patriotic songs.

They would have cheered the army, and come into contact with the police.

They would have broken the windows of the Elysée.

They would have followed the carriage of the President with yells of execration.

They would have demanded war with Great Britain on account of the comments of the English Press.

They would have declared themselves betrayed, and everybody and anybody a traitor.

They would have let off fireworks in honour of a projected revolution.

They would have gone stark staring mad for a week or ten days, reducing Government to chaos.

And then—not until then—they would have looked the disaster in the face, and attempted to set things quietly to rights.

WITH APOLOGIES TO LORD ROBERTS.—A leading factor in the present war crisis:—*The Daily Telegraph* "Bobs."

NEW WORDS FOR AN OLD TUNE.

The Novelist to his Book :—

'Tis the worst prose of Summer
Left booming alone !
All its brief reputation
Quite faded and gone.
On the book-shelves of MUDIE
Its name is forgot,
And the false fickle Public
Remembers it not.

I'll not leave thee, thou lone one,
To pine on the shelf ;
I'm responsible for thee,
I wrote thee myself !
So I'm thoughtfully turning
Thy leaves o'er in bed,
And while other men curse thee
I bless thee instead.

Though threadbare thy subject,
Though slipshod thy style,
Though the cynics deride thee,
The critics revile,
There is at my bankers',
I'm happy to see,
A respectable balance
Which represents thee !

THE UNMUZZLING ORDER.

(Another Point of View.)

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—As a Maltese dog of undoubted pedigree, weighing seven pounds, eight ounces, I wish to protest against the cruel edict which has just deprived Us of our muzzles. Thanks to that most injudicious change in the laws of this country, I now find myself utterly unable to show my nose in Grosvenor Square without fear of assault. For years, relying on the resolute firmness of Mr. LONG, I have treated all dogs, of whatever size, with studied insolence and contempt. I have snarled at the ponderous mastiff, yapped at the dreaded bull-dog, and indulged in a pretence of combat with the quarrelsome fox-terrier. I have held my head high and feared no dog !

Now, however, all this is changed. Every dog in the square goes abroad with his ugly nose unmuzzled looking for me, and burning to settle old scores. The insults, the taunts, the gibes my nimble wit has levelled at them are all remembered, and I go in fear of my life. Ever since the repeal of that humane and sensible measure, the muzzling order, I have resolutely refused to stir forth, and I do not propose to do so until the havoc wrought among the choicest lap-dogs of Mayfair by this repeal compels Mr. LONG to once more grant us the protection of the muzzle. Am I to be devoured at a mouthful by a brutal St. Bernard at whom I have snarled securely for years because a legislator changes his mind? Am I to have my silken ears torn by a bull-dog, my glossy coat mauled by a retriever through the stupidity of a Board of Agriculture? Never! If muzzles are no longer to protect me from the murderous assaults of unpedigreed curs, I shall give up walking exercise altogether. I shall never take the air save in the secure retreat of a carriage.

But I cannot believe that Mr. LONG will persist in this criminal enterprise. A petition from all the ladies whose pets are endangered by this measure of repeal will surely be listened to. Meantime I sign myself

Sorrowfully yours, TINY.



DIVERTING THE TRAFFIC!

THE EVE OF THE NINTH.

SCENE—Guildhall. TIME—Midnight. The City giants come to life.

Gog. Well, brother, here we are again, and to-morrow is Lord Mayor's day.

Magog. Don't use a phrase suggesting pantomime.

Gog. But isn't the annual function something of a burlesque?

Magog. Certainly not, for a burlesque is ridiculous, and the City can never be that.

Gog. Matter of opinion. It depends how one looks at the Lord Mayor and Corporation, whether from the east or the west.

Magog. The Lord Mayor and Corporation are a most important body. If you don't believe me, hear what will be said about them when the First Magistrate entertains his guests.

Gog. The speeches are only common form flummery.

Magog. You have become blasé. Does it not please you to hear the toast of the army and navy received with enthusiasm?

Gog. I confess I am weary of hearing that our soldiers can go anywhere and do anything, and that our navy is simply first-rate.

Magog. This year there will be something fresh—a reference to the naval guns and gunners at Ladysmith.

Gog. Of course. And why not? But even that will be only common form.

Magog. Quite so. And what is your objection to common form. Why shouldn't the Premier solemnly announce truisms, and his colleagues platitudes? It amuses

the public, who fix their hopes upon the contents-bills, and hurts no one.

Gog. Again a matter of opinion.

Magog. But the merits of the soup, at any rate, cannot be questioned. Turtle will always hold its own.

Gog. And nowadays tobacco has become the fashion. Surely unnecessary.

Magog. Why unnecessary?

Gog. Because there was quite enough smoke—thanks to the speeches!

(Conversation interrupted by the presence of "strangers" to lay the festive board for the morrow.)

ONE WAY OF LOOKING AT IT.

Mrs. Jawkins. Well, REGINALD, I do think you grow meaner and meaner every year.

Mr. Jawkins. How so, my dear?

Mrs. Jawkins. Why, here are all the children going to bed crying because you wouldn't give them five shillings a-piece to buy you presents for your birthday. I suppose that next you'll be expecting me to pay for them out of my paltry allowance! Bah! I'm ashamed of you!

EAU INDEED!—According to a medical paper, soda-water is a cure for hunger. The following menu might therefore be adopted at the Guildhall Banquet to-morrow, and also at hydros and other watering-places:—Potage—Sodium-bicarbonate. Poisson—NaHCO₃. HO. Entrée—Soda-water. Entremet—Eau de Seltz. Rôt—B. and S. without the B. Pâtisserie—Selters. Dessert—Split. Vins—Eau aérée, Apollinaris, siphon, gazeuse.



"WHY DON'T YOU SAY 'HOW DO YOU DO' TO THIS GENTLEMAN?"
"COS I DON'T WANT TO KNOW HOW HE DOES."

LORD ROSEBERY AT BATH.

(By Mr. Punch's Vagrant.)

ALL hail, PRIMROSE! Here's to you, plumpest and most pleasing of all possible political boys, bravest of banner-bearers, and public orator (I forget who first made use of that striking phrase) to the entire British nation!

So you've come out of your shell at last; or rather, considering the place you spoke at, like a Bath-bun that has chafed too long in enforced indolence, you've popped out of your glass case with a shout of heroic exultation.

Mind, I don't want to strain this bold simile too far (I know you'll pardon its boldness, being yourself a bold, dashing, and resolute fellow); I don't want to imply for a moment

That, for instance, you're stuck full of sugar-rocks; or that railway passengers in want of a meal are likely to avoid you as being too filling at the price and altogether too much for mere ornament and show meant.

No, no! Whatever the rest of the cold and heartless world may do, you at least will not misunderstand me, or read strained meanings into the highly polished and academical verse of a young writer (by the way, isn't it simply ripping to be young? There seems to be a regular curse on age).

With all its responsibilities, its Derby-winners, its Non-conformist consciences, *Times* copyrights, political leaderships, WILLIAM HARCOURTS, and general misunderstandings, so that, on the whole, one prefers to be young, and not to be forced to figure as a personage.)

However, let's cut the cackle and come to the 'osses—which, as you must acknowledge, is a perfectly proper quotation when you are talking to an owner of horses,

Even if he happens to be one of those belted Earls who seem to surprise KIPLING by sometimes stepping down to mix with the untitled and act like mere human beings, a proceeding which of course is

Highly gratifying to us, the cart-horse residuum, and extremely condescending on their part, so that the stony hearts of demerats are all but melted

When they see so much human nature and true patriotic

feeling in Dukes, who are gartered, and in Earls, who are not only gartered, but also blue-blooded and belted.

Well, PRIMROSE, you've spoken; your foot's down at last, and it's all over with everybody else, because, of course, when you tell us what's what, it is naturally even more than equivalent to finality;

And there never was an occasion when things were more final than they were the other day when you addressed the population of Bath, and the mayor and the municipality.

You talked about the war, of course, and on the whole you led us to suppose that you were glad of it and thought it was a splendid and glorious war, and that because Mr. KRÜGER gave us a knock at Majuba we were bound to send out about a hundred thousand soldiers to give him and his thirty thousand farmers a knock back,

One of our chief causes for fighting him and smashing his people into smithereens being that he and his nation had endeavoured, so you told us, to put the hands of the clock back.

And then, having discussed these and other polemical matters, you implored the rest of us not to waste time in polemical discussion,

Seeing that ours was a lonely little island floating in these northern seas (there wasn't anything particularly touching in all that, was there? Most islands have a way of being more or less lonely, and if they don't float, down they go and cease to be islands or anything else), and that we were viewed with jealousy by every surrounding nation, the French, the German, and (I'm coming to the end of the line at last) the Russian.

And then, after giving vent to these tremendous and all but revolutionary sentiments, which you had, of course, every reason to believe were shockingly distasteful to your audience, to the *Times*, and the *Daily News*, and the rest of the Jingo newspapers, to the Music Halls, to the Stock Exchange, to warlike aldermen, and the crowds that have been raving as if they had lost their senses—

After incurring all this animosity, you raised your arms with a noble gesture of self-sacrificing defiance, and said you didn't care a jot (what a grand, brave fellow you are!) if the doctrine was unpopular, and that for your part you were calmly prepared to face the consequences.

I wonder if you would mind my telling you a little original fable that has just occurred to me? You see one is often able

To get one's points out better when one abandons the dusty road of dry narrative, and wanders into the bye-path of fable.

There was once a highly-trained trick-poodle, quite a genius in his way, who, though he wasn't much of a sporting dog himself, yet had an almost pathetic admiration for real sporting dogs such as harriers or fox-hounds,

And had discovered exactly—it wasn't after all a very difficult matter—what kind of proceeding pleases and what kind most generally shocks hounds.

So one day they asked him to a meeting, and he trimmed up his rosettes—you know the ridiculous rosettes they leave on poodles when they shave them—and tied on his little red silk bow, a decoration he looked particularly bold and firm in,

And made them a speech in which he courageously declared himself on the side of those who hunt and slay hares and foxes that had the audacity to want to live though they were nothing but vermin.

And finally, with upraised paws, he said that these views might be unpopular, but that he himself didn't care a tittle,

His courage and his dog-like resolution being of the sort that was neither weak nor brittle;

And after adjuring them to be one kennel and to forget everything else, he sat down amid a regular storm of enthusiastic yappings

And yelpings and barks of delight and a whirlwind of tail-waggings and a perfect furor of paw-clappings.

So these honest hounds applauded the poodle-dog's deathless courage, and one of them, who had studied his HORACE, quoted some lines, though he didn't stop to explain 'em,

Which ended with *impavidum ferient ruinæ* and began with *justum et tenacem propositi canem*.

There's my little apologue, which, if not better than all others, is probably as good as most. It may amuse you and thus lighten your almost intolerable burdens,

And in any case I dedicate it with deep respect to the Lord of DALMENY and MENTMORE and the DURDANS.

As to the rest of your speech, and all the remarks you made both about GLADSTONE and CHATHAM,

I shall have to reserve them for another occasion, when I shall have more time to get properly at 'em.



Visitor. "HAVE YOU EVER SEEN THE SEA-SERPENT?"
 Boatman. "No, SIR. I'M A TEMPERANCE MAN."

PICKING UP THE PIECES.

(At Daly's and Criterion.)

BRILLIANT as a spectacle, and occasionally very amusing, *San Toy*, the musical play recently produced by Mr. GEORGE EDWARDES at Daly's, with music by SIDNEY JONES, and book and songs by Messrs. MORTON, ADRIAN ROSS, and the late Mr. GREENBANK, will never, in its present form, eclipse the memorable success of *The Geisha*. It is as well to guard this opinion by applying it only to its performance last Tuesday night; and even then, as several numbers were omitted from the published book, and one at least introduced which was not to be found therein, the piece may be considered as "a progressive;" and a GEORGE EDWARDES piece knows no such word as "fail."

Tenor HAYDEN COFFIN has hardly anything to do except to look clean and nice as the spotless *Captain Bobby Preston*, and to saunter about, singing an occasional ditty, and joining in a duet or concerted piece, as the case may be. Miss MARIE TEMPEST, to whom Tenor HAYDEN has to play the perfunctory lover, hasn't even the chance of looking her best either as a Chinese boy or Chinese girl. No doubt their musical and dramatic opportunities will arrive in time.

The success of the piece, for the crammed house is evidence of this, is made, in the first place, by Mr. RUTLAND BARRINGTON, who, as the Mandarin with his six little wives, all playing up to him splendidly, is simply inimitable. His wink is a wonder. In that irresistible wink are all the hearty encores that, on every occasion when he opens his mouth and shuts his eye, he obtains for himself and the dainty little ladies of his harem. Then Mr. HUNTLEY WRIGHT, as *Li*, admirably sustains the reputation he made in the *Geisha*: it is a similar character, and largely does he contribute to the popularity of the concerted song and dance, six times encored, the burden of which, "For we all of us are going back to London," is borne lightly by indefatigable and clever Miss HILDA MOODY, Miss GRACIE LEIGH, and the pretty "English ladies" all in a row, and lastly, but not least, by Mr. LIONEL MACKINDER, as a smart young officer, and the eccentric Mr. FRED KAYE, with his wonderful waddle, his comical face, and his abrupt Jingle-like style of speaking.

There is just the least possible suspicion of a plot somewhere about, the secret of which is in the possession of Mr. RUTLAND BARRINGTON and Mr. BARKER, the clever stage manager, to whom largely the success is due, but, as Mr. Toots might have observed, "it's of no consequence"; nor is it, as what matters plot as long as Box and Stall, Pit and Gallery, are satisfied? That they are so for the present is evident.

At the Criterion.—Hicks-cessively funny. My Daughter-in-Law, the rendering in English of MM. CARRE and BILHAUD's *Ma Bru*, is now in the fifth week of its run and going uncommonly strong, judging from the full house and the applause and laughter with which throughout it is received. It has not much of a plot, and what there is of it is not particularly novel, but the situations throughout two acts are good, the fun never flags until the last act; and above all it is admirably acted by every one. Of course, as so much in the first two acts is made of the intended *rendezvous* of Mr. Mainwaring, Senior, M.P., in which character Mr. HERBERT STANDING is capital, with the Countess, Miss CYNTHIA BROOKE, it is disappointing to the expectant audience only to hear a report and see the result of that interview, when the scene of the interview itself would have presented so many varied farcical complications.

Miss ELLALINE TERRISS is delightful as *Ma Bru* at open warfare with her mother-in-law, Mrs. Mainwaring, most emphatically rendered with all her strong comedy force by Miss FANNY BROUGH. "*Ma Bru s'en va-t-en guerre*" against her *Belle-maman*, and the latter gets the worst of it.

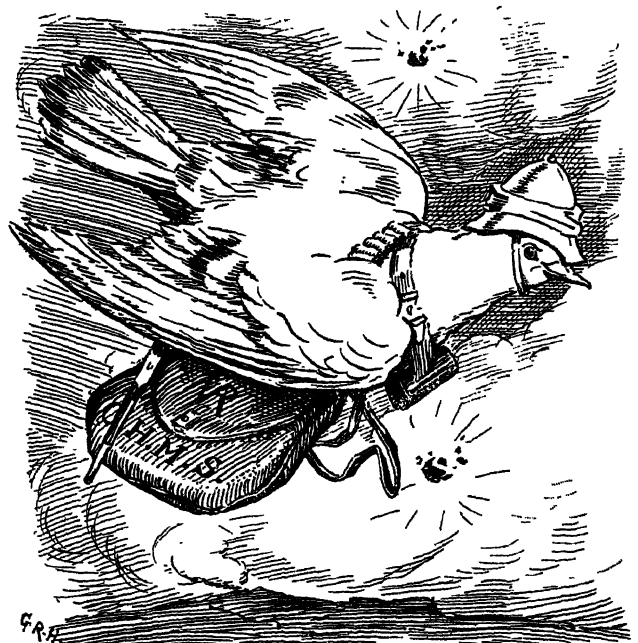
Mr. SEYMOUR HICKS is an amusing representative of a young married man, who is his wife's and mother's darling, and for whom both are fighting. Mr. ALFRED BISHOP, admirably made up, gives us one of his best bits of character as an elderly gentleman who can't help "dropping into" bad language. He played something like it before in *Rosemary*.

The funniest scene is where a deaf musician, Mr. LITTLE, is told to play the piano, and then the guests throw things at him because they can't hear themselves talk. Mr. VANE-TEMPEST should protest against the utterly idiotic business of going on hands and knees to find his *pince-nez*, which, of course, he still has on his nose. Miss HENRIQUES does justice to the pert, impudent, and out-of-farce impossible maid-servant. Mr. MACKAY, as the innocent stamp-collecting secretary and diplomatist *in statu pupillari*, is excellent.

Altogether, the Criterion has a piece which is quite in keeping with the light comedy of Wyndhamite traditions, and as CHARLES "our Friend" is now "in another place," we hail his legitimate successor here with the ancient salutation of "Bravo, HICKS!"

"APRÈS VOUS, MADAME."—The *Adam of the Restoration* may be expected to follow *The Eve of the Reformation*. This is a hint to F. A. GASQUET, author of the latter work.

NEW READING.—"Mr. RHODES'S Lion,"—Mr. Rhodes is sly 'un.



"ON HER MAJESTY'S SERVICE."

THE LATEST RECRUIT—WITH THE NATAL FIELD FORCE.

Full Private PIGEON to be mentioned for distinguished conduct as bearer of despatches. Not to be plucked on examination.



GOOD-BYE, SAMOA!

"‘FAREWELL,’ SHE CRIED, AND WAVED HER NUT-BROWN HAND."

AT POTSDAM.

ALL the newspapers of the world have endeavoured to guess the subjects discussed by the two Emperors during their afternoon drive in the Park at Potsdam. In one respect only all the newspapers agree. The Emperor WILLIAM and the Emperor NICHOLAS must have debated the political affairs of the whole earth. We alone are enabled to give the following report, from a source which we are not at liberty to reveal:—

N. C'est dommage que je parle allemand si mal.

W. Du tout, du tout! Vous parlez très bien. Seulement vous avez l'habitude de parler français.

N. Ou anglais. Ah, vous avez arrangé cette affaire avec l'Angleterre, l'affaire de Sam—

W. Oh, mon cher, je vous en prie, pas de politique!

N. C'est vrai. Notre petit pacte de ce matin. Eh bien, vous allez en Angleterre. Un peu triste, Windsor?

W. Ah ça, un peu tranquille. Mais ils sont tous si aimables.

N. Une famille charmante. Et vos enfants vous accompagnent, les garçons et la ravissante petite fille?

W. Je l'espère. Je m'amuserai très bien là-bas. Des revues tous les jours. Et je causerai avec SALISBURY. Samoa—

N. Hein, mon cher! C'est vous qui oubliez le petit pacte.

W. Ah, mille regrets! J'ai tellement l'habitude de causer avec des ministres. Sont-ils embêtants avec leur politique! Figurez-vous MURAVIEFF et BÜLOW cette après-midi! S'ils discutent toutes ces questions-là! Eh bien, c'est leur métier. Et MURAVIEFF, qu'est-ce qu'il dit de l'Exposition? Vous comptez y aller?

N. Tiens! C'est presque la politique, ça. Peut-être. Et vous?

W. Ah, voyons donc! C'est absolument la politique. J'y irais volontiers. C'est gai, Paris?

N. Je n'en sais rien. Je n'ai vu que des monuments, des rues, des quais, des soldats, des fonctionnaires, et partout le Protocol. Ah, j'oubliais quelque chose. J'ai vu l'Académie Française. C'était gai, à n'y pas croire. Faut aller à Paris en garçon, comme mes oncles. Alors, c'est gai, probablement.

W. Probablement. MURAVIEFF est très sérieux, n'est-ce pas? Il ne s'occupe que des traités, des conférences— Et votre conférence—

N. Ah, par exemple, mon ami, ne parlez pas de ça! C'est la politique, voyez-vous, et non seulement ça, c'est tout ce qu'il y a de plus agaçant—

W. Désolé, mon cher. J'oublie toujours notre pacte. Et MURAVIEFF?

N. Ah oui. C'est un homme comme tous les ministres, comme BÜLOW. C'est leur métier, vous l'avez dit.

W. Evidemment tous les deux sont on ne peut plus sérieux. C'est une obsession pour eux. Ah, les voilà là-bas! Sapristi, s'ils discutent! Mais ils se tordent de rire. C'est amusant, la politique, pour eux, à ce qu'il paraît.

[Their Majesties descend from the dog-cart.

The two ministers become extremely grave. Salutations. Profound bows.

W. Eh bien, BÜLOW, de quoi s'agit-il? Vous causez politique, M. DE MURAVIEFF?

M. Ah, Sire, je parlais de mon séjour à Paris.



Walking Tourist. "WHAT'S THE NAME OF THIS VILLAGE, MY MAN?"
Fokel. "OI DUNNO, ZUR. OI ONLY BIN 'ERE A MONTH!"

N. Vous avez visité l'Académie Française? Vous parliez de ça?

M. Pas précisément, Sire.

W. Question de politique, alors?

M. Pas précisément, Sire. Nous parlions du—d'un—

B. D'un drame, en effet, Sire.

M. En effet. Mon très honoré confrère—

B. C'est-à-dire, Sire, l'illustre ministre de Sa Majesté Impériale l'Empereur de Russie a bien voulu—

M. Ah, cher Comte, vous m'avez demandé des renseignements—

B. Et M. DE MURAVIEFF m'a expliqué—

W. Mais, dites donc! Quoi?

M. Un drame, Sire.

B. Ou plutôt une comédie.

W. Eh bien, qui s'appelle—

M. Un drame un peu léger, Sire. Un drame qui s'appelle—s'appelle—

B. Le Vieux Marcheur, Sire.

W. Ha, ha! N'est-ce pas que je vous ai dit que tous les deux sont sérieux? Ils ont aussi leur petit pacte. Le Vieux Marcheur! J'en ai entendu parler.

N. Et moi aussi. Ce n'est pas à l'Institut de France. Racontez-moi tout ça, MURAVIEFF.

[Their Majesties and the ministers left in consultation.]

LATEST FROM NEW SCOTLAND YARD.—
Why are policemen called "coppers"?—
Because they're always on their metal.



A SUGGESTION FOR THE COMING SEASON.

(Especially recommended to Masters of Hounds near London.)

LETTERS TO THE CELEBRATED.

(By Mr. Punch's Vagrant.)

TO MR. PUNCH.

MY DEAR SIR,—You will pardon me, I know, if on this occasion I address myself directly to your sublime self, rather than to any of those whose names and deeds are most loudly sounded in our ears at this unhappy time of war.

You have been good enough, Sir, to give me your confidence, to permit me to utter as best I may in the columns of your universally and justly honoured journal such thoughts as have from time to time occurred to the humblest, but not the least loyal and devoted of your adherents. Their appearance in these columns gives them, I freely acknowledge, an influence far exceeding any that they could have if published in any other paper. For Mr. Punch is the friend of the English-speaking race all the world over, and, Sir, what is written in your paper is read with equal interest in every region, no matter how remote, to which an Englishman has penetrated, whether in pursuit of business or adventure, of warfare or of sport. Broad and generous in your sympathies, accessible to the cry of distress no less than to the sober voice of reason, you have never refused a hearing even to those who might set themselves against a rushing torrent of popular emotion. Nay more, Sir, I can recall a time when you yourself with pen and pencil led the van of those who sought to stem it. When Russia and Turkey were struggling in a death-grip, was the Russian cause the popular one in this country? We were on the brink of war with Russia, our government had obtained a credit of six millions, our fleet was within view of the Russian army, and we were assured by most of our newspapers not only that war against the Russians was just and necessary, but that the Englishman who argued against it was a traitor to his country. To be sure there was no KIPLING then, but there was a great McDERMOTT, the KIPLING of the moment, who declared nightly to music-hall audiences that the Russians should not have Constantinople, and that we ourselves had the ships (which was possible), the men (which, if he meant soldiers, was

problematical), and the money (which was probably true) with which to prevent them. Amidst such choruses of "Jingoism" we were being driven into war. Well, Sir, I turn to my volume of *Punch* for 1878, and in the first cartoon of the year I find the War Party pictured as an ass in a lion's skin.

In the following week Lord BEACONSFIELD is leading BRITANNIA to the verge of an abyss labelled "War." He says, "Just a leetle nearer the edge," to which she replies, "Not an inch further. I'm a good deal nearer than is pleasant already."

Well, Sir, I have no doubt that in 1878 your table was littered and your waste-paper basket was choked with letters of protest from noisy Jingoists who accused you, the truest patriot of them all, of failing in patriotism, and of being a "pro-Russian," because you did not pin your faith blindly to the wise, eminent, and distinguished ones, who at that time honoured us by conducting our Government; because, in fact, you conceived it to be your highest duty to help in keeping peace, and to denounce the war-party of the day.

To-day, Sir, I do not profess to speak for you, nor do you, by publishing what I write, pledge yourself to a necessary agreement with me. That those who feel and think as I do are neither few nor unimportant I am assured. Equally certain am I that as this melancholy war proceeds, both their numbers and their influence will grow. But for yourself, Sir, disagreeing with me, as you do, on many points, you yet hold the view that our opinions are not unworthy to be placed before your readers, and that they are not open to the charge of anti-patriotism, the stalest and stupidest charge to be found in the armoury of folly and mendacity.

I am led to make these remarks by a perusal of the letters with which I have lately been honoured by some of your readers. I do not speak now of letters of approval, though they are not few, but of letters of which the following may be taken as a type. I copy it verbatim, merely premising that it refers to a rebuke addressed to Mr. SWINBURNE who had in a sonnet likened the Boers to ravening wolves, and had adjured England to strike home:—

"Sir,—I have read *Punch* from its commencement, and I am sorry to see inserted in your current issue the letter signed 'The VAGRANT.' How you

could have allowed such a pro-Boer article to appear in your columns I cannot imagine, and there are many others who are as disgusted as I am. As for your almost weekly attacks upon ALFRED AUSTIN, they are cruel and caddish. All poets are of a highly-strung and sensitive nature, and feel pin-pricks more than ordinary mortals, and you should also bear in mind that, whether Mr. AUSTIN ranks high or low in the art of poesy, he holds his appointment of Poet Laureate from Her Majesty the Queen."

There, Sir, you have it. Because a human being has been converted into an official and has had his appointment signed by Her Majesty the QUEEN, all criticism of his acts is to cease! Sir ALFRED MILNER is a High Commissioner: down, therefore, on your knees, oh ye people, and receive in humility the divine rhetoric of Sir ALFRED. Mr. JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN is a Secretary of State: therefore his actions are just and straightforward, and his words are the words of wisdom—with only this qualification, that what Mr. CHAMBERLAIN said three or four years ago either doesn't matter, or is to be interpreted in a sense precisely opposite to that which it seemed to plain men to be intended to convey. The Earl of SELBORNE, that famous Colonel of Militia, is an Under-Secretary: may Heaven, therefore, protect him and bring the common herd to acknowledge the verbal inspiration of every speech made by the noble, plough-handling, Colonial Under-Secretary. That is the simple-minded idea that is at the root of the letter I have quoted (it is dated from Walmer, Kent, and is signed, "A SOLDIER AND A MAN"); it is the idea that is responsible for nearly all the brag and the baseless charges of our stay-at-home warriors, and it is an idea, finally, against which every man who claims to exercise his reason and values his right to the free expression of his opinion is bound to protest. At any rate, we are not disposed to grant an immunity from criticism to men who share with us a liability to error, and whose conduct seems to stamp them as even more foolish than ourselves. Let me put it to "A SOLDIER AND A MAN" in this way: did he ever in the course of his long, *Punch*-reading life exempt Mr. GLADSTONE from criticism? Did he ever complain when others criticised him? I trow not. And yet Mr. GLADSTONE was appointed by Her Majesty the QUEEN to the various offices in which, according to many soldiers and many men, he wrought irreparable mischief to his country. Or let us take the case of CHATHAM, a man who, if the truth were known, was almost as great and wise as either of our present ALFREDS (MILNER, I mean, or AUSTIN). What will "A SOLDIER AND A MAN" think of this pattern of noble action and pure patriotism when he learns that it was Lord CHATHAM who, when the American Colonies revolted, spoke the following words:—"I rejoice that America has resisted. . . . I hope some dreadful calamity will befall the country that will open the eyes of the King." And again:—"In a just and necessary war, to maintain the rights and honour of my country, I would strip the shirt from my back to support it. But in such a war as this I would not contribute a single effort, nor a single shilling." And yet the war against the American Colonies was enforced by Colonial Governors, sanctioned by Parliamentary majorities, and enthusiastically approved by His Majesty the King!

Before I close, Sir, let me call your attention to a charming little sentence which I cull from my *Evening Standard* of November 6:—"Mr. KRÜGER," it says, "is fighting for all he holds dear—unless we politely except Mrs. KRÜGER, of whom no one would wantonly deprive him." Here you have in a phrase those graces both of temperament and of style which have made the English journalist beloved and respected all the wide world over. Could anything more convincing, more delicate in its allusive humour, or more generously chivalrous and manly be conceived? My congratulations to the *Evening Standard*. It has touched the high-water mark of courtesy and gentlemanly feeling.

Farewell, Sir, and forgive me if I have strayed into a personal vindication. And in the meantime, believe me when I say again that, though I do not look for your entire agreement, I am proud of the confidence that you have so far placed in me.

I am your obedient servant,

THE VAGRANT.

[Editor's Note.—"Audi alteram partem" must ever be Mr. *Punch's* motto. On any question, to whatever can be said within certain evident limits, Mr. *Punch* impartially gives publicity. Articles signed by the writer, whether using his own name or a *nom de plume*, limit the responsibility, but to the opinions therein expressed Mr. *Punch* gives no assent either formal or implied.]

During the Meteor Display.

Jack (who has been allowed to sit up, on scientific grounds). I say, ETHEL, won't BROCK be jolly jealous of this show?



"IT AIN'T EXACTLY WOT HE SAID."

Boy. "YOU ARE GOING TO FIGHT AGAINST THE ENGLISH, AREN'T YOU, CAPTAIN BROWN?"

Captain Brown (indignantly). "FIGHT THE ENGLISH! WHAT ON EARTH PUT THAT INTO YOUR HEAD?"

Boy. "WHY, DADDY SAID YOU WERE A HORRID BOER!"

THE CATCHPENNY.

In this Autumn of anxiety and doubt,
As the wily Boer beleaguers our defences,
News are doled, or dribble, out; rumours freely fly about;
And we stay-at-homes are learning what suspense is.

We should probably endure it quite as well
If a sound—at which a nervous person's flesh 'll
Creep as if he heard his knell—could be silenced, 'tis the yell
Of the Gentlemen who hawk the "extr'y speshil."

They are hoarser than the evil-omened crow,
With a raucous note of relish in their bawling;
On their way they gaily go, croaking messages of woe,
Which—whenever not "terrific"—are "appalling."

And the suburbs ring and echo of a night
To their bellowings of "Slaughter" and "Disaster";
Children wake and sob with fright; every woman's face goes
white;

And the stoutest heart will beat a trifle faster.

Some have loved ones numbered haply 'mong the slain,
All can feel our Empire's fortunes at a crisis;
And the hawkers reap their gain in the universal strain,
For their "Orful news" is fetching fancy prices.

If by unforeseen calamities attacked,
We 'll confront 'em—as our fathers oft before did.
But need our ears be racked by voices coarse and cracked,
Mouthing Tragedy in tones that make it sordid?

There are well-conducted paper-vending folk,
Whose tongues the largest "scare-line" never loosens;
But the cadger's raven-croak is at any time no joke,
And—at present—an intolerable nuisance!



Waiter (who has "seen better days"—absently, as he pours out the champagne). "SAY WHEN!"

CANT AND RECANT.

(Being two movements 'executed' by certain Organs of the pro-Boer Press. The first of these represents the period of diplomatic negotiation.)

I.

ANDANTE DEPRECATISSIMO.

PAUSE! gentle British Lion, pause!
Let not your naughty passions rustle!
Why should you thus unsheath your claws,
Why exercise your latent muscle?

And you, most dulcet Unicorn,
Why do we see you gravely prancing?
Why do you grind your pensive horn
As if for purposes of lancing?

England! as you are strong, be suave!
'Tis unbecoming in a giant
His teeth to show, his tail to wave,
To seem, in fact, to be defiant!

Yonder you have an aged saint
Soft-breasted as a pouter-pigeon!
He has a conscience free from taint,
He fairly revels in religion!

Peace has for him a potent spell;
The very thought of carnage racks him;
Even in dreams he loathes to dwell
Upon the muzzle of a Maxim!

Let England seek with soft appeal
To move his subtle sense of honour,

And what concessions he would seal!
What loaded favours lavish on her!

Probe, I repeat, his tender point,
That love of justice which perhaps is
Behind his weakest harness-joint—
And at a touch the man collapses!

But make the faintest show of force—
That were a spark to fire suspicion!
One soldier, on or off a horse,
Might be enough to cause ignition!

The softest bag-pipe, blown afar,
Might shatter our polite relations!
A single mule be found to mar
These delicate negotiations!

A mere precaution, some assert;
We say, a dangerous proceeding!
With quiet natures, quickly hurt,
This sort of thing is most misleading.

Give trust for trust, fair measure down!
'Tis the sincerest form of flattery;
Take for your arms the olive-crown,
And not the brutal sword and battery!

Be it not said that in your pride,
With wind of Tory power inflated,
You sallied forth and stultified
The work Majuba consummated!

INTERVAL.

Here follows the Boer ultimatum, now
recognised as having been ready to be

issued at any earlier moment on the first
sign of an intention on the part of the
British Government to increase materially
its forces in South Africa. It is succeeded
by a period of "trial and danger" (see
Lord SALISBURY'S Guildhall speech)
rendered unavoidable by the mere ex-
igencies of geography. The occasion is
improved by the Organs above alluded to.
They proceed to their second movement.

II.

FURIOSO TENNYSONIANO.

You, you, if you have held our Lion back
When round his cubs the dreadful snares
were drawn,
On you the nation's fist shall fall whack,
whack,
Who bound his urgent brawn,
Nor let him save his kind!

Our little Army—left an easy prize
To thrice their number, warriors born
and bred,
Armed, as you might have guessed, up to
the eyes,
Had you not gone, instead,
Out of your so-called mind!

Procrastinators, weak as H₂O,
Afraid to use your giant Tory power,
Watching which way the people's breath
would blow,
You missed the precious hour!
Perverse and gravel-blind!



RESERVED FORCE !

JOHN BULL. "AH ! YOU'VE FOUGHT HARD FOR THE SYSTEM—AND IT'S WORKING WELL !"

LORD WOLSELEY. "YES—IF IT HADN'T BEEN FOR CARDWELL WE SHOULD HAVE HAD NO MEN TO MOBILISE !"

You, you, should Britain perish by the roots,
The thing we fondly trusted to your care,
Take notice—we will lift our passionate boots
And kick you hard somewhere,
Most probably behind!

ADVICE GRATIS.

LEASEHOLDER. You say that you "have six houses in Chiswick that cost you £150 a year for repairs as against £100 rental." This seems financially unsound. If your tenant complains that when he walks upon the roof "he goes through into the room beneath," caution him not to select such a spot for a promenade. Another tenant says he does not know what to do with a shower of slates. Why not advise him to open an infant school? Altogether the property seems an undesirable one to hold. Why not get rid of it to a charity? Might turn it into a convalescent home for decayed gentlewomen; or a hospital for ailing cats. Think it over.

ETIQUETTE.—Yes, it was evidently intended for an insult, or at any rate a snubbing. In common justice he ought to send you another hat for the one destroyed. No, you ought not to pay him for the cost of his walking-stick. It broke when it was whacking you, but then your back was not responsible. Yes, I certainly think you have cause for complaint.

A NOBLE-HEARTED GIRL.—You would go through fire and water for him. You adore the ground he treads beneath his feet. Life is empty and void and colourless. You cherish his letters, and can repeat every word he has ever spoken to you. Yes, you can safely consult a solicitor.



A PARTY WHO IS QUITE IN FAVOUR OF LIGHT RAILWAYS FOR TOWN AND COUNTRY.



OLIVER PRIMROSE.

THE MODERN LORD PROTECTOR OF THE COMMONWEAL.

GRUB STREET ECHOES.

["Literary collaboration or companionship. Author and Journalist, 39, would like to g. shares in very cheap living with another."—Advt. in *Daily News*.]

I AM growing sick and weary
Of the attic dull and dreary
Where in solitary state I wake and sleep,
And I want some fellow-sinner
Who will share my frugal dinner,
But the living must be very, very cheap.

Now the kind of man I've painted
In my mind, is one acquainted
With the shallows when the tide of Fortune's neap;
Who is not above tripe suppers,
Or a patch upon his uppers,
For the living must be very, very cheap.

One who scorns the oyster season
When he has the feast of reason
And the flow of soul, whereof he drinketh deep—
It is advantageous, very,
To prefer bright soul to sherry
Or to claret, when your living must be cheap.

One who doesn't care a button
If he has no beef nor mutton
So his LAMB be there to bid him laugh or weep;
Doesn't mind if egg's denied him
If his BACON is beside him,
Doesn't grumble though his living's very cheap.

Doesn't think it really matters
Though one's coat should be in tatters,

And one's elbows through one's shirt-sleeves sometimes peep:
With a friend like this to like one
I believe 'twould seldom strike one
That the living was so very, very cheap.

"SHALL AULD ACQUAINTANCE BE FORGOT?"

"SUCH is fame!" and such is gratitude. There was, and is, a piece, taken from the French, called *Garrick*. If we do any injustice to the French originator by not remembering his name, it is simply that we are more conversant with the English than with the French stage, and as London play-goers, the adaptation of *Garrick* is associated only with the name of TOM ROBERTSON, author of *Caste*, *Ours*, &c. It was originally played by SOTHERN at the Haymarket. Subsequently, *longo intervallo*, by WYNDHAM at the Criterion. Those of the public, whether professional or unprofessional critics, who had seen SOTHERN in the part, said that it suited WYNDHAM better than it did SOTHERN. Anyway, putting aside all the original plays that TOM ROBERTSON ever wrote, this adaptation from the French holds the stage; only in "press notices," and in the advertisement in the *Times* now before us, no mention is made of the authorship of the English version. "Everybody knows by whom it was written," may be the excuse.

"WHAT'S UP?"—Piccadilly—during busiest time of year, as usual. Vivat L. C. C.!

MR. PUNCH'S MUSEUM.



AN IMPERIAL HELMET.

This is a notable headpiece of the finest modern German work, and is very popular in England, where its sterling qualities have always been recognised. It has many points of resemblance to some British Royal headpieces, and *Mr. Punch*, with becoming loyalty, is proud to rank it among his most cherished possessions.



AT THE FRONT.

Captain of Gun (as he fires). "ERE 'S ANOTHER NICE LITTLE CAPFUL O' CORNFETTI FOR MISTER JOOBERT!"

ALFRED KIPLING.

(Being a counterblast to the "Rudyard Austin" of Mr. Punch's Depreciator, and a reminiscence of the Laureate's recent poem in "The Times.")

THE men that fought at Cannæ, they was beaten, as we know,

And Rome, you bet, was sorry at the news,
But the Senate 'ouse and Forum still contrived to form a quorum,

And the Consuls, I can tell you, 'ad their views!

When the auctioneer went on
Cryin' "goin', goin', gone,"

As he put the Carthaginian encampment up for sale,
And a feller on the spot

Up and bought the bloomin' lot,

An' 'e paid a stiffish figure, paid it down upon the nail!

So the regimints around

Why they "over ocean wound,"

(Which I take it means they 'ad to tack a bit,)

And General SCIPIO

Sent the Carthage chaps below

Till there wasn't room in 'ell for 'em to sit!

The men that fought at Cannæ, they was beaten; so is we;
But, bless you, what's a temporary check?

TOMMY knows "nor fear nor feud," TOMMY'S "steeled in fortitude,"

An' precious soon he 'll wring ole KROOGER's neck!

So the Trooper's on 'er way

'Crosted the sea to Table Bay,

We 've got our marchin' orders an' we ain't a goin' to shirk;

When a bullet drops a chap,

Why we goes an' fills the gap,

An' the British Empire's lookin' on to see us do the work!

KROOGER's got to step aside

With 'is "tyranny and pride,"

For we're goin' to take 'im down a peg or two,

An' we're bringin' with us Freedom

For these blarsted sons of Edom,

—An' I 'ardly think they 'll like it much, do you?

THE LATEY'S PICTORIAL.

"RULE Britannia!" *Place aux dames*, or "LATEY'S first" by all means, and let Madame Britannia take the lead. The title of our nautical National Song has been adopted by Mr. LATEY as the catching title of the *Penny Illustrated Paper*, his Christmas Annual for this year. The military, naval, and feminine frontispiece in colours, by DUDLEY CLEAVER, claims attention at the very outpost. It must be DUDLEY CLEAVER at his *Dudleyest* and *Cleaverest*! The scene, we may safely conjecture, represents some part of a harbour, with a doubtful lighthouse in the offing. In the middle distance is a two-masted ship, and away from it are marching, out of the frame, ten Highlanders with clean, bare, pink knees, perfectly white spats, neat boots, not too thick for dancing, and nice white gloves. Evidently these gay soldier Highlanders are going to "have their fling."

Then, in the foreground centre, is a youthful naval officer, with a pained expression on his somewhat highly rouged cheeks, probably caused by the tightness of his pointed patent-leather boots, who, while taking off his white cap with his white-gloved left hand, kisses the tip of a somewhat gouty right-hand finger. As to the young lady with her wealth of glorified carroty concreted hair, she is a veritable triumph of capillary attraction!

After this long delay we open the number and find it chiefly naval and military, with a really excellent portrait of Her Gracious Majesty, one of the best we can remember, a stirring story by Lieut.-Col. NEWNHAM-DAVIS, and a clever "Love-story of Waterloo," by Editor JOHN LATEY, who, taking it all round and including the fresh-as-paint-frontispiece, gives a first-rate sixpenn'orth with "two presentation pictures in colours" as a *bonus*.

A Change for the Worse?

"[The Theosophical Society are about to move their quarters to the premises lately occupied by the Kennel Club.]—*Daily Paper*."

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—Are we to infer from the above that Theosophy is "going to the dogs"?

Yours devotedly, ANTI-THEOSOPHIST.

ALLAN QUATERMAIN'S FARM.

(An extract from Mr. Rider Haggard's new book, "A Farmer's Year," emended by a disappointed reader to the kind of thing he expected.)

July 1.—To-day Sir HENRY CURTIS took his turn at minding the ostriches. Despite the gloomy predictions of the neighbouring farmers, they thrive uncommonly well in Norfolk, and we intend to have an ostrich-club for the benefit of the poor when Christmas comes round. UMSLOPOGAAS was employed in exercising the alligators. After lunch I had a look round our plantation of cheddar-trees, which we have grown from some seed given us in Africa by an old witch-doctor. The tallest of them has now reached a height of 259 feet 7 inches, and the fruit it bears exactly resembles cheddar cheese in taste and appearance. I had just completed measuring it, and was wondering whether it would be wise to graft a bread-fruit tree on it, when a strange thing happened. The voice of some unseen speaker said softly, "MACUMAZAHN!"

"Hullo?" said I, thinking it was UMSLOPOGAAS—for, of course, none of our Norfolk labourers address me by my native name.

"Hush!" said the voice—in which I now recognised an undesirable sweetness, very unlike the gruff tones of the Zulu. "Hush, MACUMAZAHN! Speak not, but look—look yonder, beside the hedge!"

Instinctively I obeyed. A curious white mist hung over the spot. Even as I spoke, it rolled away, and there, in all the brilliance of her eternal beauty, stood *She-who-must-be-obeyed!*

"Gracious goodness!" I gasped. "What the dickens are you doing here, on a respectable English farm? Why, you died for good in that last chapter years ago!"

SHE laughed—that musical laugh which we had known so well in bygone days.

"That was but a pretence," she cried. "We had to end the book somehow. But I've been horribly dull ever since, so I've come to summon you and Sir HENRY back to Africa. We'll have some more horrible adventures, and make a volume which will sell like hot cakes!"

Then I felt truly sorry for SHE. At all costs, I must undeceive her. "You have come here in vain," I answered. "Haven't you heard that we're reformed characters? We don't deal in fighting and magic and adventure nowadays. We're settled down into regular British farmers, and we write a chapter every month in *Longman's* on pigs and roots and manures. So you'd better *trek*—you'll compromise us horribly with our readers if you're seen here."

"Farmers?" murmured SHE. "I know not what that means. What are those tender plants entwined on sticks?"

I saw that she was looking at the next field. "Those are peas," said I.

"Then you won't come back to Africa? You dare to refuse me?" SHE continued.

I nodded my head emphatically. "Not good enough," I answered.

"Then," was her answer, "watch your peas—and take warning, oh MACUMAZAHN!" and even as she spoke, she vanished into air.

Then a strange thing happened. I noticed a speck in the distant sky. Rapidly it grew in size, and I realized that it was a gigantic flock of birds. Hardly had I comprehended this, when the entire flock



A DRIVING DIFFICULTY.

He. "HADN'T YOU BETTER MAKE HIM GO SLOWER DOWN THIS HILL?"

She. "YES, THAT'S JUST WHAT I'M TRYING TO DO. BUT THESE REINS ARE SO ABSURDLY LONG, I CAN'T!"

settled on our peas, and began to devour them!

Luckily, I'm a fairish shot, and Sir HENRY soon came to my assistance. Between us we accounted for 329 brace, including flamingoes, bustards, parrakeets, and a few great auks—not bad, I think, for a pair of middle-aged men.

Such is a true history of one afternoon on our Norfolk farm.

TO A LEONID.

[The young male lion which Mr. CECIL RHODES presented to Mr. KRÜGER, and which was rejected by that potentate, was due to arrive at the Zoological Gardens last Saturday.]

"SAKU bona, Ingonyama!"—we see you, Lion—as your keepers, the Matabele boys MAGAF and DINGAS, used to say last year, when we played Bo-peep with you through the bars of your cage up on the mountain

side in Grooteschnur Park. Mr. RHODES said it was our duty to inspect you, but had we known you were coming to the London Zoo, we would have waited, and not toiled up with two cameras to your abode while Fahrenheit was at 100° in the shade (only there wasn't any shade!). A nice little bill you and your twin-brother cost for meat—2300 a year, and this when not half-grown. There will have to be a special vote in the Estimates for you at this rate.

So KRÜGER wouldn't have you at any price—got enough Mausers of his own, without any others of the feline persuasion. Well, we shall see. If he wouldn't have you as a gift, possibly one fine morning before long he will find a full-grown and very-much-alive British specimen in front of his stoep, where they say he is still placidly smoking behind BARNEY'S marble pair.



"A MOST PALPABLE!"

Beginner (excitedly, the first shot at the end of a blank morning).
 "HOW'S THAT, JOHN?"
John. "WELL, YE SEEM TO 'AVE 'IT IM, SIR!"

SELF-DISCIPLINE.

AH! stay me not with viands, neither hinder me with wine,
 For he who has my task to do has little care to dine,
 No meat must cloud his intellect, full scant must be the fare
 Of him who for the deed that lies before me would prepare.
 I have fasted, I have suffered, I have wrestled, I have wept,
 With long and painful anguish stern vigil I have kept;
 That perchance through patient suffering meet courage I might
 win
 For the full and rich achievement of the purpose I begin.
 Ah, nay! it is no conflict with the powers of wickedness
 That bids me brace my spirit up with struggling and with stress;
 But thus with rigid discipline I strive but to obey
 Miss ACHURCH'S prescription—for I'm going to the play.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

OUR old friend, originally *Men of the Time*, now settled down to happy married life as *Men and Women of the Time* (ROUTLEDGE), celebrates the close of the century by coming out in its fifteenth edition. It has already been the progenitor of many successful annuals bearing a more or less close resemblance. Under the present editorship it holds its own at the head of the procession. The new edition contains 1,560 new biographies necessitating an additional bulk of 300 pages. A feature peculiar to the volume, not least useful, is the Necrology. It dates back to 1862, and thereafter records the date of the birth and death of memorable men who have passed away. My Baronite believes it to be the most prodigious tombstone in the world, containing not less than 3,300 entries.

There are a few ordinary wild beasts, says my Nautical Retainer, in *The Taming of the Jungle*, by Mr. C. W. DOYLE (CONSTABLE & Co.), but the biped prevails. One needs no previous knowledge of this folk of the Terai, away there under the Himalayas, to appreciate the insight and observation which

characterise every stroke of these charming sketches. It would be altogether unfair to say that the author owes his inspiration to Mr. KIPLING. He speaks from long and close experience; and, what is better still, his note is his own. He never loses the colour-harmony of the forest.

"A turn, and we stand in the heart of things;
 The woods are round us, heaped and dim."

Against every temptation to impose with purple patches, he stands firm with a fine reserve of strength. Whether Mr. DOYLE would be capable of compassing a broader theme it is, perhaps, idle to conjecture. A touch or two in his treatment of a familiar human episode, half tragedy, half comedy, seems to betray a consciousness of his limits. But in the particular sphere to which he mainly devotes himself, it is difficult to detect an error of judgment or style, unless it be urged against him that the conclusions of some of his stories incline to abruptness. In a brilliant illustration by Mr. NETTLESHIP, full of fire and movement, the beasts of the jungle are seen careering across the back of the book. The covers, in fact, have been drawn as well as any huntsman could do it.

The Baron's Retainer Blithe—as every one knows, "the Baron's retainers were Blithe and Gay," and so they remain—has been reading *A Legacy of Hate* (C. ARTHUR PEARSON, Ltd.), a novel by the author of *Behind a Mask*, and *Iras*, a *Mystery*. He has been greatly interested in the book, which reminds him not a little of *The Memoirs of a Physician*, by the first DUMAS, and other works having to do with hypnotism. As to the plot, the Baron's Retainer might as well say that, acting as a huntsman, Mr. THEO. DOUGLAS first catches his fox, and then puts his readers off the scent until he runs his prize to earth in the last chapter. *A Legacy of Hate*, like some other popular modern romances, appears to have been written backwards. Taken as a tale, *A Legacy of Hate* is above the average. The Baron's Retainer says that he intends to recommend it to his friends rather than to his foes.

My Assistant Baronitess thought that *Wee Folk Good Folk* (DUCKWORTH & Co.) must be essentially a book for little folk, but the author, L. ALLEN HARKER, tells us they are child stories for older folk. So my A. B. took up the little volume and read with the greatest interest and pleasure story after story about various little people, all of whom she liked so much, that it was with deep regret the Baronitess aforesaid closed the book and bade them farewell. Short but extra sweet is every little story, and to some of them falls the good luck of being illustrated by BERNARD PARTRIDGE.

Helen's Babies (GRANT RICHARDS), by JOHN HABBERTON, are quite the most mischievous little people one could wish to find in or out of a book, and the reader sympathises genuinely with poor *Uncle Harry*, who, in a weak moment, accepts the invitation to look after them for a fortnight during the absence of their parents.

The Gold Star Line, by L. T. MEADE and ROBERT EUSTACE (WARD, LOCK & Co.), contains six detective stories. Number one is exciting, and the reader eagerly commences number two, and so on. But the first should have been the last, or the only one.

Mr. SWINBURNE is probably not looking about among London theatres, central or suburban, for a stage on which to present his new tragedy, *Rosamund* (CHATTO AND WINDUS). As an acting play it is impossible: as a written one it is undesirable. Compared with *Rosamund*, Queen of the Lombards, the principal character in the grim story, *Lady Macbeth* was a gentle creature, possessing all the domestic virtues. Here and there the grossness of the daintily presented volume is relieved by lines of the old Swinburnian melody. As where the fretful king laments the molten monotony of the Mediterranean in Midsummer;

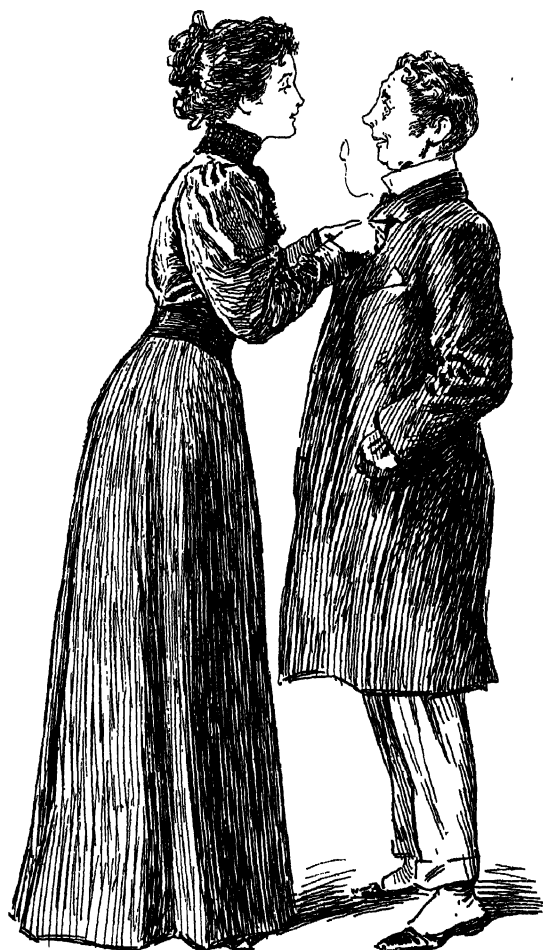
"The sea is here no sea to cherish man,
 It brings no choral comfort back with tides
 That surge and sink and swell and chime and change
 And lighten life with music."

It wants a good deal of that to take out of the mouth the prevailing taste of the book. THE BARON DE B.-W.

Lines found on the Desk of the Rt. Hon. J. Ch-mb-rl-n.

To ancient maxims we belief accord,
 We know "the pen is mightier than the sword,"
 But if the pen should chance to fail us—well,
 Enforce our maxims with the lyddite shell.

AN OLD AND BIGOTED WHIST-PLAYER'S DEFINITION OF "BRIDGE."
 —Pons Asinorum.



"GOOD-BYE, ALFRED DARLING. YOU HAVE CHEERED ME UP. IF I GET LONELY AND DEPRESSED AGAIN, I'LL JUST LOOK AT YOUR DEAR PHOTO—THAT'S SURE TO MAKE ME LAUGH, AND LAUGH, AND LAUGH!"

NOTE BY OUR OWN IRREPRESSIBLE ONE (on the rampage).—
Q. Who ought to be the best drilled children in the world.
A. Pupils at a bored school.

[Description telephoned to Scotland Yard.

NOTE FROM THE BREWERS' EXHIBITION.—Articles which go
"against the grain" in the brewing of beer—chemical crystals.

ON LYRIC LINES.

AS far as bright costumes, neat ankles, pretty faces, brisk and cleverly-executed dances, sharply-up-to-date-written and pointedly-given verses, can help towards insuring success, *Florodora* at the Lyric can rank with its rivals on the above lines, past and present.

That the writer, who rather cynically debits himself as "OWEN HALL," should not gain any great amount of credit for his "book," is possible, seeing that the dialogue is commonplace, and there is very little "plot." Where would plot and dialogue have been but for the "lyrics" written by Messrs. BOYD JONES and RUBENS? The music by Mr. LESLIE STUART starts at the opening of the first act with a tuneful vigour that promises what unfortunately it never succeeds in performing.

Such songs as obtain encores, and there are several, owe their success to the words and the singing, as in the case of Miss ADA REEVE's song of "Tact," and KATE CUTLER's whistling song; while the encores gained by the dances, especially where the girls and boys come out to play together, for no ostensible reason except that there's nothing else of any interest going on at the moment, are due rather to the neatly-executed steps and spirited style of the dancers, than to any distinct touch of novelty in the music.

Mr. WILLIE EDOUIN is immensely funny in his grotesque assumption of a character that, whether in the costume of the first or second act, might have sided out of an old GEORGE CRUIKSHANK's caricature book. Mr. CHARLES STEVENS, with song and dance and chorus, is "one of the best"; and the acting which Miss EVIE GREENE throws into the part of *Dolores* suggests that, if ever an English *Carmen* be required, here is the very actress for the rôle.

There is hardly anything striking, musically or dramatically, for the small tenor lover, represented by Mr. EDGAR STEVENS, nor for the beloved burly baritone, Mr. MELVILLE STEWART. What an opening this Music-Owen-Hallish Opera offers to presentable young men capable of singing and dancing, who might otherwise be do-nothings by day and dull wall-flowers by night! Why, one theatrical engagement of this sort should be worth five times the salary of an ordinary Government clerk; and then dancing and singing lessons, with charming partners, are included. But this is going away from *Florodora*, which you won't till eleven has struck, and then off you'll go, as piquante ADA REEVE sings, "Like winking, winking, winking!"

SUITABLE SPOTS.—*Addingham*—for accountants; *A-mersham*—for pipe smokers; *Bakewell*—for bakers; *Beacons-field*—for lighthouse keepers; *Bed-ale*—for innkeepers; *Beest-on*—for cattle drovers; *Bolt-on*—for cowards; *Bookham*—for railway clerks; *Bow*—for archers; *Brain-tree*—for envious tragedians; *Brought-on-in-Furness*—for salamanders; *Bungay*—for jocular brewers; *Bux-ton*—for pretty dears; *Charing*—for charwomen; *Chatteris*—for busybodies; *Chilmark*—for shivering people; *Clack*—for paid applauders; *Corfe Castle*—for consumptive patients; *Crawley*—for snakes; *Credit-on*—for unready money customers; *Crewe*—for sailors; *Cullercoats*—for harlequins; *Darlington*—for "mashers"; *Deal*—for carpenters; *Denholme*—for lions; *Dor-king*—for hall-porters of clubs; *Duns-table*—for hungry creditors; *Eye*—for egotists; *Flash*—for would-be smart folk.



ROMAN AMUSEMENTS. AT SANGERIUS'S CIRCUS.



THE EMPEROR AND THE TURTLE.

The City Turtle and the City Dragon. "WHAT! NOT COMING TO DINE QUIETLY WITH US!!"
The German Emperor. "SORRY! BUT I'M GOING OUT SO LITTLE WHILE I'M HERE."

Sidney Sutherland. Nov. 23. 99.

OLD STYLE AND NEW.

(An Unreported Dialogue.)

Chelsea. I'm glad to find we can have a chat, comrade, thanks to the wireless telegraphy.

Champs de Mars. Delighted! Pardon my English, it is so difficult to speak your beautiful language. But I learned some of it when we fought side by side in the Crimea.

Chelsea. In the Crimea! I shall not forget the Crimea! Don't you remember that when we English had no overcoats, you Frenchmen lent us hundreds of your own. It was good of you! Yes, it was good of you!

Champs de Mars. Pray don't mention it. And don't we—we of the white moustaches—remember how you sent heaps of food and comforts to us when we were starving and dying in Paris? It was good of you! Yes, it was good of you!

Chelsea. Pray don't mention it. Half a century ago, and a quarter of a century ago, we were good friends, comrade!

Champs de Mars. Ah, indeed, we were! Let us remember it! And yet only a few months ago your papers were calling us all the worst names under the sun during the DREYFUS trial!

Chelsea. And your papers of to-day are full of cruel abuse of everything English! (A long pause.)

Both Veterans (together). Pray don't mention it!

QUERIES OF THE DISAPPOINTED.

WHAT is to be done with the address that will never be delivered?

How shall an equivalent be found for the profit that never was obtained on the proposed contract for decorations?

How can the rent be paid without the receipts expected for seats to witness the procession?

When will the children (and their teachers) have a holiday to replace the one lost by the abandoned musical demonstration on the line of route?

How can a large banquet be organised to replace the abandoned Imperial luncheon?

What recreation will the Oxford undergrads discover to reward them for the loss of their keenly anticipated chaff of the great and friendly potentate?

And how are the knighthoods and rank of baronets to be obtained in the absence of an excuse for their bestowal?

AN EVENT WE ARE GETTING USED TO.—The fall of LEYDS's-myth!

BRITANNIA LOQUITUR.

["The Committee of the London School Board estimates that at times when there is no special distress, 55,000 children in a state of hunger, which makes it useless to attempt to teach them, are in the schools of London alone."—*Sir John Gorst.*]

FIRE-EATERS of the Music Halls, in vain ye take my name,

When your patriotic ballads rise and swell;

I am not all for glory and for military fame

And the thunder of the cannon and the shell.

I am not merely Amazon, with bloody sword and spear,

And death is not the harvest I would reap;

I am woman, I am mother, and I still have ears to hear

The wailing of my children when they weep.

Hark! I hear them; they are crying;

'Tis of hunger they are dying—



"I SAY, BILL, 'OO WAS THIS 'ERE NELSON AS EVERYBODY WAS A TALKIN' ABOUT?
"WHY, E WAS THE CHAP AS TURNED THE FRENCH OUT OF TRAFALGAR SQUARE!"

See this hollow cheek and weary sunken head!

Lo, they perish of starvation,

And you give them—education!

Ah! before you teach, for God's sake, give them bread!

Political Economy you plead in your defence?

You prate of prudence, thrift, and quote wise saws

About the sins of fathers, and, to save your wretched pence,

You preach of Nature's adamant laws.

Have ye no hearts to pity? Can ye sleep when ye are told

How these innocents are starving? O wise fools,

My little ones are hungry and my little ones are cold,

And instead of warmth and food, ye give them—school!

Hark! I hear them; they are crying; &c.

GOOD PAPER FOR DEAF COCKNEYS.—The 'Earer.



A MEAN ADVANTAGE.

Very Voluble Man (to Invalid ditto). "AH, DEAR BOY! I HEARD YOU HAD QUITE LOST YOUR VOICE, SO I JUST TOOK THE OPPORTUNITY OF LOOKING IN TO HAVE A CHAT."

ALGERNON, KING OF THE RUM-BARDS.

(Written by way of Prologue to Mr. Swinburne's new drama, "Rosamund, Queen of the Lombards.")

SUGGESTED CAST.

The King of the Rum-bards. . . . Mr. A. C. SW-NE-RNE.
Narsetes (an old leader and counsellor) Mr. TH-D-RE W-TTS.

The King. Well, have you read my drama, good NARSETES?
Narsetes. Yes.

The King. And you liked it?
Narsetes (dubiously). Well—I'm not so sure.
 It's not a pleasant subject, do you think?

The King. P'raps not.
Narsetes. Indeed, I'd go a little farther.

I call it most unpleasant, risky too.
 Not quite the sort of book to leave about
 Except in very modern drawing-rooms.
 The servants, eh?

The King. Domestic drama for
 Domestic, good NARSETES.

Narsetes (obstinately). I dare say.
 But even men are rather shocked at it.
 I showed it to a fellow at the club,
 He called the story "rummy, deuced rummy."
 And "rummy" plays are rather out of date.
 The Drama's very proper just at present,
 And Literature is positively prim.

The King (angrily). What do you know of Literature, NARSETES?
Narsetes. Come, come, you know you're fond of dubious themes.

The Sisters was a very risky play,
Poems and Ballads has made many blush,
 And there is chaster verse than *Chastelard*.
 Not like my *Aylwin*.

The King (brutally). Couldn't read your *Aylwin*
 —Upon my soul I couldn't—nor your poems.
 In fact, I can't read anybody's verse
 After the time of Queen ELIZABETH
 Except my own. Of course the subject's "rummy,"
 That's why I chose it. How else should I be
 King of the Rum-bards?

Narsetes. Still, I rather wish
 You'd tone the story down a little.

The King. How?

Narsetes. Well, first of all, your King requests his wife
 To drink his health out of her father's skull,
 Which he has made into a drinking-cup.
 That's not a nice beginning.

The King (aghast). But, NARSETES,
 That is the very essence of the plot.
 I can't tone that down.

Narsetes. What about Act II.,
 That scene between the Queen and Hildegard?

The King. But if you wed the man who killed your father
 And turned his head into a drinking-cup
 It may turn yours.

Narsetes. That's possible, no doubt;
 We'll grant the Queen's a little off her head,
 But even craziness should have its bounds.
 Would she have made those hideous proposals
 To *Almachildes*?

The King. Certainly.

Narsetes. No, no.
 I think Act III. is indefensible
 Both from the view of common-sense and morals—
 You might change that.

The King (testily). You can't expect the Lombards
 Some fourteen hundred years ago to be
 As chaste as Clapham.

Narsetes. Then I think the Lombards
 Should be taboo in modern tragedy.

The King. Well, well, let's grant Act III. is rather steep,
 Act IV. a trifle nasty; but Act V.?
 Act V. is not obscene.

Narsetes (viciously). Act V.'s absurd.
 The King sits at a banquet with his peers,
 A Lombard warrior sticks a dagger in him,
 And nobody attempts to interfere,
 No one puts down his knife and fork, the servants
 Hand round the *entrées* with unruffled calm,
 The skull of the Queen's father crowns the board,
 (That skull again!) and all is as before.

The King. Come, come, NARSETES, that is hardly fair;
 The Queen takes poison.

Narsetes. Yes, at supper, too,
 —A most uncomfortable time to choose—
 And falls down dead. Does anybody stir?
 Does anybody pay the least attention?
 By no means. One old Counsellor opines
 "Let none make moan. This doom is none of man's,"
 On which the curtain falls! To do them justice
 No one had thought of making moan at all,
 No one had thought of anything but supper.
 Such trivial things as suicide and murder
 Evoked no interest in Lombard circles
 Apparently. But when indifference
 Reigns on the stage it's rather apt to spread
 And reach the audience.

The King. This is too much.
 Tell me my play's improper, I don't care.
 Say that the subject's risky, rum, revolting,
 I'm quite unmoved. But tell me it's absurd
 And anger masters me. I'll publish it,
 By Heaven I will. And if you don't review it
 With favour in that wretched *Athenæum*,
 I'll slate your poems in a magazine!
 [Exit angrily, in the direction of Barnes Common.]

INTERESTING SMALL TALK.—Among a certain popular lady's
 wedding-gifts, on dit that there is a cheque from her father's
 Irish Tenantry. The exact amount we are not permitted to
 divulge.

Lady W. has declined to join the Society of Female Auto-
 mobilists. Her ladyship is in favour of associating with the
 other sex in harmless pursuits.

RELATED TO THE BOERS?—The "Booers" on the first night of
 a new piece that does not at once make a success. These Booers
 appear to have been in full force at the *première* of *The Canary*
 at the Prince of Wales's Theatre.

FOUR-FOOTED COMPANION OF THE "OOF-BIRD."—The Rhino-ceros.

WHERE BIG ADVERTISING AGENTS SHOULD LIVE.—"Puffin Island."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

To those familiar with the work and position of MILLAIS during the last quarter of a century of his life, it is difficult to believe there was a period when he was crushed under the influence of a dead set made against him by influential leaders of opinion in the art world. The discovery is made in the *Life and Letters* edited by his son JOHN, published in two massive volumes by METHUEN. That in the year 1859, JOHN RUSKIN should have changed his early note of admiration for MILLAIS' work for a howl of venomous contumely is, in the circumstances, easy to understand. In a letter to his wife, MILLAIS admits his full understanding of the particular onslaught. More bitterly resented was the abuse heaped upon him by the *Times*, and what he regarded as the unscrupulous jealousy of the Royal Academicians. The public crowded round his pictures on the Academy walls. One was re-hung after a passionate protest from the outraged painter. But able critics jeered at him. "In the midst of success," he writes to his wife on the 10th of April, 1859, "I am dreadfully low-spirited, and the profession is more hideous than ever in my eyes." This was the year in which he had three pictures on the line in the Academy, including the beautiful "*Vale of Rest*," an especial target for abuse. It is pleasant to Mr. Punch's young men of the present generation to know that, according to the biographer, when "*The Huguenot*" was exhibited no paper, except *Punch* and the *Spectator*, showed a glimmer of comprehension of its pathos and its beauty, or foresaw the hold it eventually obtained on the heart of the people. *Punch* was always dear to MILLAIS. His letters are full of reference to its weekly appearance. Our DU MAURIER was one of his closest friends, and in this *Life* a whole chapter is devoted to the correspondence and companionship of the two artists, both lovable men. After 1860 the tide turned, and with ever increasing speed and force the world came round to Mr. Punch's opinion of the genius of JOHN EVERETT MILLAIS. There is much of pathos in MILLAIS's life, deepening in the black cloud that closed over its end. But on the whole, my Baronite believes, he had the joyous time of a sweet-natured, merry-hearted, clean-minded, strenuous worker. Through the last twenty-five years he came in close personal contact with most of his foremost contemporaries in literature, science, arms, and politics. Many, including Mr. GLADSTONE, sat to him for their portraits. Limned by MILLAIS's pen, as deftly handled as was his brush, they fit through these pages. Mr. JOHN MILLAIS has admirably accomplished a delicate task. The publishers have done justice to the work in these handsome volumes, the illustrations of which, over 300 in number, make a unique picture gallery.

The Four Miss Whittingtons, by GERALDINE MOCKLER (BLACKIE & SON), in their efforts to make their fortunes seem to have a very hard time of it; but they are "Captains Courageous," and their efforts are finally crowned with success.

Dr. GORDON STABLES's new book, entitled *Kidnapped by Cannibals* (BLACKIE & SON), is a story of the South Sea Islands. Exciting and interesting from beginning to end. The reader will appreciate, without envy, the strange and wild adventures of two boys among cannibals.

Mrs. MOLESWORTH's latest children's book, entitled *This and That* (Messrs. MACMILLAN & Co.), will be received with great pleasure by her many youthful admirers. They will waste no time in making friends with the two tines, about whom a very pretty story is told.

Here is another story about children, entitled, *Nancy's Fancies*, by L. E. HAVERFIELD (W. & R. CHAMBERS). But were they only fancies? Who can tell? My Baronite says that to decide this question she recommends the perusal of this little book, which is very charmingly written.

Wyemarle and the Sea Fairies, by EDWARD H. COOPER (DICKWORTH & Co.), makes a splendid fairy story. *Wyemarle's* numerous adventures are wonderful, and the illustrations by DUDLEY HARDY excellent. Sea-fairies are really quite nice people once you get accustomed to their ways.

In *The Slave* (HEINEMANN), Mr. ROBERT HICHENS has given us, says the Baron, a brutally clever book. Once *The Slave* is in your service, he will not be emancipated until there is nothing left of him to finish. The author is, in a cleanly sense, "Zolaesque," and being so he wastes much valuable time in more or less gossiping paragraphs mainly interesting to those who are "in the know" of the "town and gown" of an amateur-cum-professional musical section of Upper London Life. When he touches the quite middle-class professional life of the music-hall artistes his imagination has greater play, but this part is a trifle dull. The situation where the unfinished story breaks



Voice (through telephone). "WILL YOU PLEASE LOOK IF I'VE LEFT MY UMBRELLA?" New Waiter. "YES, SIR. IS THIS IT, SIR?"

off is morbid, and, artistically, unsatisfactory. Yet 'tis well worth reading.

Cooper's First Term, by THOMAS COBB (GRANT RICHARDS). By no means a pleasant beginning of school life for Master Cooper. In a most unfortunate way is he continually being punished for the evil doings of his school-fellows. However, eventually justice is done, my Baronite is glad to say, and our young friend becomes quite the hero of the school. His next term will doubtless be a brilliant one.

The authorship of *One Hour and the Next* (METHUEN) is modestly owned by MILLICENT SUTHERLAND. That is a pretty and characteristic touch that attracts at first glance. But Duchesses (in this sole respect like murder) "will out," especially when their identity is the secret of an enterprising publisher. The work is doubtless a first effort, and is marked, as distinct from being marred, by certain amateur touches, notably an occasional quaint formality of phraseology reminiscent of essays written for the eye of the governess. But my Baronite recognises keen observation, graphic power of description, and considerable resource in conceiving plot and character. Occasionally these two last are a little more than an unpractised hand can direct. There follows a sense of unfinished portraiture, and unexplained motive. These are failings which, noted and guarded against, may be overcome. There remains a striking work full of originality, displaying in the circumstances of the authorship remarkable knowledge of the remote stratum of social life dealt with.

THE BARON DE B.-W.

P.S.—RAPHAEL TUCK & SONS' CHRISTMAS CARDS, &c.—If we have not already realised that the time is approaching when we must bid farewell to 1800, and be introduced to the "New Century," RAPHAEL TUCK & SONS at least have done all in their power to make us acquainted with the fact. My Baronite congratulates them on their magnificent collection of Cards, Calendars, Books, &c., all most exquisitely and appropriately designed for 1900.



The Bishop of Lichborough (who has been on a visit to a sporting squire). "Now, I wonder if your man has remembered to put in my pastoral staff!" William (overhearing). "Yes, my Lord. I've put your Lordship's gun-case into the carriage!"

DEPRECIATIONS.

XIII.

OOM ROLAND;

Or, "How it strikes a Contemporary."

["He" (the late OLIVER CROMWELL) "was a practical mystic—the most formidable and terrible of all combinations."—Lord Rosebery's Speech at the Queen's Hall.]

I KNEW a mystic, too, o' th' working sort,
A ROLAND for your OLIVER. This was he.

You saw go up and down Pretoria
In sable broadcloth, lustre gone from nap,
Haloed about the head with beaver's pelt,
A prophet of the old Mosaic school
That breathed a blend of Pentateuchal zeal
With intermittent whiffs of local plug.
Hymnal at arm-pit, gamp in dexter grasp,
He seemed to grapple, not to th' naked eye,
But privily inside, with unseen powers,
The mobilising of his antic breeks
Spoke unction, and his boots a stout
dissent.

Now at the bookstall you remarked the man
Probing, with curious finger, gloved in
black,
Some Scholiast on the Fathers, cheap at
price;
And put him down a lover o' godly lore,
Curtailed by dearth of coppers spared his
pouch.

Now you might come upon him fixed at
gaze

Scanning his brave suburban battlements,
Hot tear on cheek to think that men of
wrath,

Stout Boanergesses, should stay the dawn
O' th' second Salem, due this many a year.
Anon, his frugal frame refreshed with
meat,

You might surprise him, handkerchief on
face,

Recumbent in the Presidential Stoep,
And deem you found the Uncle of his race
I' th' process of assimilating food,

Or dreaming (nasal organ loud the while
With wheezy souvenirs of solemn airs)
How life below might yet be made to yield

A purer bliss to who enjoyed his sway,
Indifferent whether Boer or British-bred.

Ah! friend, you would have done him
grievous wrong

By such interpretation—trust my word
Who have the net results to judge him by.
I say, his thoughts were on another quest,
Weighing how many Long Toms might,

with luck,
Suffice to blow into adjacent sea

The gentlemen whose bullion bought the
same;

Or taking vow of abstinence from soap,
Though more than ever rude his need
thereof,

Till righteous object should be realised;
Which done, would slowly wrestle with
arrears.

Mystic, you'll say, and practical, beside,—
A combination passing bad to beat!

Sir, let his effigy be set in bronze
Under the shadow of St. Stephen's Tower,
You'd see a something in the nose of him
Proclaims a CROMWELL, born a touch too
late,

With lack of likely monarchs' heads to crop.
Had he just now a king to call his own
Think you he'd cut his head sharp off at
nape,

Or hold with Avon's bard—how runs the
phrase?—

There's a Divinity doth shape a king,
Rough-hew him how we will? So he might
say;

But only later, having hewn him first.
I take it, in default of nobler game,
Chance given, he'd not decline the humble
head

Of CHAMBERLAIN on charger, no, nor his
That wags, with price on summit, he knows
where.

Last rumour showed our mystic moving
South,

To serve as cover, good to shoot behind.
Well, well, let's buy a print and get the
facts.



2

SWAIN'S.

SISTERS OF MERCY.

THE PRINCESS OF WALES (to COLUMBIA). "THANK YOU, SISTER, FOR YOUR FRIENDSHIP AND GENEROUS HELP."

TO AUTUMN.

(By a Believer in "Old October."
A November Farewell.)

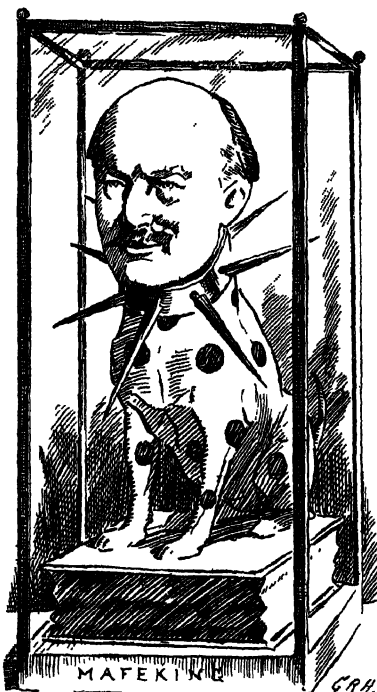
I CANNOT tolerate the Spring,
I do not like the Summer-time,
The Autumn only meriting
To have its praises sung in rhyme;
The Winter with its Christmas cheer
Proves too exacting for my purse,
It whispers "gout"—and, therefore, here
To Autumn I inscribe my verse.

I cannot tolerate the Spring;
('Twas said before, but pardon this,
For as it's not a usual thing,
The sentiment needs emphasis.)
The poets prate of birds and buds—
For me the Spring-tide bears its tale
Of British workmen's cheerful thuds,
Of blossoms from the whitewash-pail.

I do not like the Summer-time,
With fiery sunshine beating down
(Suggesting some remoter clime),
For often am I then "done brown";
My wife craves country change, where she
"Views 'Nature like an open book'"—
A "Luxe" edition it must be,
Her bills have such a costly look!

For me, the bracing Autumn days,
With recently re-kindled fires,
The annual, recurring phase
Of "rubbers" (knowing naught of
tyres);
No "change," no "Holiday Appeal,"
No "cleaning out" disturbs the air,
When to the blazing hearth I wheel
My easy, after-dinner chair.

MR. PUNCH'S MUSEUM.



A MODEL—BRITISH WATCH-DOG.

A working model of the ideal watch-dog (BADEN-POWELL variety), alert, resourceful, good-tempered, and courageous. Mr. Punch's model is at present confined rather strictly to its kennel at Mafeking, where Her Majesty's subjects and property are in its keeping.



She. "THAT'S A NICE HORSE."

He. "NICE LOOKING. BUT HE'S WRONG IN HIS WIND"

She. "WHAT'S THAT?"

He. "HE CAN'T GALLOP A MILE WITHOUT WHISTLIN LIKE A LOCOMOTIVE."

She. "WELL, I SHOULD SAY THERE'S NOT MUCH WRONG WITH HIS WIND IF HE CAN WHISTLE LIKE THAT AFTER GALLOPING FOR A MILE!"

AT THE TORTOISE AND TINTACK.

Vehement Opponent of our present Colonial Policy. I can stand a good many things, but this I can't stand—I've never stood it, I won't stand it now, and I never will stand it!

Ribald Supporter of the Government.
What's that, Uncle—a drink?

[V. O. says "Good night" abruptly.]

EVOË BACCY!

DEAR ADMIRAL PUNCH,—The Rev. ANDREW A. W. DREW, of St. Antholin's Vicarage, Peckham Rye, solicits a Christ-

mas gif of "baccy" to the naval gunners in South Africa, and their lordships of the Admiralty have fallen in with Mr. DREW's views, as well as H.R.H. the Duke of YORK, who opened the subscription list with £5. We mustn't forget the smoke at Ladysmith, the result of quick "returns" on a "bird's-eye" view of the situation. "Navy cut and come again" should be plentiful for the pipe of war.

The lads in blue
Wi be drawing DREW
An DREW we trust will be drawing too.

Yours baccynally,
REGINALD O'BRIER.

Raleigh Mansions, S.W.



UNRECORDED HISTORY.—REVIEW OF THE "QUEEN'S OWN SUBURBAN EVERGREENS" BY THE GERMAN EMPEROR.

It will be readily understood that, with the bulk of the British Army otherwise engaged (in "wiping something off a slate"), there is some difficulty in providing His Majesty the GERMAN EMPEROR with an adequate military display. Our artist would humbly suggest that a March Past of our Military Veterans would be at once fascinating and impressive. West Kensington and the Service Clubs could be largely drawn upon. (Notice.—German PARADE-SER for this occasion only.)



Irate 'Bus Driver. "YOU WOULDN'T DO THAT FOR ME, WOULD YER?"

LITTLE QUEENIE'S COOKERY BOOK FOR CHILDREN.

PROLOG.

So many children have requested me to tell them how to cook danety and economikle dishes for dolls and other persons that I have consented to write out a few.

The great ame I have amed at has been not to recomend anything which a child cannot be trusted to undertake when nobody is looking on.

I asume that cook or somebody will cherefully suply all necessary materials—but if not they must be proccured by other menes.

Some ressipies are not so nice or amusing as others, but I believe there are many children to whom it is a rele pleasure to cook wether the ressults are nasty or otherwise.

I am qite sure that if my young readers once thuraly master my dirictions, a time will come when they will have an oportunity of doing so.

MAMZELL'S OWN SOUP.

Soup is cumposed with stock. You should comence getting stock a long time before—say a fortnight. Old bones without any meat on make exellent stock and are not difcult to obtane if you have a large retreiver dog and are frends with him.

Another good plan is to take an onvelope into Scoolroom diner and collect fat &c. Also collect vegetibbles (such as pitatos Brusles sprouts &c.) until you have enough to fill a sponge bag—first cutting them into small peices with a pair of ordinary embroidery seissors.

When you have plenty of stock you put it all in a suacepan and alow to simer on the nursery hob for as long as nurse will permit or doesn't notice. Then fill up with water and serve hot for Mamzell's lunshin.

If she inquires what the soup is made of, tell her that all the best cooks have their profeshnail secrits.

SISTER FLOSSIE'S FISH FRITTERS.

This is a very good dish for a quiet doll's diner party, where there is only the family and old frends.

Wait till there is going to be a grown-up diner party; then go down into the kichen and find out if it is sammon or other large fish.

Take a peice the size of your biggest doll's leg from somewhere in the sammon where it won't show, rap your hankerchif round the peice, and run upstairs. Or you can ask cook to obblige you with an oister (natives are better than cooking ones).

Having proccured your oister, sammon, or other fish, devide it carefully into a dozen or more porshuns, and add to each porshun two drops of Salvo-latterly from the bottle on the night-nursery mantlepeice. Then roll in batter into shapes like bowlsters and serve.

This dish keeps well and will do for severil diners.

DOLLY'S CRISMAS TURKY.

This is not a turky really, because that would be too big for almost any dolls, but a boned lark out of the kichen (or, better still, the pantrey).

If falsemeat is desired, you make a hole in the lark and insurt the end of a cold sossage. But dolls very seldum touch falsemeat or any kind of stufing.

Having thuraly wiped the nursery shuvel, place the bird on it and hold it over the fire till it is rosted, being careful not to drop the lark into the flames more freqintly than you can help, because it is never so good after once being on fire.

Serve with poridge, which makes an exelent subsitute for bread sauce.

A DELISHUS PUDING FOR BABY.

Take the insides of three Brazill nuts and pound them up with a slice of gingerbread, two pepmints, and a doll's soupladelfull of apreut jam.

Pour trekil over and serve when nurse is out of the room.

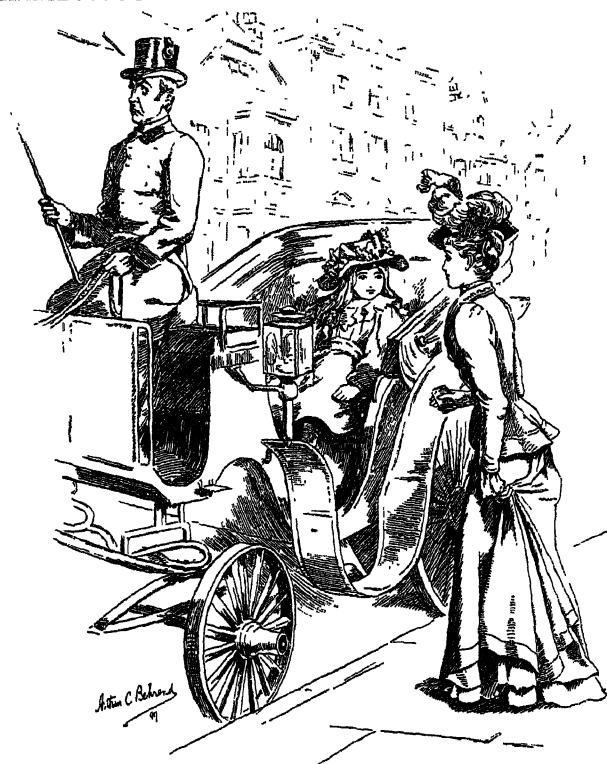
I have severil other most delishus ressipies all of my own invention (except some which I have been told by my brother TOMMY, Cusin BILLY and other emmint orthorites), but these I must keep for another ocaison so no more at present from

Your loving little

QUENIE.

NEW NOVEL.—Probable. We shall expect to see *Her Darling's* Out as a sequitur to Miss BRADON'S latest success, *His Darling Sin*.

MOTTO.—"England's difficulty is the Music Hall's opportunity."



"OH, MUMMY, WHAT A LONG TIME YOU'VE BEEN! JENKINS HAS BEEN SWEARING SO!"

LETTERS TO THE CELEBRATED.

(By Mr. Punch's Vagrant.)

TO LORD RUSSELL OF KILLOWEN, LORD CHIEF JUSTICE OF ENGLAND.

MY LORD,—Amongst the many who hold you in honour, and rejoice that a man of so great and varied a mental equipment, of an eloquence so persuasive and manly, and of an honesty so rigid and fearless, should be the Lord Chief Justice of England, not by any means your least enthusiastic admirers are those who are members of your profession and were briefed, it may be, with you or against you while you were still a barrister. Those who were once your juniors and are still proud to be known as your friends, can remember the hush of expectancy that fell upon the Court when CHARLES RUSSELL rose to cross-examine. Self-assured frauds (I use the word as *Huckleberry Finn* uses it) might have succeeded in persuading the jury, nay, sometimes even the Judge himself, that they were miracles of resplendent virtue and injured honour; but, before you had been on your feet for ten minutes, the skillfully woven fabric of their lies was torn to tatters, and they stood forth abashed and derided in the nakedness of their dishonesty. One poor lady (I almost pity her as I think of the scene) had told us that she was the niece of a Canon of the Church of England, that she had been a nurse during the Franco-German War, that she had a younger brother in America, and that certain money and houses were hers by right since she had received them as a gift from an old gentleman who had intended to make her his wife. She was pretty, she appeared to be young, she was decently arrayed in tasteful black, and shivers of sympathy went through the Court as she related the touching story of her sufferings and her wrongs. You took her in hand and dealt faithfully with her: she had never been a nurse in France, or if she had, she was certainly also in the west of America during the whole progress of the war; she failed to recognise the Canonical uncle whom, she said, she had known intimately for many years; her brother was her son, and altogether, before you had finished with her, she had fully qualified for the term of imprisonment to which the Central Criminal Court at a later date sentenced her. And the impostor, PIGOTT, who can ever forget his appearance as he reluctantly wrote the fatal and convicting word "hesitancy" at your dictation before the Judges who sat on the Parnell Commission? I cite but two of your innumerable triumphs.

I remember many more, but I may safely leave them to the memory of my readers.

Those who worked with you, your juniors in a case, knew that if they were to satisfy you they must use their utmost diligence and their highest skill; but if you were, as you were right in being, an exacting taskmaster, you were never grudging in the praise you bestowed on honest and laborious effort, and praise from you was valued above everything else by those who had fought at your side, had watched your own zealous and unrelenting warfare, and admired the strength and the certainty with which you wielded your weapons in the fray.

These thoughts and memories, my Lord, occurred to me the other day when I read your address to the new LORD MAYOR. If your juniors at a conference sometimes felt nervous when they had to face that penetrating eye and listen to those words of steel with which you were wont to go to the root of a question, what must have been the feelings of the civic dignitary who had proceeded to your Court in his gaudy coach through streets crowded and beflagged in his honour on the opening day of his mayoralty? "ROBERT," the City Waiter, I remember, drew in his *Diary* a painful picture of an ex-LORD MAYOR's emotion. Throughout his year of office he has banqueted with Princes, Field-Marshal, and celebrities of the different sorts; he has been my-lorded by all men, from Cabinet Ministers down to the well-fed and gorgeously liveried lackeys whose pride it is to execute swiftly his smallest behests, until, lo, on the morning of November 10, he wakes to hear his valet say, "Your hot water, Sir," in a tone not unminged with the contempt that pursues potentates who have fallen. Something like this revulsion of feeling must have afflicted his newly-inaugurated Lordship the other day: he entered the Court a full-blown LORD MAYOR, and in a moment, by a pantomimic change, he became a schoolboy in the sanctum of an uncompromising headmaster. The contrast was as piquant as it was startling to the turtle-fed retainers who had accompanied his hitherto triumphal procession.

With the particular matters that called forth your remarks in answer to the Recorder's introductory speech I have no concern. When the LORD MAYOR shall have cleared himself of all such imputations as may have been made against him, I shall rejoice as heartily and as unaffectedly as you. It is pleasant to note that the first steps in this process have already been taken. I wish to speak on this occasion of the larger matters suggested by your speech. That speech, following as it did upon the one delivered by you on a similar occasion last year, struck a note too little heard in high places in these days. We are passing through one of the recurrent phases of the money-getting fever. It has spread its taint everywhere. Men whose names and the tradition of their families should have kept them spotless have yielded to it, in common with all the motley herd who seek to be rich without the dull delays that honesty places in their way. A strange tolerance is now extended to the merely wealthy. Men are willing to serve them, to do their dirty jobs, to fetch and carry for them, to stand, if only on the outskirts of their golden shower, without any curious inquiry as to the means that produced it. Society accepts and fawns upon a millionaire, no matter whence his millions come. The man who can set Pactolus flowing has his hosts of smart and titled and respectable parasites to help him in grubbing in the river-bed for gold. The old methods of honourable dealing are voted humdrum, while fraud and deceit are accounted the acme of cleverness. And so, in the clash of contending rogues, the weaker and more scrupulous go to the wall, while the bold ones, who shrink at nothing, trample them underfoot amid the admiration and applause of the onlookers. Here and there such revelations as were afforded by the HOOLEY case astound the public, but the effect is transient, and soon the merry game goes on as keenly as before. Is it to be supposed that the evil results will long confine themselves to the world of finance? Experience proves the contrary. The germs of this disease are insidious and far-reaching, and the national character for honour and uprightness and just dealing, on which our people prides itself, must in the end suffer if nothing be done to check them.

Therefore, my Lord, I welcome your outspoken declaration. A voice like yours was needed to rouse us from our lethargy, and to spur our statesmen to action. You have done great services to your fellow-countrymen at home and abroad, but you never did a greater than when you reminded them that you and your colleagues, the Judges of the land, have your faces set like flint against dishonesty, that you exist to punish evil-doers, and that you will not fail of your duty if only other men will do theirs.

I am, my Lord, with profound respect, Your Lordship's obedient servant,

THE VAGRANT.



NOT TO BE TAKEN LITERALLY.

Doctor. "WELL, WE MUST TRY THAT DIET, MRS. PODGER, AND IF IT DOES NOT ANSWER. THE—ER—PATIENT MUST FALL BACK ON EGGS!"

AT WHEELBARROW FARM.

(A study in the Rustic Fiction now so popular.)

THE fire was low, and its light flickered graciously on three hams and two pieces of bacon dependent from the ceiling. The spout of the tea-pot on the dresser pointed vaguely towards the window. Two willow-pattern plates were on the table, one of them slightly chipped. High in the left-hand corner of the room was a cobweb, just above the grandfather's clock, which was precisely three and a half minutes slow by Appletart Church. The cat on the hearthrug stretched itself and yawned; it had five grey hairs on the tip of its black tail. Old TOM GILES and his wife sat silent, one on each side of the hearth. From time to time the man's left foot moved slightly, and there came the sound of a blackbeetle squashed quite flat. Once his wife blew her nose with a red pocket-handkerchief. Then she twiddled her thumbs in silence; and the only sound was the ticking of the old clock. A slight draught came through the cupboard door, and stirred the leaves of the red geranium in the window. And if this paragraph doesn't show my "power of close observation" and "masterly realism," I may as well chuck the business once for all. Now

you know exactly what the kitchen was like, and we can get on.

At length the old farmer broke the stillness. "DICK be main late," he murmured.

"Iss, fai," his wife answered, slowly scratching the top of her left ear. "Like-nough mun 'll be a-killin' summat to-night. There baint no murder in arl the larst tū chapters. Sartin sure to be 'nother soon. 'Tis a way us country-volk 'ave i' the nuvvels."

"Ou, aye," responded the other excitedly, "an' gin ae puir bit body daesna' fash himsel'—"

"Na, na!" broke in his wife. "Us be in a Devon bŭke now, thou girt vŭle! Nun o' they Scots spache now!"

"So us be. 'Tis mortal 'ard to kape 'em seprit-like—such a dale o' wark as us 'as nowadays. But there be DICK's step, surelie?"

The door opened, and a young man stepped into the room, a gun under his arm. Without a word he sat down and unlaced his heavy boots. One after the other he flung them at the cat. His face quivered with emotion.

"You've dūn it then, DICK, lad?" asked his mother, watching him anxiously.

"Aye," he said gruffly, "'tis done. I shutted Squire dead over tū BALE's Farm,

'cos mun dared to spake to ma MARY. An' LIZZIE, that tulled tales o' me—her won't tell na more, I rackon. Drowned mun, I did, i' the mill-strame."

"Brave lad!" cried his mother. "That's what the public love! Plenty o' killin', and girt chunks o' pathos. Rackon this 'll be a prime favourite, this tale. So true to life an' arl!"

But her husband held up the withered forefinger of his right hand in remonstrance. The tears dropped from his eye and splashed on the third button of his waistcoat.

"Aye," he cried, "but the bŭke baint 'arf done yet awhile! Don't 'ee be zo rackless, DICK! Squire's dead, an' MARY's soocided, an' LIZZIE's drowned—what be left for the next vorty or fifty pages?"

"Whoy, shutts you, I dū, and bates th' old 'oman's head in, and then pisons masel' at the finish."

TOM GILES rose to his feet in a fury. He flung the warming-pan through the window. He hurled two wooden chairs across the room. Then he went for the grandfather's clock, and smashed it to atoms. Then he scared the cat until the five grey hairs on the tip of its tail increased to a hundred and turned white. Then he dashed his clenched fist through all the panes of the window. Then he spoke in concentrated essence of fictionary rustic dialect.

"Ye bletherin' astee o' a pŭr dowson, I 'll cranch tha' marrerboskie, I tell's ee!"

His son staggered back, and seemed not to understand his father's meaning. Probably the reader is in the same position. So is the author.



G.R.H.

LOSING WEIGHT.

(A Case of Tuber-culosis.)

The Tater (taking in his belt). "SHADE OF SIR WALTER RALEIGH! I'M LOSING WEIGHT EVERY DAY!"

[According to a Paper read at the Statistical Society last week, the consumption of the Potato is steadily falling off. In 1893-95 it amounted to 313 lbs. per head per annum. In 1896-98 it had fallen to 280 lbs. People are eating more meat and children are drinking more milk.]



"THE QUEEN! GOD BLESS HER!"

AUGUSTE AND LUDWIG.

A TRIFLING DISPUTE.

SCENE—The Railway Station at Genoa.

Auguste. Enchanted of to have encountered you here, dear Mister. What pleasure to voyage *ensemble*! See there one compartment. Mount, I pray you.

Ludwig. Please!

Aug. I pray you of it!

Lud. Also will I upstep.

Aug. We are very well here.

Lud. *Sehr bequem*. Truly had you right over the South Africanish mines actions.

Aug. Is it not? But that what we go to gain more late!

Lud. Kolossal!

Aug. I have some actions of the Chartereders. I believe that they not value nothing, but the English are suchly naïfs that they believe all that say this RHODES. As that I shall sell my actions at some prices enormous, ridiculous.

Lud. I also.

Aug. We go to profit by the efforts of the English barbers.

Lud. Barbers? Ach so, barbarians.

Aug. *C'est ça, barbares*.

Lud. Without doubt.

Aug. Ah, these English brigands! What war! What of it think you? Who will in fine be the conquerors?

Lud. The Englanders, without doubt.

Aug. *Hélas!* I fear him. And however for our little benefice I hope him. But your compatriots love the English at present. They have paid you enough dear, in ceding to you Samoa.

Lud. Yes well. It is very good.

Aug. Before that your Emperor had the air of to will well to tie himself with we other French. He willed to visit our Exposition. He shall come not.

Lud. But wherefore not.

Aug. Are they rused, these English! Always some disputes with some one, with the Americans, with you, with we. And in fine, at one certain moment, they arrange all that, they are friends and allies with the Americans, and then with you, and we see there, we other French, all soles. *C'est assommant!* It is assuming. But we have always the Russia.

Lud. Truly?

Aug. Ah, but yes! There is not but very little of time one hoped to arrange one coalition of the great Puissances against the England. And your Emperor has spoiled all. *Quel homme!*

Lud. What say you?

Aug. Your Emperor changes of advice very quick.

Lud. Please, the KAISER—

Aug. *Qui ça? Connais pas*. Your Emperor, I say—

Lud. But the KAISER—

Aug. *Connais pas, je vous dis*. It is one of your friends? Eh well, as man of State your Emperor is un je ne sais quoi—

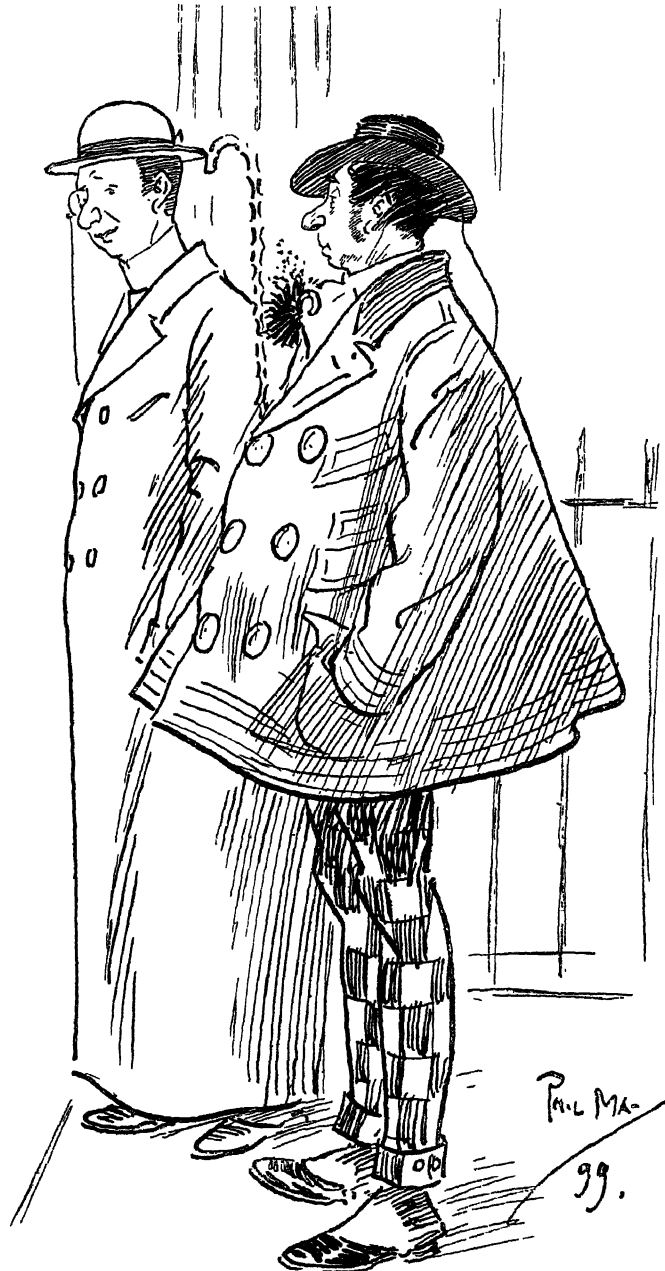
Lud. *Was sagen Sie? Schrecklich! Was für Majestätsbeleidigung!*

Aug. I comprehend not one sole word. You be able to say all that you wish. But I repeat—

Lud. Abscheulich!

Aug. I repeat that your Emperor has fine to visit the England. We other French we mock ourselves of his politic. Our dear friends and allies—

Lud. Forget you not how the CZAR travelled over Berlin.



Gorgeous-looking Individual. "MOST 'STROORDINARY WEATHER, AIN'T IT? FIRST IT'S 'OT, THEN IT'S COLD. BLOW ME, IF ONE KNOWS 'OW TO DRESS!"

Aug. *Saperlotte!* J'oubliais la visite du CZAR. Affair of family, see there all.

Lud. As you wish. But we have Samoa, and you have not Fashoda.

Aug. *Fashoda!* Diable! Qu'est-ce que vous dites? Ah, mon Dieu—

Lud. *Aber sprechen Sie Englisch*.

Aug. English? *Fashoda est une ville anglaise! Encore des injures! Vous êtes on ne peut plus—*

Lud. *Ich verstehe nicht—*

Aug. *Vous avez beau parler votre horrible langue, langue disgracieuse et effroyable. Je m'en moque. Je n'en comprends rien. Ah, misérable Allemand—*

Lud. *Miserabel. Das verstehe ich. Ach, unverschämter Franzose!*

Aug. *Le train ne part pas encore. Je*

descends à l'instant. Je ne veux pas voyager avec un sale Allemand—

Lud. *Ach, Donnerwetter, was sagen Sie?*

Aug. *Je n'en comprends pas un mot. Allez vous promener! Bon jour.*

Lud. *Ach so, Sie steigen aus! Um so besser! Guten Tag.*

A SUGGESTION.

WHAT shall we do with KRÜGER?

What shall we do with PAUL?

Then why not boom the old man "Oom"

At a leading Music Hall?

On show he would draw the shilling

That heralds the popular star,

And if KRÜGER were only willing,

He might nearly pay for the war.



Supercilious Arrival. "HEAH, I SAY, BARBAH, WHEN KEN I HEV A SHAVE?"
Barber (after careful scrutiny). "WELL, SIR, I SHOULD PUT IT, ROUGHLY, AT ABOUT SIX MONTHS."

THE SUFFERING BISHOP.

["The Bishop of STEPNEY is reported to have said that he was the busiest man in London: he prepares his speeches on the tops of omnibuses, composes sermons in trams, and partakes of luncheon in underground trains."—*Daily Mail.*]

FROM morning till evening, from evening to night,
I preach and I organise, lecture and write;
And all over London my gaitered legs fly—
Was ever a Bishop so busy as I?

When writing my sermons, the best of my work 'll
Be done in the trains on the underground circle;
I can write one complete, with a fine peroration,
Between Charing Cross and the Mansion House Station.

For luncheon I swallow a sandwich of ham,
As I rush up the steps of a Whitechapel tram;
Or with excellent appetite I will discuss
A halfpenny bun on a Waterloo 'bus.

No table is snowy with damask for me:
My cloth is the apron that covers my knee.
No manservants serve and no kitchen-maids dish up

The frugal repasts of this Suffragan Bishop.

LITTLE QUEENIE'S COOKERY BOOK FOR CHILDREN.

SEKUND PART.—Interduckshin.

THE great poppularitty of the First Part of this work has indused me most reluctintly to do a continuation to it, which Papa says are seldum as successful as the sequil.

But I beleve this one is even better, because it tells you how to make swetes and sirprises and things which you wont find in ordinary books.

PANTIMINE PIE.

This is not my own invention, being told me by Cusin BILLY, and I haven't tried it myself yet, but it sounds easy.

To do it properly you must first get cook to let you have the kichen all to yourself.

Then take a bath (I don't mene in the bath-room but one of the big round shalow sort). Butter the inside of the bath well. Next roll some paste and line the bath with it, you will want rather a lot. Then look about for meat and things to make the pie of. Fesants and turkies and rabbits all go well in this pie and it is holy unesery to skin them first. For flavering, put in 1 ham, 1 harth brush, ½ pot best blaking, severil candils, some pikled wallnuts, and 1 cake of stove-pollish. Fill up all the intersitics with bloters, add Yorkshire Rellish and Musroom Kitchup to taste, cover in with paste, and set to bake till it leaves off sisling. BILLY has only seen this pie made at Drurey Lane, but he says it can be done just as well at home—only I would rather not have to eat it afterwards myself.

DEAR PAPA'S FAVERIT PASTREY.

First take a peice of writing paper from Papa's libery table, being careful to sellect only a peice that has been scribled on and is therefore no use to anybody. Turn up the edges so as to form a tray, and thuraly butter the inside. Then fill the tray with paste, and on the paste make a pritty patern with every sort of jam you can proccure. Put on the scoolroom fire and bake till the paper is burnt a luvly brown, when serve. If your Papa, after finishing the pastrey, wunders where he has put that peice of paper that was left on his libery table, you can tell him (being careful to be near the dore at the time) if you like. But I do not reccomend this.

HOW TO MAKE CUNJORER'S CAKE.

To do this a Gentelman's hat is indespensabil. I borrowed Father's—but this is not a very good plan. The best plan is to wait, my brother TOMMY says, till some groanup comes to call on Mother, and then sneke his hat. Having obtaned the hat, thuraly butter the inside as before, break two eggs on rim of hat and put them in, with as much cornflower as will go into a doll's coleskutle, 2 ounses chopped rasins out of the sidebord,

lots of oringepeal and the wate of an egg in sooet. Add 1 milkjugful of rich creme (whenever I say "milkjug," I mene of corse a doll's milkjug) and stir briskly over the nursery fire for two minnuts. Then, if the cake won't come out with a chizzle or nurse's scisors or anything, set to cool in the hall till the groanup goes. He is neally sure not to say anything, even if he nottices.

A BREKFUST SIRPRISE FOR UNKLE JOE.

Get a hard boyled egg. Peal all the shell off. Then cut off the top and scoup out all the yelow part. Next get two thimbelfulls of that funny blak sporn stuff that comes from Rusha and tastes of tar and seaweed. Mix this thuraly with andehuffy paste and cayen peper, or (better still) two or three of those hot red things called "chillies," adding butter, two cloves, half a nutmag, and a little ginjer. Then replace top, and serve on toast surrounded with parsly. Don't remain in room after Unkle JOE has begun.

This was invented by TOMMY, not me, all except the parsly, which was my own idear.

AUNTIE WINNIE'S STUFED WALLNUTS.

Take two wallnuts and remove the shells, being careful to preserve the interiers intack. Then scrape as much ordinary putty off the windowpains as you can colect, need it into a soft paste and colour it a luvly pink with a few drops of kochineel. Fill up all the cracks in the kurnels with the paste, over which sprinkel a little white suger, and ask Auntie WINNIE if she likes "wallnut fondongs." Then give her them, and go as before.

HOW TO MAKE CHOCLIT SOLJERS.

Get some sticks of choclit and melt them down into a lickwid mess. Next take about six of Brother BOBBY's tin soljers (grinadeers are best) and dip them into the choclit till they are thicly coted all over. Then sprinkel the soljers all over with "Hundreds and Thousins" (you know the little weeny culerd swetes I mene), and when your Brother BOB comes in, ask him if he thinks choclit soljers are unholesum. He will say he cannot tell without tasting. Then you let him. Of corse he would be ill if he swalerd one—but he won't.

POSECRIP.

Since writeing the above, I see that Her Grashus Majisty the QUEEN is going to give Crismas presents of choclit to all Her soljers at the war. This choclit will be totuly diferent from mine—because, insted of having soljers inside of it, the soljers will have it inside of them, which is much more sattisfactory.

EPILOG.

I might add more, but I have given enough ressipies allredy to enable any child who wishes to amuse herself and britten the home serkil, so goodbye. From your loving little QUEENIE.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

FROM the East-end of London to the Desert of Sahara we are dragged breathless and agape by Mr. MACLAREN COBBAN in his latest book, *An African Treasure* (JOHN LONG). Free fights, darkly insidious plots and counterplots, robberies, captivities, hairbreadth escapes, alarms and excursions galore. These are his stock-in-trade, and all who love scenes of turbid adventure will eagerly submit themselves to him and let him make their flesh creep with his culminating horrors of the man-eating octopus, and the veiled lepers. "Tis a real frisson you give us, Mr. COBBAN," says the Baronitess.

What, more fairy stories? Yes; and this time S. BARING-GOULD is the author. His little book, entitled *The Crock of Gold* (METHUEN & Co.)—which clearly ought to have been *The Crock of Gould*—contains no less than twelve delightful fairy tales of just the right length to suit those for whom the book was primarily intended.

Most interesting are the odds and ends contained in a volume entitled *Stories from Old-fashioned Children's Books*, brought together and introduced to the reader by ANDREW W. TUEB, F.S.A. (Leadenhall Press). The 250 illustrations, or rather cuts, are wonderfully quaint, all characteristic of the early days of our grandfathers and grandmothers, and of their grandparents before them. Mr. TUEB has made a most quaint and interesting collection, as full of instruction as it is of amusement. It is indeed "Treasure Trove" both for young and old.

In *Ford's Folly, Limited* (MACQUEEN), Major ARTHUR GRIFFITHS gives us an exciting and clearly told story of crime and its detection. The habitual criminal whose habit of crime fits him so well, that, though disguising it and hiding it as he will, he can never discard it, is a character drawn from the very life. The author treats his villains with a leniency which is somewhat disappointing, but he triumphantly extricates his hero and heroine from all their difficulties.

Granting that an innocent, devotedly loving young wife could possibly agree to so glaringly wicked a fraud, when proposed by her villain of a husband, as would make both of them amenable to the criminal law; and further, granting that the good honest friend of this married couple could lend himself to perjury and to the publicity of a sham divorce case, then, on the above hypothesis, *What a Woman will do* (WHITE & Co.), by "LUCAS CLEEVE" (Mrs. HOWARD KINGSCOTE), is a story that, written with a certain dramatic power, rivets the attention and interests the reader up to the very last page. If the hypothesis cannot be granted, there's an end of the matter, except that the villain and the society solicitor are interesting modern types.

The Elephant's Apology, by ALICE TALWYN MORRIS (BLACKIE AND SON), with illustrations by ALICE WOODWARD. This apology, my Baronitess thinks, was necessary; why and wherefore remains to be seen by those who read this little story.

Peril and Patriotism. (CASSELL & Co.) These two volumes are filled with the most thrilling tales of heroic deeds and startling adventures. Whether the fact of their being true adds to their interest my junior Baronitess is unable to decide.

A Pair of Them, by JANE H. SPETTIGUE (BLACKIE AND SON), will become very popular with girl- as well as boy-readers. Some of the comical adventures of these two youths end rather seriously; which is a pity.

Wine on the Lees (HUTCHINSON) is more accurately beer in quart pots and "goes" of whisky incessant. The point of the story is that the son of a great brewer visiting the East-end of London in order to see for himself how the potent paternal agency works, is so conscience-stricken that he resolves to sell (at market price) his interest in the concern. My Baronite admits the moral is good. But the ground to be worked successfully requires a rare genius and—Mr. STEUART has not succeeded.

There is, to my Baronite, something almost appalling in the range and the completeness of *The International Geography*, edited by HUGH ROBERT MILL, published by GEORGE NEWNES. Including an invaluable index, the volume extends to nearly eleven hundred pages of clear type, illustrated with maps, which, for their necessarily small scale, are marvels of clearly conveyed information. The modest object of the work is to tell the reader all about the many countries of the world. Each is separately described, not only from a geographical point of view, but in relation to the race, language, history, and mode of government of its people, its manufactures, industries, and external trade, and its political division. Seventy authors, each an authority in his particular field, have been mustered for the work. The cost of production must be enormous,



Fond Mother (to very busy Brother-in-law). "YOU MIGHT LOOK AFTER FREDDY WHILE I'M OUT. SEE THAT HE DOESN'T PLAY WITH THE COALS OR GET INTO MISCHIEF, AND, IF HE CRIES, GIVE HIM A PIECE OF CHOCOLATE, THERE'S SOME IN THE DINING-ROOM; AND IF THAT DOESN'T STOP HIM, RUN HIM ROUND THE ROOM ON YOUR BACK—HE LOVES IT. BUT, ON NO ACCOUNT LET HIM BE A NUISANCE TO YOU!"

whilst the sale price is moderate. It is only in the reasonable expectation of the book becoming a standard work that the prodigious enterprise is justified. THE BARON DE B.-W.

P.S.—There is a slight mistake in Vol. II., p. 270, of *The Life and Letters of Sir John Everett Millais* which my learned and observant Baronite, in his notice last week, failed to correct. Mr. J. G. MILLAIS says therein that Mr. CORBOULD "fell away from the Knights of the (Mr. Punch's) Round Table," and in a foot-note he adds, "Mr. CORBOULD has now returned to the fold." As a matter of fact, Mr. CORBOULD was never among "the Knights of the Round Table," i.e., Mr. Punch's Cabinet Council, and therefore could not "return to the fold" to which he had never belonged. Mr. Punch congratulates himself on having been always able to avail himself of the talent of so admirable a draughtsman, and he cannot understand how it was that DU MAURIER did not succeed in making clear to MILLAIS the distinction between "drawing for Mr. Punch" and "being a member of Mr. Punch's staff."

"QUEL PERSIFLAGE! QUEL BADINAGE!"

HAVEN'T we had enough of Judge BACON, his Court, and the sparkling wit that illumines it from the Bench? Nearly every day some of the papers, the *Daily News* being the most persistent offender, prominently prints verbatim reports of conversation between the Judge and some hapless plaintiff or defendant who is made the cheap target for the shafts of his humour. Space is too valuable to permit demonstration by quotation. It must suffice to aver that Judge BACON's wit falls far below the average level of the kind that in Judicial Courts convulses the usher. Let the *Daily News* save its Bacon and the patience of its readers.

SUITABLE SPOTS.—Gainsborough—for greedy tradesmen; Gnosall—for wiseacres; Gravesend—for sextons; Great Barr—for constant toppers; Grind-on—for crammers; Halt-whistle—for football umpires; Hastings—for wasps; Hawkshead—for falconers; Honi-ton—for busy bees; Hoot-on—for owls.



Jones. "I WISH, MY DEAR, YOU'D LET ME HAVE ONE OF THOSE PHOTOS YOU HAD TAKEN THE OTHER DAY."

Mrs. Jones. "WHY, OF COURSE, DEAR. I'LL PUT ONE IN A FRAME, AND SET IT ON YOUR STUDY-TABLE—SHALL I?"

Jones. "NO, DON'T DO THAT. JUST BRING IT TO ME HERE. I WANT IT TO CUT THIS REVIEW."

THE MARKET IN MINOR POETRY.

I HEAR the Special's horrid din;
The buttons strain that bind my vest,
So strong a swelling takes me in
The chest.

Nay, Sir, 'tis not that I rebel
Against the martial point of view;
I would, if wanted, fight as well
As you.

Hunger of battle holds my maw;
At any military sound
My lusty carpet-slippers paw
The ground.

I think I might have held a fort,
Or been an armoured railway-guard;
Instead of which I am a sort
Of bard.

Hence these regrets; my trade is gone;
Nobody shows the least desire
For little things performed upon
The lyre.

Poor was the pay for poet-dreams
Even in piping times of peace;
And now it altogether seems
To cease.

Cropped tresses crown the warrior's mien;
Khaki is now your only wear;
There is a slump in velvetene
And hair.

'Tis held that heroes walked the earth
Prior to AGAMEMNON'S times,
Who suffered from a sorry dearth
Of rhymes.

To-day things are not what they were:
Our leading poets make it plain
That such neglect shall not occur
Again.

TYRTEL of the Music Halls,
Nightly their clarion notes are heard;
The pit is melted and the stalls
Are stirred.

I mark without a grudging groan
The mightier pen assist the sword;
And virtue rich in virtue's own
Reward.

The cause, the cause is all their care;
For this alone they fling their bait;
(I know that I should want to share
The gate!)

I see the shower of shekels fly;
I envy not the praise they win;
But where does Art, and where do I
Come in?

This is the fiery thought that burns
Holes in my bosom—what about
My tasty trifle, "Blue Nocturnes,"
Just out?

After you gaudy kind of ware,
How should the public pay my price
For verse that breathes a subtle air
Of spice?

Drunk with a wild debauch of war,
Dazed by the canard's windy flight,
What should they care for sweetness or
For light?

I view my vista blank and bald
With no immediate hopes to hug
Since on the market I am called
A drug.

How did the Troubadour behave
When clash of steel eclipsed his charms?
He gaily sprang, the gallant brave,
To arms!

A charger, ho! I'll gird my loins
And figure in the warlike news:—
"Latest! A minor poet joins
The Blues!"

VOICES FROM THE CAB RANK.

First Horse. Have you heard the news?

Second Horse. No, what? Going to be a strike?

First Horse. Worse than that! You and I will have to go, and so will my brother, who has been drawing a wagon for the last ten years.

Second Horse. No! You don't say so!

First Horse. Yes, and Jenkins, who helps to take round the bread, and Tommy, who belongs to the butchers.

Second Horse. But what do they want with us? I thought they drew the line at those low animals harnessed to the 'buses.

First Horse. Oh, we are not going with them! I daresay it won't be half bad fun! The brewers' set are to come, and so are the millers'. Then all the carrier carts are to send a contingent.

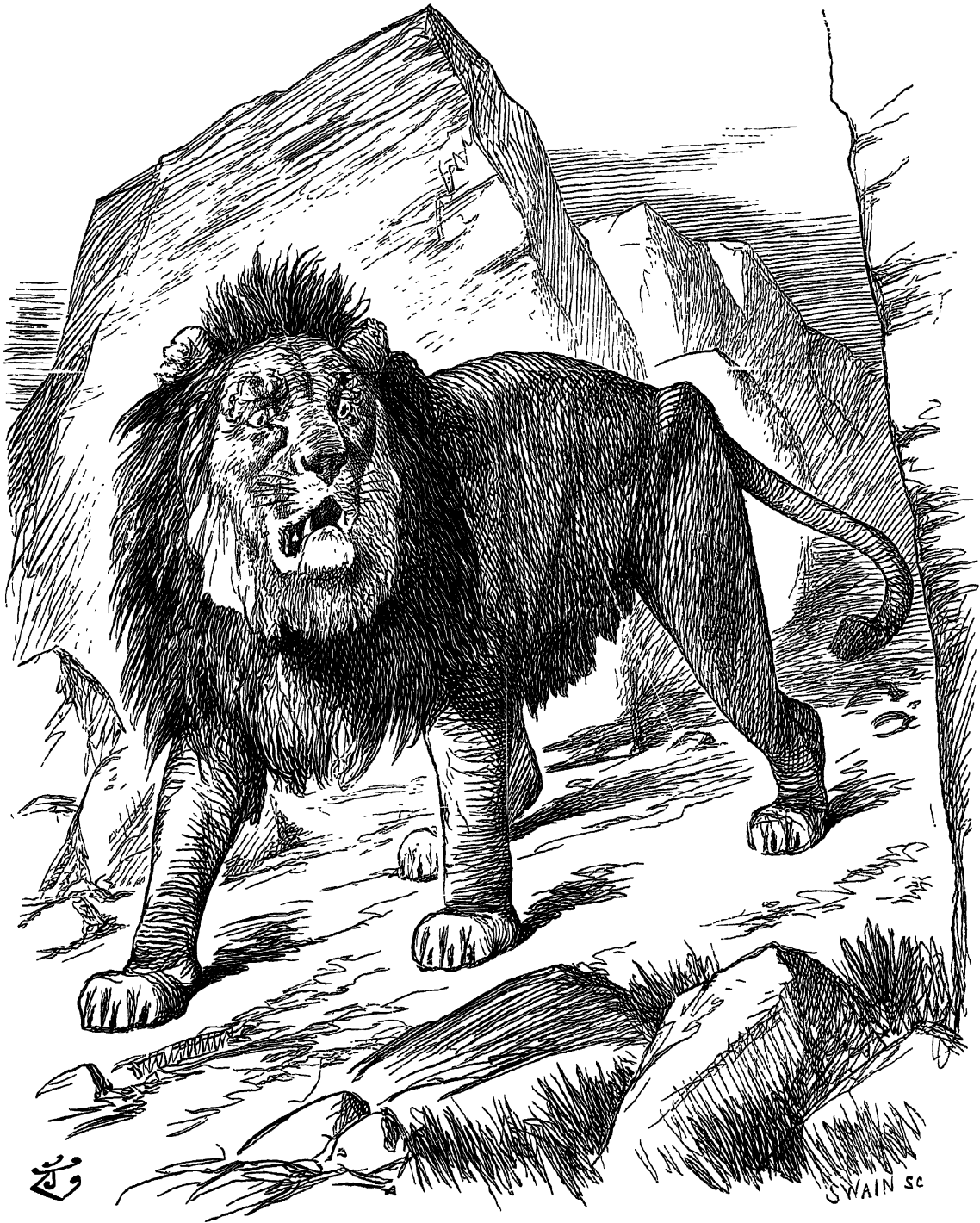
Second Horse. Anything more?

First Horse. Well, the provincial cabs may have to be replaced by motors, to release our country cousins. It may be difficult to deal with the bathing interest, scattered in mid-winter. But all that can be done will be accomplished.

Second Horse. But what does it all mean?

First Horse. What does it all mean? Why, they are going to embody the yeomanry!

[The news is received with horse laughter. Curtain.]



ADVANCING.



"HULLOAH, MY BOY, YOU HAVE BEEN PUTTING ON WEIGHT!"
 "CAN'T HELP IT. DOCTOR'S ORDERS. SAID I WAS ONLY TO DRINK AT MEALS. GOT TO EAT SUCH A DOOCE OF A LOT OF MEALS, DON'T YOU KNOW!"

"THE HOPE OF THE STRAND."
 Shakspeare.

No theatre-goer capable of appreciating genuine comedy-acting should lose the present opportunity of seeing Mr. THOMAS A. WISE, as *Singleton Sites*, in the brisk American farce, entitled *The Wrong Mr. Wright*, now playing at the Strand. It would be invidious to mention names, but I can only compare him with one great comedian (who is not COQUELIN) on the French stage, and with another, whose merits are not so universally recognised as they should be, on the English stage. Mr. WISE, who is both "merry and wise," reminds me of M. GOT. His *Singleton Sites* shows him to be a consummate master of his art, and he lifts Mr. BROADHURST'S farce—for it professes to be no more—into the realm of comedy.

The piece affords scope for some excellent character-acting, and Mr. GEORGE SHELTON,

as Wayland Clingstone, Miss ROBERTA ERSKINE as his sister, Mr. FARREN SOUTAR as Lieut. Crosby, and Mr. SAM SOTHERN as the eccentric Belmont Stuyvesant, make the most of their chances. Master HARRY RIGNOLD is capital as the hotel page-boy. Miss DECIMA MOORE gets a hearty encore for her sprightly dance, and Miss HELEN MACBETH probably gets more out of *Miss Ethel Bonds*, the heiress, than the author ever put into the character. The earnest purpose of Miss CONSTANCE COLLIER as *Henrietta Oliver*, female detective, gives the finishing touch to the piece, and, indeed, without this the acting of Mr. WISE would be comparatively wasted. Miss COLLIER'S intensity makes her sudden love for the middle-aged, jolly-visaged gentleman possible to the audience. It is a triumph for both artistes.

Certainly *The Wrong Mr. Wright* is a piece which those who "exercise A Wise discretion" will see as soon as possible.

NOTHING BUT SMOKE.

"A PRACTICAL MAN" writes, DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I know you will sympathise in the crusade headed by Sir WILLIAM RICHMOND against the smoke nuisance. According to experts, the mischief is attributable to low-level infringers of the law, rather than to lofty chimneys. Therefore,—

1. Potato-cans and street stoves for the cooking of chestnuts to be fed with coke or electricity.

2. Tripods burning coals, and used for night-watchers over street improvements, to be abolished, and the workmen to be supplied with fur-lined gloves and overcoats at the expense of the L. C. C.

3. All fireplaces in artisans' lodging-houses and flats to be taken out, and hot-water pipes to be erected in their stead. This would be a great boon to the poor after the original cost had been negotiated.

4. All mansions, houses, and out-buildings containing coal consumers to be altered (at their occupiers' expense), so that my patent "Pure Air Heat Producer" might be built in where necessary.

With these simple regulations to assist him, Sir WILLIAM RICHMOND and his colleagues should make London the pleasantest city imaginable.

Still another suggestion. Most people nowadays are fond of tobacco. Why not make those devoted to the weed nicotine consume their own smoke?

MR. PUNCH'S MUSEUM.



THE DE BEERS' JUG.

A rare example of an IMPERIAL QUARTZ POT; Rhodesian Ware; Old English Design. A valuable piece; sold in 1895 by a well-known physician. £500 has been offered in vain, lately, for it by an eager Transvaal collector. On loan to Kimberley Museum, where it holds diamonds.



THE LATEST PIECE OF FRENCH INTELLIGENCE. LES "IGLANDEURS"!

THE FRENCH PRESS HAS ANNOUNCED THAT "BRITISH AGENTS HAVE BEEN BUSILY ENLISTING RETIRED FRENCH SOLDIERS FOR THE SCOTTISH REGIMENTS. THEY HAVE BEEN IMMEDIATELY PUT INTO THE KILT AND FORWARDED TO SOUTH AFRICA"!

FROM A BACHELOR UNCLE'S DIARY.

MY sister CONSTANCE really very inconsiderate. Writes, "Can you take the dear boys, MAX and TOMMY, just for a short time, as something has broken out at the school?" What, or who has "broken out," I wonder? Wish people would be more explicit. So perplexing. She dares not have the boys home, "because of baby." Why "because of baby"? "Baby might catch it." Catch what? Why will my relatives always worry me by their inexactitude? So wearing. Suppose I must have these dreadful children, but dare not give my esteemed housekeeper, Mrs. BOTHERTON, a hint of "anything catching," as she would phrase it. Feel rather nervous at breaking news of their coming at all, to her, but must do it. Shall have to make her small present at same time, by way of propitiation for what she calls "being put out." Old servants so nice but just a little tyrannical. Ah me! life is a weariness when one is bothered. So sad. What's this? Letter from that dear boy MAX himself.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLEY,—Wont it be fun weere coming to stay with you, me and STINKER. Ime so joly glad weeve got Scarlid feaver at leest theres an epidamit of Scarlid feaver about so weere breaking up long before the time hooray, fancy BATSON minor who swots orfly hard and gets prizes and orl that rot, side hevily wen he herd we wear going home but ass hes only a littul feller of coarse he got his hed joly well smakt. I tell you what weel do weel akt sharards at your house their orfly fine we akt a word and the others gess it you must have a party one night and weel do sharards and orlso a 1 akt Tradjedy or Melon-dramer witch I rote myself. JONES Major red it and sed yes

it looks as if sumbody rote it himself and then he sneard hes an ass. We orlways enjoy being with you becos it orlways chears you up and orlso becos you orlways have lots of sossidges and joly things for brekfust and we can get some riding on your horses and weere mad on akting jest now too oh it'll be orfly fine only you must let me bring poor old BOOTS to stay becos hes the villian in my Melon-dramer you shoold jest heer him do the What ho without there! sort of thing oh hes splendid weel come by morning train tomorrer.

Your affecshunt MAX.

All this is very horrible. I see no escape. Never could say No and stick to it. Know I shall be miserable. Let in, too, for evening party to witness "Sharards." Ye gods! what will the "Melon-dramer" be like! Hate parties and hate charades. Shall have to convert house, first, into Quarantine Hospital and then theatre. So miserable. Why am I thus tormented? Simply because I'm a bachelor, I suppose. So upsetting. Must have pint of the very dry champagne to-night, or better still, bottle of "the" Chambertin, to fit me for coming ordeal.

L'ENFANT TERRIBLE.

[“A member of the Free Church Congress protests hotly against the Sabbath-breaking seller of toffee and jubes. The children buy sweets and come to the Sunday-school.”—*Glasgow Herald*.]

HECH, Sirs! The bairns
An' their concairns—

Were ever sic-like doin's,
Sic awfu' creeminality,
Sic unabashed rascality,
Reducin' their morality
Tae ruins?

Is naethin' sacred? Na, they scorn
The holiness o' Sabbath morn,

An' wee bit things that scarce can rin
Are auld in sin;
An' while the vara bells are ringin',
An' honest folk their psalms are singin',
The Sabbath breakers flee awa'
Tae sweetie shops,
An' squander a' their bawbees braw
On sugar-stick an' brandy ba',
On liquorice an' sticky jaw
An' toffee drops—
Bawbees wha's only fit direction
Would be the meenister's collection.

An' when tae Sabbath schule they win,
An' bring abominations in,
Wi' streakit cheeks an' sticky gairments—
The wee bit vairments!—
Hoo can a body teach them, eh?
In vain I preach, in vain I pray,
They hae nae thocht o' what I'm doin',
Their hairts are hard's the rock they're
chewin',
An', far frae listenin' whiles I pour
The words o' wisdom oot, they snore.

Hech, Sirs! Sic times
O' youthfu' crimes
An' infant prodigality!
I'm wae, for oo!
When bairns will chew
Like you, adien
Morality!

THE LATEST CRAZE.

SCENE—The Drawing-rooms of No. 1 and
No. 2, Upperten Mansions, S.W.

First Lady (entering). Here I am! I am sure you won't guess who I am. See, the American Banner and the Union Jack. I represent *Under Two Flags*.

First Hostess. Oh, how clever! But we shall have Mr. SMITH here presently, and he is sure to come in something quite new.

Second Lady (entering). Here I am. Now you will never know what book I represent. Stars and Stripes on one shoulder, the white ensign on the other! *Under Two Flags*. Eh?

First Hostess. Wonderful! We shall have Mr. SMITH here by and by. He is sure to amuse us.

Third Lady (entering). I promised to come and here I am. The Star Spangled Banner and our own Royal Standard. *Under Two Flags*. There, isn't it good.

First Hostess. Quite too good! So pleased you have come. We are waiting for Mr. SMITH. He's sure to make us all laugh, as he's so original!

Fourth Lady. Up to my time! And I have come as a well-known book. See, a dear little American banner on one side of my head, and a weeny, weeny Union Jack on the other. *Under Two Flags*. I thought I would surprise you!

First Hostess. I knew you would. Mr. SMITH is coming! He's sure to be funny.

Mr. Smith (entering). Now you must guess. I won't take off my cloak until I have shown you these two dolls. Here they are, soldiers of the time of LOUIS XIV. And now you shall see me. *(Throws off his cloak and appears in gorgeous costume.)* I represent, with the help of my companions, *The Three Musketeers*.

Second Hostess (rigidly). I think there is some mistake. This is a meeting of the Distressed Charwomen's Food Fund Association. I think you must have wanted to attend my neighbour next door's Book Tea.

Mr. Smith (hastily resuming his cloak). Oh, I beg your pardon. *[Exit in confusion.]*

AN ORNAMENT OF THE TEMPLE.

[The President of the Orange Free State was called to the Bar by the Honourable Society of the Inner Temple seventeen years ago. "STEYN, MARTINUS THEUNIS. I. 17 Nov. 1882."—*Law List*.]

ONE member of the English Bar,
In courage though no lacking,
Has not applied for silk, so far—
He might be given sacking!

One member of the English Bar
Can fight, and does not shirk it—
He is, as many counsel are,
Just now away on circuit.

One member of the English Bar,
Let me repeat, in fact, is
On circuit—Ladysmith to De Aar—
Where many big guns practise.

One member of the English Bar
(So think that Bar's majority)
May find the Court inclined to mar
His "little brief authority."

One member of the English Bar
'Gainst England warfare wages;
The *Law List* has—I go so far—
(What though my cockney accent jar?)
A stain upon its pages!

DÉJEUNERS AND DÉJEUNERATES.

(After—and before—"Dinners and Diners.")

CERTAINLY it was startling. Only a week ago I heard that my best of pals, PEBBLER STONIE, was away shooting. Imagine, then, my surprise at receiving a brief and breezy note announcing his return, and, with characteristic hospitality, positively insisting upon having my company for lunch that very day. I glanced at my list of engagements and discovered that I was due at a ducal residence at 1 P.M., that an hour later I had promised to give *déjeuner* to a charming Princess at POLONT'S, and that at three o'clock I was to play billiards with a beautiful Baroness. "Fifty minutes of STONIE," I reflected, as I hurriedly dashed off fibbing excuses, "is worth a cycle of all these." I vaulted on to the roof of an omnibus and was soon ascending the staircase leading to STONIE'S artistic *mansarde au sixième* in the purlieus of Putney.

"I've not brought you here to talk business," said my genial friend. "Now, you who understand these things so well, tell me—where shall we go for our 'breakfast at the fork'?" His fondness for food that is at once "fit and fair and simple and sufficient" (as BROWNING beautifully puts it) brought vividly to my mind the fact that, not a hundred miles from Piccadilly Circus, a celebrated restaurant is situated. Thither we hied; and, at the suggestion of M. BILLSMIT—the capable and courteous *maitre d'hôtel*,—this was the menu decided upon by STONIE:

Pensées d'Hors d'Œuvres.
Consommé Beau Vrill.
Œufs Pochés au Jambon.
Saucissons de Vall.
Patés de Viande.
Gateau Louré à la Stodjé.
Café Brun Tiède.

In the matter of wines, STONIE was wise enough to act on my advice, and ordered *Château Tamise*, '99, for which these cellars are famous.

The place was filled with popular folk—the same crowd, in effect, that one en-



Muriel. "EVERY ONE IS SO PATRIOTIC NOW. AT HOME WE ARE ALL DYING TO DO SOMETHING FOR THE CAUSE."

Agnes. "OH, YES, WE'RE JUST THE SAME. MAMMA GETS EVERYTHING FROM THE ARMY AND NAVY STORES NOW!"

counters at Covent Garden in, and out of, the season. But, alas! As we sat in silent contemplation of the scene, and lazily smoking our fragrant *caporal* cigarettes, there occurred just the one jarring note that destroyed the harmony of the whole picture. (After lunch I usually mix my metaphors like this.) She was a *brunette*, and evidently Castilian—for one of her attendant cavaliers was overheard to allude to her as the "Doña." She was lovely, no doubt; but on her "ebon locks" she bore an immense atrocity of straw and feathers, upon which yellow, red, and green struggled for supremacy! That hat was to us the beetle in the milk, the hare in the jug. "How could she do it?" said STONIE with a snort. Then he paid the bill:—Couverts, 0; Hors d'Œuvres, 0; Potage, 3d.; Œufs, 8d.; Saucissons, 4d.; Patés, 3d.; Gateau, 1d.; Café, 1d.; Vins, 0; total, 1s. 8d.

TO PHYLLIS, WHO HAS WRITTEN A BOOK.

YOU assure me, PHYLLIS dear,
That the truth you want to hear
When your book you deign to show me
Timidly, because you know me
To have taste (you kindly say)
In the literary way.

PHYLLIS, but I hesitate
Your much cherished "work" to slate,
And to hint, with blush and stammer,
Of its faults of style and grammar,
Lest I should, if truth I tell,
Lose my pains, and you as well.

Undecided then I stand,
When the truth you thus demand,
Both reluctant to obey you
And unable to gainsay you;
Yes, the truth, then, you shall hear—
That I love you, PHYLLIS dear.



"YOU ARE REALLY ANXIOUS TO GO TO SOUTH AFRICA TO NURSE THE SICK AND WOUNDED? BUT, MY DEAR YOUNG LADY, HAVE YOU ANY EXPERIENCE IN NURSING THE SICK AND WOUNDED?"

"RATHER! FOUR OF MY BROTHERS PLAY INTERNATIONAL FOOTBALL, AND MY FATHER TOOK UP CYCLING AT SEVENTY-SIX!"

LETTERS TO THE CELEBRATED.

(By Mr. Punch's Vagrant.)

TO THE RIGHT HON. JOHN MORLEY, M.P.

SIR,—It is with no ordinary sense of pleasure that I address you. Earnest, sober, dignified, a man of letters and a statesman, once immersed and destined, it may be, to be immersed again in the turbulent vortex of the world's affairs, you yet stand apart, a lonely and attractive figure, from the trivialities, the mean desires, the paltry jealousies and the petty strivings that make up so large a part of the sum of the daily lives of men. The pageant of the roaring world, the tramp of armed hosts with their blare of trumpets, the shoutings of the captains and the thunder of the guns draw you not away from your contemplation and cannot disturb your judgment. Not for you are the deafening cries of the hucksters in the market. You are not dazzled by glittering visions of wealth, nor is your mind bewrayed by wily schemers who for self-interest affect a momentary patriotism, and are prepared to wade through blood and ruin to their own advancement. Calm and self-contained, you watch the tumult and judge the leaders of the crowd, content to find in a rigid and incorruptible adherence to principle a solace which the angry reproaches of many amongst your fellow-men would too often deny.

And yet, since temptation comes to all strong natures, it must have come to you. How easy it would have been to join the throng and be carried with it. The way was smooth, the rewards for treading it were ready. You would have been hailed as "patriot" and "true statesman" by many loud voices in the press and on the platform; you might have basked in the sun of ducal favour, and revelled in the approving smiles of gilded financiers; men who make empires by exploiting mines, and use shareholders as other men use beasts of burden, would have been glad to grasp the hand of a man whose noted honesty they might have used as a mask for base designs; and in the Habitations of Leagues your example would have been held up as glorious to knights harbingers and dames. All this and more you might have had if only you could have consented to be for a space not JOHN MORLEY, but some other man.

I do not propose, Sir, to offend you by congratulating you on not having yielded to such temptations. In the form in which I have described them they lack perhaps the element of attractiveness which I understand to be essential to a properly conducted, self-respecting temptation. But there are others

who have yielded, men who were thought, if I may so speak of their minds and consciences, to be muscular until they proved themselves to be merely molluscos, and who are now sailing serenely on with a full wind of popular approval belying their sails. You, however, withstood; you have not forsaken the band of your devoted adherents, and, reviled though you may be, you still remain, even in your seeming isolation, one of the strongest influences in the public life of our country.

For that country your affection is said by your critics to be lukewarm. The statement is an incredible and an impossible one, and, indeed, it is not improbable that those who glibly make it know it to be so. True it is that you are not of those who swagger and bluster and rave about the self-evident might, power, dominion, and majesty of the Empire; who exalt in noisy dithyrambs the man in uniform, conceiving this apparently to be the sole reason for his life, that he should spend it without complaint in wasting the universe with fire and sword, while they themselves stay behind and do the shouting. Boastful as these men are of their strength, they yet tremble, like guilty things afraid, at their own nightmare visions of alliances and conspiracies to do their country harm, and turn with alacrity from the celebration of their own matchless courage to the congenial task of fawning upon some foreign potentate, who, to gain his own ends, may have shown them a transitory mark of interested friendship. For these you have small sympathy, for you control your view of public affairs by the spirit of austerity that rules your private life. Others may toss indiscriminating caps in the air, and shout hosannahs when men go forth to war. You still require to be convinced that the war is for a just and a necessary cause, that your country is not merely at war, but also in the right. But of all the host who have been lately shouting shame on you, there are but few who realise, as you do, the greatness and strength of Britain, or the high mission that is laid upon her rulers. You who have steeped yourself in the thoughts of EDMUND BURKE, were never likely to fail of the true patriotic ardour, although with BURKE you may deny that kings and governors, and statesmen, and writers, must necessarily be right because they happen to be officials, and to shout, as they declare, for their country. You are, in fact, one of the inheritors of the great whig tradition, and those who most sincerely respect you, look to you to maintain and enforce it.

Your countrymen, Sir, have a way of looking askance at clever men; they suspect those whom they dub philosophers, and, though they lay claim to a distant respect for men who write, they do not usually follow them eagerly when they turn from letters to public life. These suspicions, natural to a blunt, beef-eating race of men, firm in will and strong in body, may yet be overcome. You, I think, have overcome them by the manifest sincerity of your life. You are not known to be a sportsman, you are not even supposed to love golf.

Sir, we are living in times that make effort necessary. Not by an otiose assent to the passions of the moment was this country made great and powerful, but by the clash of contending theories, and through the resolute assertion by high-minded men of doctrines for which they were ready, if necessary, to lay down their lives. Our days require no such material sacrifice, but the same kind of work must still be done in much the same way. When you shall have completed the literary labour on which you are now engaged, we look to you to step into the front rank, and to take your proper place in the political battle. Your countrymen may neither agree with nor applaud some of the thoughts that you will express to them. But it is good that they should listen to you and ponder the frequent words of a man so earnest, so fearless, and so sincere.

I am, Sir, your faithful Servant, THE VAGRANT.

THE LATEST ANGLO-SAXON.—Mr. Punch has to congratulate Lady RANDOLPH CHURCHILL on the second volume of *The Anglo-Saxon Review* (JOHN LANE), which appeared rather late, he fancies, though dated September. It may, however, have escaped Mr. Punch's eagle eye. The illustrations, especially the portrait of Queen ELIZABETH, by FREDERIGO ZUCCARO, which, used here as frontispiece, was recovered years ago in the Royal Palace at Siena in Tuscany ("rich and rare, but how the deuce did it get there?"), are all excellent, with the exception of GORDON CRAIG's scramble-dab of Sir HENRY IRVING in a "shocking bad hat," supposed to be the eminent actor impersonating *Bill Sikes*; but as much like *Bill Sikes* of DICKENS as is Mr. CRAIG to Hercules. Mr. L. F. AUSTIN's article on IRVING is not exhaustive: he omits his "*Jingle*," one of the best impersonations ever given by Sir HENRY, except the "little cheque" man in ALBERRY'S *Two Roses*.



Hoogson

A HUNTING MORNING.—THE CURATE IN CHARGE.

ON THE CARDS.

A Sketch in Common Form.

Materfamilias. Now, dear, you must give me a few minutes. You know what a mess you said I made of it when you left it to me last year.

Paterfamilias. What are you talking about? You generally make a mess of everything.

Mater. It's very unkind of you to say so. But really on this occasion I must ask your advice. You see, you must order them so long in advance if you don't want them delivered by about Easter.

Pater. What are you talking about?

Mater. Why, Christmas cards, of course.

Pater. Don't see any "of course" in the matter. They are silly and superfluous.

Mater. Not at all, dear. Besides, you know they give employment to heaps of people. And you know, too, that we should offend all our friends if we dropped it this year. Or perhaps they would say we couldn't afford it, and that you were going into the Bankruptcy Court.

Pater. Nice friends!

Mater. Well, we are all alike, I suppose. And really we must be in the fashion. Now I have rather a nice idea. Why shouldn't we have a photo of Spot? The dear dog would stop quite still if he knew some one was taking his portrait.

Pater. But why give a picture of a fox-terrier? Do you want to sell him?

Mater. Of course not. How amusing you are! Or shall we have a sketch of our house?

Pater. Most interesting! Like thousands of other houses!

Mater. Well, you might be standing on the door-step.

Pater. Yes, and be taken for the rate-collector!

Mater. Then what shall we have? Last year I sent "For auld lang syne," and you said it was inappropriate.

Pater. Of course it was. Why, half our friends had quarrelled with us, and were scarcely on speaking terms, and the other moiety were acquaintances of yesterday.

Mater. Well, then we had better fall back upon "A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year." [Agreed to.]

NEEDLESS PRECAUTIONS.

["An American doctor propounds the theory that mental and cerebral diseases are infectious." *Westminster Gazette.*]

DAY by day with rapid strides

Science on its road advances,
Nothing from its searchlight hides,
Nought can 'scape its piercing glances;
With its aid, no longer awed
By disease that once would kill us,
We can safely walk abroad,
And defy the bad bacillus.

Thus does therapeutic art

Come with sage and kind devices;
Counsels us to set apart
Victims of once dreaded phthisis;
That diphtheria may abate
Healing anti-toxin offers,
Bids us boldly vaccinate,
Spite of conscientious scoffers.

Onward still it hies, to works

More abstruse and transcendental;
Proves that dire infection lurks
In diseases purely mental,
Shows the idiot may spread—
And the lunatic outrageous—
Their complaints from head to head,
And that folly is contagious.

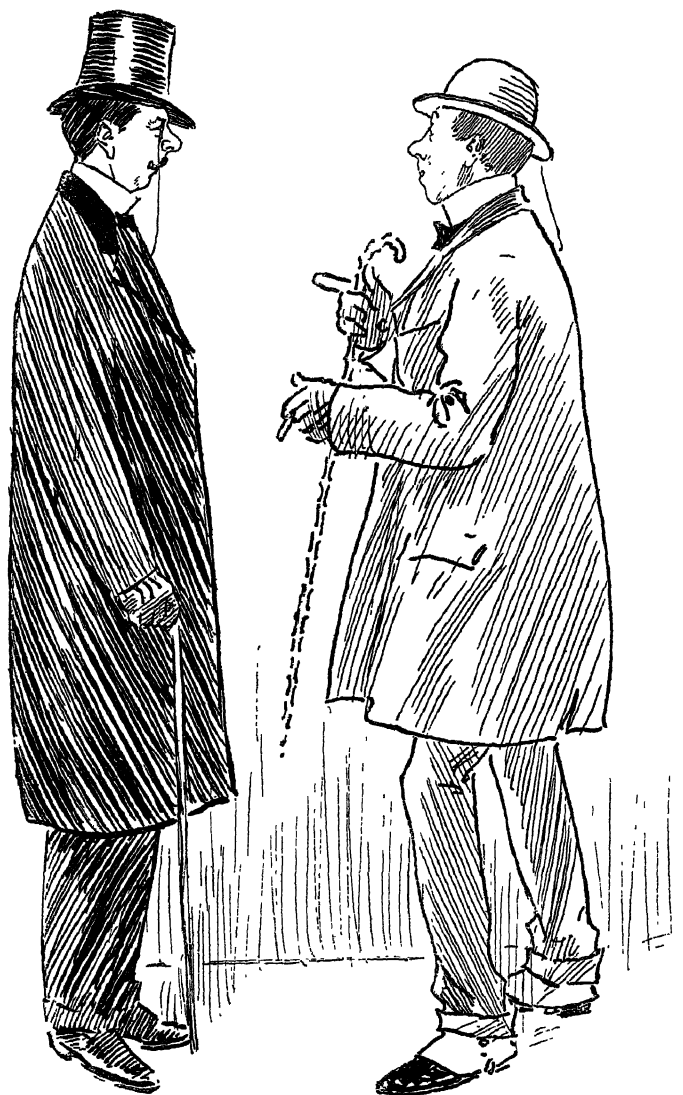
Ah! but still for cures we wait

From insanity's infection,
Prisons—fools to isolate,
Cell—from madding crowds protection—
Yet from folly's taint why run,
And to dread diseases add it?
Probably it's ten to one
That we have already had it.



SOUTH AFRICAN INFLUENCES. A WINTER SKETCH IN THE METROPOLIS.

IS LONDON BECOMING A SECOND CAPE-TOWN?



W. L. H. 1899

"I SAY, OLD MAN, I'VE INVENTED A NEW DRINK. BIG SUCCESS! COME AND TRY IT."

"WHAT'S IT MADE OF?"

"WELL, IT'S SOMETHING LIKE THE ORDINARY WHISKY AND SODA, BUT YOU PUT MORE WHISKY IN IT!"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

LYON PLAYFAIR, whose *Memoirs and Correspondence* (CASSELL) Sir WEMYSS REID edits, was a rare combination of a professor and a man of affairs who somehow drifted into political life. Of encyclopædic knowledge, great tact, and much shewdness, he did well whatever fell to his hand. Like Lord JOHN RUSSELL, whom in other respects than that of build he resembled, he would have been quite ready, if invited, to take command of the Channel Fleet. He did take charge of the Post Office, and in an evil moment for him stepped into the Chair of Committees of the House of Commons. That is a difficult post at the best of times. Poor PLAYFAIR was inducted at an epoch when the Irish Members, under Mr. PARNELL's leadership and the inspiration of Mr. BIGGAR, were at the height of their fame. They saw their opportunity with the genial erudite, perhaps

a little pompous, chairman, and they made the most of it. Night after night there were scenes akin to that of a miscellaneous pack of hungry street dogs worrying a well-to-do terrier. The little 'un faced them pluckily, but in the end they were too many for him. LYON PLAYFAIR never quite got over the wounds he received when seated at the table of the House of Commons. His lot was soothed by the affectionate friendship of all who knew him in private life, and was finally gilded by a peerage. But the scars remained. Sir WEMYSS REID has performed his new task with his accustomed skill, threading on a brief but comprehensive narrative the beads found among PLAYFAIR's letters and his autobiographical notes. PLAYFAIR had a keen sense of humour even when he was himself the target. Writing to his wife (the third, for he was in all ways plucky), he refers to "the intensely witty papers 'Under the Clock' which," he with generous exaggeration says "established

SUITED TO AN HEIR.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I notice in one of your excellent contemporaries, that an advertiser makes the following announcement in a column reserved for matters of a purely commercial character—

"In earnest. I wish to be heir partially or wholly to some rich person. A payment on account desirable." Then come the name and address.

Now, my dear Sir, I am equally in earnest, and have the same desire. But I differ from my colleague in wishing to be wholly adopted. I have a splendid record. I have been expelled from school, spent several months of enforced retirement in Portland, and am only on rare occasions quite sober.

I am—I flatter myself—just the sort of person to be somebody's heir. That somebody has a magnificent field for philanthropy; I shall take a lot of reclaiming. But think how beautiful—how entirely satisfactory—it will be when I become an altered character. Yours truly,

A THOROUGH BAD LOT.

VOX ET PRÆTEREA NIHIL.

[In a recent divorcee suit, one of the reasons given by the lady for leaving her husband was that she could not stand his Welsh accent.]

I QUITTED home when I was young,
—Ill-usage you, perchance, suspect—
But no, 'twas thro' my father's tongue,
He spoke in Scottish dialect!

His kindliness had only served
Affairs more hopelessly to botch;
His softness made me grow reserved,
—I never carod for butter-scotch.

My mother, much attached to me,
Was Yankee-born, I must confess;
How could she prove a *certainity*,
Whose teaching was so full of "guess"?

Love's messenger, in course of years,
Seemed sent to grant my soul's desire;
Then Saxon instinct roused my fears,
And made me shun his Celtic fire.

For Love should be without alloy,
If one may trust to MUDIE's tales,
And could one ever view with joy
A man whose accent echoed Wales?

Some foolish folk consult the stars;
But I foretell from lips and throats,
The vanity of rolling "r's,"
The levity a lisp denotes.

Let superficial people prize
Cheap virtue, as their shallow choice,
For me, the test of friendship lies
In mere inflection of the voice!



Shooting Tenant (a suspected enemy to the "Sport of Kings"—to Huntsman, after a blank draw). "I'M SURE I DON'T KNOW WHERE MY FOXES CAN BE TO-DAY!" Huntsman. "DUNNO, SIR. UNLESS YOUR PHEASANTS 'AVE ATE 'EM UP!"

the World." "Once," he adds, "I spoke from below the gangway, sometimes addressing the Government which I was opposing, sometimes turning round to the Irish members behind me. The World wittily remarked 'this little man, midway between England and Ireland, looked like the Isle of Man lecturing Great Britain and Ireland.'" Our TOBY, M.P., knows something of the authorship of "Under the Clock." Thus do giants gird at each other in the matter of inches.

A *Winter in Berlin* (ARNOLD), by MARIE VON BUXSEN, is a gossip record of six months spent in German Court circles by the Countess ZACHOW and her children in the days of the present Kaiser's grandfather. The main theme—the disappointment of an ambitious woman, and her individual loneliness amongst the gaieties of State functions—is treated with a fairly effective sense of contrast, and there is an excellent but too brief peep at BISMARCK in the Reichstag. The book reads like original English, which is high praise for Mrs. DUGDALE's translation.

One of the Baron's Assistants makes the following report to his chief:—I wish to commend to you, and to all *Punch* readers, in the very warmest terms *The Don and the Undergraduate*, by W. E. W. COLLINS (WM. BLACKWOOD & SONS). The name of Mr. COLLINS is new to me in the ranks of authors, and I incline to think that this is his first attempt at a story. This belief is created in part by the unjaded freshness of the style in which Mr. COLLINS deals with subjects old as the world itself—friendship, self-sacrifice, honour, manliness, and love. It is a simple story, and here and there I find little crudities in the telling of it—first-effort crudities let us call them. But the right stuff is in Mr. COLLINS, and he deals it out to us in no niggardly measure in *The Don and the Undergraduate*.

Quite a splendid character, says my Junior Baronitess, is the heroine of *A Queen Among Girls*, by ELLINOR DAVENPORT ADAMS. Her devotion to her timid and sensitive little brother is charming, and they make a most interesting couple. *Princess of Hearts*, by SHEILA E. BRAINE. Here is quite a new fairy story that will be thoroughly appreciated by Punchlings. ALICE B. WOODWARD's numerous clever illustrations will help to introduce them to the queer folk who are the subjects of this interesting fairy adventure. A *Queen* and *Princess* both from the House of BLACKIE & SON.

Above the insistent noise of much military doggrel, whose

generous purpose is its one apology, suddenly sounds, says my Nautical Retainer, the unmistakable note of genius. In the *Paolo and Francesca* of my friend Mr. STEPHEN PHILLIPS (JOHN LANE), Poetry is justified of at least one that wears her unofficial bays. "Commissioned by Mr. GEORGE ALEXANDER"—for it seems that the days of literary patronage are not yet dead!—it fulfils, as no great poem of our day has yet fulfilled, the primary demands of a stage-play; being a poetic drama rather than a dramatic poem. I know no work of modern times, no actor's drama of any age, that better combines the passion and glamour of Romance, with the restraint of Classic traditions. Happy ALEXANDER, who has so fair a new world to conquer!

A charming book is Mrs. ALICE MAYNELL'S *The Flower of the Mind* (GRANT RICHARDS). An excellent travelling companion for daytime. From this point of view, half the collection, in print of double the size, would have been preferable.

THE BARON DE B.-W.

A PROPHET OF PROFITS.

[A year ago Mr. RITCHIE prophesied a speedy preponderance of our exports over imports. In the ten months of the present year, the former have increased by £18,000,000.]

A THRILL of triumph does not come
To every Englishman who learns
Of his commercial greatness: some
Are only bored with Trade Returns,
And think it is a false, false profit
If they themselves get nothing of it.

But after all, why be distressed
If their concern is somewhat small?
What would they know of interest
Who have so little capital,
Nor line the pockets of their breeches
With any of this wealth of RITCHIE'S?

A GEM OF AN OLD PLAY BROUGHT STRAIGHT UP TO DATE.—
The Boers' stratagem.



OUR LADIES' HOCKEY CLUB.

ONE OF THE INFERIOR SEX WHO VOLUNTEERED TO UMPIRE SOON DISCOVERED HIS OFFICE WAS NO SINECURE.

THE BOOK OF BEAUTY.

(By Mr. Punch's Depreciator.)

A GREAT THOUGHT FOR EVERY DAY IN THE YEAR.
IN MONTHLY PARTS.

I.—THE M-R-E C-R-LLI SECTION.

DECEMBER 1ST.—Surely there is Something, if we could but find out what it is. O unfathomable deeps!

2ND.—Man, as distinguished from woman, is a beast that flourishes like the gourd, or mushroom, having the fungus-seeds of decay in his very vitals.

3RD.—Each of our actions, however seemingly trivial, is a link in the chain of moral and physical evolution. Try to rise from your bed without having first lain down, and you will discover, all too late, how indispensable is the value of the missing link.

4TH.—Methinks that we whom the gods hold dear are not the last to die. And what, indeed, were their immortal existence if left of love? 'Twere as a *Hamlet*-play without the essential pervading Spirit.

5TH.—Man glories in titles. A woman is content with Genius.

6TH.—What is this tiny terrestrial ball as compared with the vast invisible Universe? It is a mote, a bubble, a gnat in the Great Inane.

7TH.—Oggi! Oggi! cry the ice-cream wayfarers from far Campanian hills. To-day! To-day! How true! There is no time precisely like the present. The past is over; the future yet to be.

8TH.—It is the curse of existence that we are compelled to keep silence. The heart's blood pulses, yet we must hide it from the crowd. So great is the numbing, stifling influence of convention. How seldom can we be ourselves!

9TH.—[Grouse shooting ends.] Man prides himself on his love of sport. Yet his dearest delight is to trap the confiding heart of woman, to break the wing of her Ideality. He rears her, like a wild partridge, for the manly amusement of blighting her beauty.

10TH.—What is the Good? And what is the Beautiful? Who

can say? All we know is that both terms are synonymous, the one quite as much as the other.

11TH.—Science is but the confession of man's ignorance. Art, with a few exceptions, is the effort of woman, everywhere clogged and thwarted, to express herself.

12TH.—The mighty Ocean may run dry in the far-off to-be; but the weeping tears of Beelzebub flow on for ever.

13TH.—If we could only understand all mysteries, then the Ultimate Cause would become plain to the intelligence of the meanest critic.

14TH.—We are as swimmers, cast upon the dilemma-horns of two swift currents. Each stroke for the True bears us upward and onward; each surmounted rung of the ladder makes the next but easier, especially if we bear others with us.

15TH.—Is there not in us women an infinite capacity for the Transcendent? Touch that slumbering molecule with the right spark, and a heavenly flame shoots up, beaconing the mariner to port.

16TH.—What is it, that ethereal essence which permeates our mortal frame to the finger-tips, and colours our daily existence as with rainbow-hues? Is it a conundrum? Go to! Know thyself!

17TH.—It is not the frank, glaring vulgarity of the masses which sets a furrowed frown upon the stern forehead of the Thinker. Rather it is the enervating Hedonism of the epicurean aristocrat, that insidious poison which slowly undermines society.

18TH.—When woman rises to her true stature, and shakes off the strangulation-gripe of the harem, she is said to be "unsexed."

19TH.—What avails it to throw the jewels of Genius to a swinish public, when the aforesaid herd loves best to wallow in an *olla-podrida* of filthy rags?

20TH.—The age is *ennuyé*. It has grown tired of the wise, pure, poetic ideals of Greece and Rome. The day-dreams of a SAPPHO or a JUVENAL are accounted less *piquant* than the ugly facts of an Old Kent Road. Who was it that said, *O Tempora?* and, again, *O Mores?*

21ST.—*Nous avons soif!* It is the cry of humanity, peering into the unsearchable wells of Truth. "Who, who," it asks,

like the Danaids of yore, "has put a rift within the bucket? We would drink! *Nous avons soif!*"

22ND.—What is criticism? It is the earth-serpent Jealousy, that goes upon its belly, leaving a slimy trail upon the springing Tree of Knowledge to which it may never hope to climb.

23RD.—Platitudes appeal to the Vulgar. Yet their value depends upon the worth of the author. If she be one of those divine few to whom it is given to understand, as by instinct, the Mighty Unrevealed, the most simple of her utterances has all the force of a Sibylline oracle; nay, of the very silence of the Sphinx.

24TH.—What a terrible gift is this, of unerring insight! To read Sham at a glance: to dive beneath the white-wash of Superficiality: to recognise, as the outside critic never can, the limits of one's own creations; all this is to feel the exquisite torture of an archangel temporarily confined in an earthly pig-sty.

25TH.—Noël! What thoughts, what emotions the little word awakes! It is the French for Christmas!

26TH.—[Boxing-Day.] Truly at this festal season the meanness of man stands revealed in its true colours. The year-long service which we took to be the outward token of the heart's fidelity, is now proved to have a base guerdon for its goal. A mercenary world, my masters!

27TH.—Listen, I say, to the pure, sweet, passionate idylls of the birds! Is there not a tacit reproach in the lyric of the lark? Does not the pæan of the bull-finch make you blush? They do not throttle one another in a sordid struggle on the Stock Exchange; or mar the beauty of creation with petty theories of Science, so-called.

28TH.—[Innocents' Day.] There are still some, naming themselves men, who keep woman in swaddling-clothes. And when, like an infant Hercules, she throws off this puerile yoke, there are critics who out-Herod HEROD in a lurid desire to have her life's blood trickling from their poisoned pens.

29TH.—You ask me why I am so modest. No great Artist regards her work as her own. She is but the inspired medium. And when her labour attains fruition it passes from her possession and becomes the heritage of all time. She may admire it with whole heart; but only as one of the crowd, the unnumbered atoms of humanity.

30TH.—The year, not less than the month, the week, the day, must eventually pass and be no more. The Temporal can never outlive the Eternal.

31ST.—[Dog Licences Expire.] A dog has more honesty and good faith than a man. That is why we pay an annual penalty for keeping dogs. Yet you may shelter a man-tyrant under your roof, and pay nothing for the privilege, except in hot, indignant tears, wrung from you by vile oppression and the viler counterfeit of love.

LORD RUSSELL OF KILLOWEN is sitting for his portrait to Mr. SARGENT, R.A. The Lord Chief is in his robes with chain of office. Mr. SARGENT, who might for this legal work have been made a Sargent-at-law, had not that dignity been abolished, says that no matter how foggy or how dark the day, he can always see to paint this picture, as the brilliant chain is so full of links.

LOVER'S LANGUAGE.—How much better is French than English! The Briton says to his girl, "I love you!" and love divides "I" from "you"; in fact, it is love lost between them. But the Frenchman says, "*Je t'aime!*" "I thee love!" The lovers come together, "I" and "thou," and love is the consequence. What more natural? "I" close to "thee" and love follows, of course. Certainly, so far, French has a decided advantage over English.

SUITABLE SPOTS.—*Hounslow*—for plodding packs; *Hungerford*—for starving persons; *Hunt-spill*—for timid riders; *Hyde*—for absconding debtors; *Knaphill*—for cardplayers; *Land-rake*—for gardeners; *Laycock*—for poultry-yard freaks; *Leatherhead*—for tanners; *Leeds*—for star actors and actresses; *Leek*—for owners of rotten ships; *Liverpool*—for bilious bathers; *Luton*—for marauding soldiers; *Lyme*—for mortar makers; *March*—for obedient soldiers; *Mar-low*—for impecunious mothers; *Morebath*—for unclean folk.

SIGNS OF THE TIMES.—A Correspondent points out that the postman—always a civil servant—is becoming excessively polite just now.



Occupier (to aggravatingly absent-minded Rate Collector, who persists in calling for Rates due from late Tenant, deceased six months). "OH—STILL DEAD!" [Bangs door and retires.]

THE DISTRACTED MENDICANT.

A WELL-KNOWN poem is now spoken of in Italy under the title of *Il Mendicante Distratto*. In confirmation of this, we have received the following letter, bearing an Italian postmark:—

Al Illustrissimo Signor Punch.

SIGNORE,—Many years it makes that I study the English language, and I comprehend her perfectly, until I encounter a poem of your excellent compositor RUDGARDO KIPLINO, who cannot to write the his native tongue, but that of the *canaglia*, impossible to interpret. I permit myself, therefore, to re-write two of his stanzas, to be more intelligible to the noble English people.

When you've cried out "Govern Britain"—when you've sung "God help the Queen"—

When you've wholly swallowed KRÜGER with your mouth—Will you drop a *buona mano* in my little tambourine,

For a mister who is—hark ye—ordered South? He's a mendicant distracted, and his feebleness is great

But we and PAUL must catch him when we find him—

He's actually a servant, wiping something off a plate

And he's left a little lottery behind him!

There are families of thousands in a rent house falling through, And it's more than rather likely there's a goat; They'll place their twinkling bedposts up a spout or ev'n a flue,

'Cause the man that begs the alms is now afloat.

He's an inattentive mendicant, and may forget it all,

But we would not have his little goats remind him

That we sent them to the cookhouse while their daddy butted

PAUL,

So we'll help the kids that BILLY's left behind him!

Ecco! It is now comprehensible to the humblest intellect, at least to your most humble servitor,

ASSAI CHI SA.



Howard Partridge fecit.
Village Doctor. "AND WHAT DO YOU INTEND TO MAKE OF THIS LITTLE MAN, MRS. BRISKET?"
Proud Mother. "BUTCHER, SIR. 'E'S BOUND TO BE A BUTCHER. WHY, 'E'S THAT FOND O' ANIMALS, WE CAN 'ARDLY KEEP 'IM OUT O' THE SLAUGHTER-'OUSE!"

AD PUNCHIUM.

(By Mr. Punch's Vagrant.)

("Sunt quibus in satira videor nimis acer.")

THERE are to whom my satire seems
 A trifle sharp; it may be.
 While quite a crowd, I fancy, deems
 Your humble slave a baby.

Quot homines—you know the rest:

I claim no extra chance, Sir,
 Content to do my level best,
 And let my readers answer.

Though not a man of many fears,
 I get my full alarm's worth
 By reading all the threats and jeers
 That fill my daily H-RMSW-RTH.
 On foreign foes behold him dance;
 His rage I'm almost shocked at
 Whene'er he shapes the French and
 France

To fit a small-sized cocked hat.

If Russia fashions crafty schemes,
 Great Zeus, it makes his gall come:—
 "Wake, England, wake," he cries, "from
 dreams,

And then—why let 'em all come."

As to the Dutch, who still *pro tem*.
 Seem fairly lively Boers, Sir,
 Each morning he has wiped with them
 The editorial floor, Sir.

Now though the earth he holds in fee—
 A fact that makes him solemn—

He yet can dedicate to me
 Some fractions of a column.
 He does not swear I draw my pay
 From Dr. LEYDS'S pay-grant;
 But still he has no good to say
 Of Mr. Punch's Vagrant.

Then HUGH PRICE-H., a man of views,
 You'll find that he expresses
 A simple wonder why the Hughes
 You print my poor MSS.
 Their sentiments, by him disowned,
 He clearly thinks infernal,
 Though published in your highly-toned
 And not yet Hugh-Priced journal.

Condemned to bear this paltry scourge,
 To have my views refuted;
 To see each argument I urge
 Decried, denounced, disputed,
 I still believe, though often tapped,
 That taps can never hurt you,
 And thus emerge securely wrapped,
 A poor man, in my virtue.

Beyond my modicum of pelf
 I seek no costly guerdon,
 Some folks I please—I please myself—
 By no ambition spurred on.
 Let H-RMSW-RTH be by all men famed,
 Court-guided, Burked, Debretted,
 But let me be nor caught nor tamed
 When he is baro-netted.

I never claimed to be at all
 Infallible—*quid rides?*

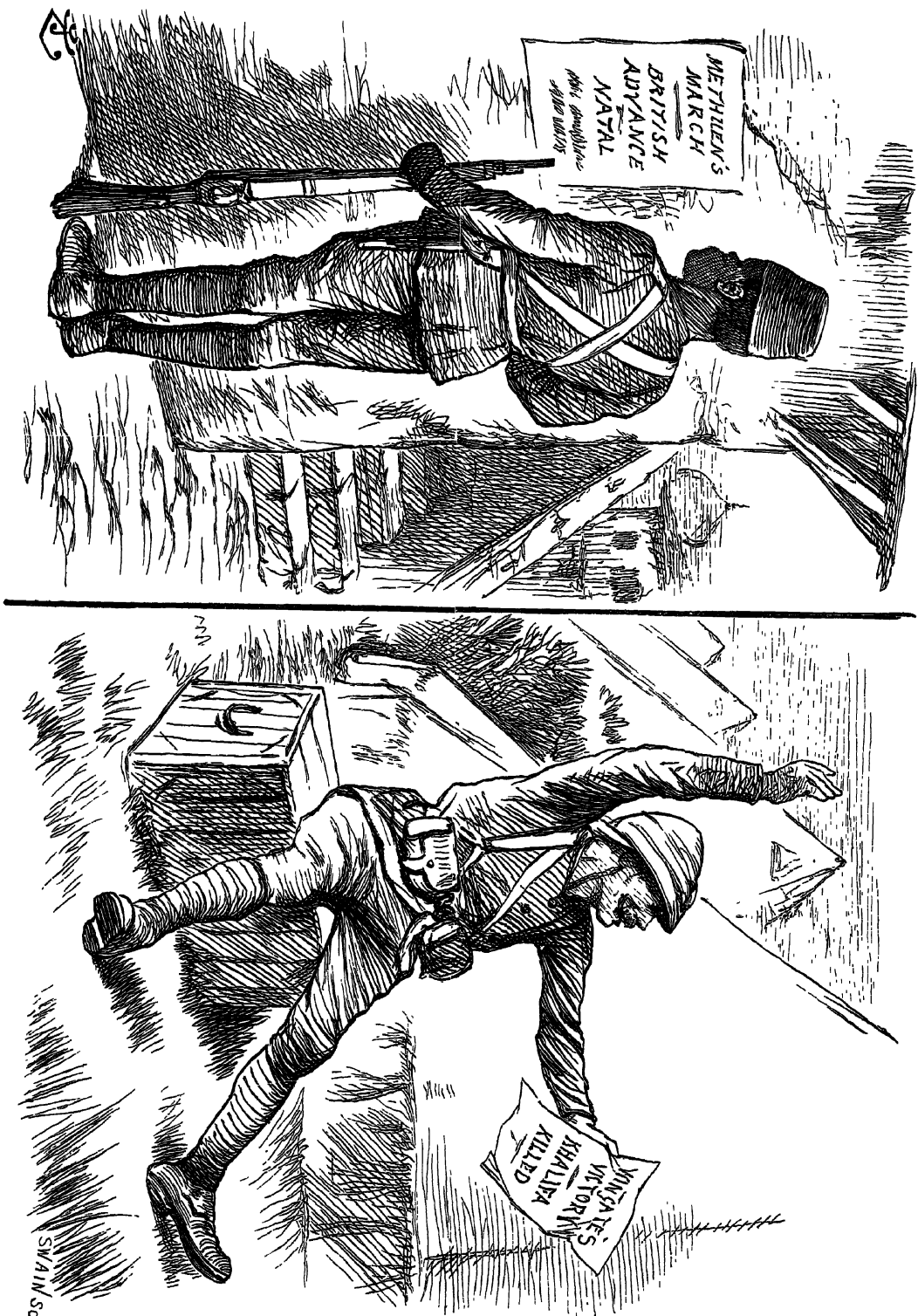
Though just, I do not court the fall]
 That came to Aristides.
 No boasting suits my lowly plan,
 And, since no terrors fret me,
 I mean to end as I began,
 If Mr. Punch will let me.

OSMAN DIGNA.

[“OSMAN DIGNA has escaped again—that master
 of evasion.”—*Lord Rosebery.*]

WHEN far away the foemen lay
 He was a very hero;
 But when the guns began to play
 His courage fell to zero;
 To lead the rear and leave the van
 He needed no persuasion,
 That very cunning,
 Swiftly running,
 Sirdar-shunning
 Gentleman,
 The master of evasion.

And when his less retiring friends
 Rushed out to battle gory,
 Resolved to meet heroic ends
 Upon the field of glory,
 He never sought to emulate
 Their deeds on the occasion,
 That unobtrusive,
 Inconclusive,
 Most delusive
 Potentate,
 The master of evasion.



“ACROSS THE DARK CONTINENT.”

GIPSY. “BRAVO, CAIRO!”

TOMMY. “BRAVO, CAIRO!”



He. "Now, GIRLS, WHY DID YOU STOP PLAYING WHEN YOU HEARD MY FOOTSTEPS?"

They. "OH, WE THOUGHT IT WAS A MAN!"

FORGIVE AND FORGET.

(A Street Study.)

ARGUMENT.—A middle-aged man, while crossing the street, has been knocked over by a youth on a bicycle, upsetting the bicyclist at the same time. A humane passer by has rushed to the relief of the pedestrian, helped him up, found his tall hat for him and put it on his head, and piloted him to the pavement, whither they have been followed by the youth, who is unhurt but apprehensive. A crowd collects instantly, as usual. Whether owing to the concussion or to some earlier cause, the sufferer exhibits all the symptoms of advanced intoxication; he keeps a tight hold of his benefactor's arm, and surveys the crowd with an owl's reticence.

The Benefactor (encouragingly, as he dusts the sufferer behind). There, you're all right, you know! Buck up! No bones broke, eh? The Crowd. Is he much 'urt, d'yer know? ... Where did it ketch 'im? ... 'Ow did it 'appen? &c.

The Sufferer (with guarded importance). Thash my bishness. ... I sha'n't shay anything till I shée P'lishman. ... Fetch P'lishman.

Constable (impassive and impartial). Now then, what's the matter 'ere?

Suff. I've complaint-a-make. Sherious complaint. I was shimplly crosing-a-shstreet in character of ornary unoffendin' pedeshtrian—

Const. (magisterially). Well, you were crossing the street—and what 'appened?

Suff. Why, fellow on o'founded bishycle bowled me over li' a beashly ninepin!

The Benef. (as "amicus curiæ"). It was quite an accident. Nobody's fault.

Suff. Noborry's fault! Mean tell me shimplle ornary pedeshtrian isn't 'titled crosch shstreet 'thout bein' treated as beashly ninepin! I know th' Law berrer 'n that.

Const. Well, Sir, what do you want me to do? Take the man's name and address?

Suff. (with decision). Mosh shirriny. (Turning on the Benefactor.) Whash your name and address?

The Benef. (astounded). Mine? Why? What have I done?

Suff. Done? Weren' you man knocked me down?

[Sensation in crowd, some of whom had had their suspicions of the Benefactor from the first.

The Ben. Rats! I'm the man who picked you up!

Suff. (pleased at his own sharpness). If you hadn' knocked me down, you courr'n' ha' picked me up.

Voices in Crowd. No, no, it wasn't 'im, it was this lad 'ere.

[The speakers push forward the youth in a state of extreme pallor and anxiety; reaction in rest of crowd.

Suff. Well, I wan' sharrisfaction out o' shomebody. Don' care who 'tis.

Const. Are you 'urt, Sir?

Suff. (indignant and insulted). Me? Hurt! Wha' d'ye mean? No! Norra parricle! I'm all ri'.

Const. Do you want me to take this lad's name and address?

Suff. Wha' for? Const. Police Court.

Suff. Shirrny not. Don' want get anybody into trouble 'f any sortorkind!

Const. Very well, then. (Addressing the youth.) Here, you be off with that bike, instead o' collecting a crowd 'ere. (As if he had been collecting it as a connoisseur.) Get along, will yer?

[The youth, who desires nothing better, mounts, and rides off relieved.

Suff. (who seems to consider that his magnanimity has not been as highly appreciated as it deserves—to the crowd). I can't shtan' gerrin' anybody into trouble—isn' that ri'?

Crowd (without enthusiasm). That's right enough, guv'nor.

Suff. (still yearning for approbation—to the Constable). Didn' I do ri', P'lishman?

Const. (unimpressed). I'm sure I dunno. You get along 'ome—that's the best place for you.

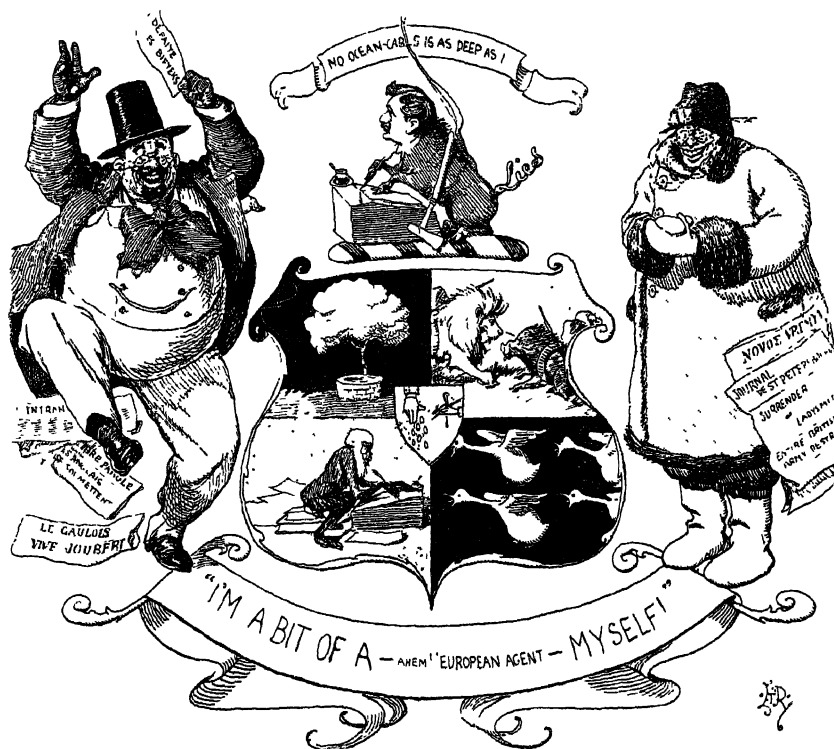
Suff. Thash a very shensible remark. Home ish besht plashe—if I c'n on'y r'member where itsh got to. Ash for you—(here he turns once more upon his unfortunate Benefactor)—all I c'n say to you is thish! I've let you off thish once—lerrit be aleshon to you. Nexst time you knock shomebody over, he may be torally diff'ren' shoit o' man to me, and you'll gerrinto trouble.

[He walks off with an air of ineffable nobility.

The Ben. (looking after him, stupefied). Well, I am—

[Scene closes, just in time.

READY MADE COATS-(OF-ARMS); OR, GIVING 'EM FITS!



ARMS FOR DR.(ED) LEYS. NO, I BEG PARDON! DR. LEYDS.

Arms: Quarterly: 1st, Under a spreading lie-lac tree of Brussels on the Sproujt proper a well of Truth at present occupied by a young person masquerading under that name; 2nd, On a ground semée of bullets, under a veil of mendacity fibriated in tissue, embroidered bruxellois for "insertion," a sanglier or fighting boar raidant and embattled, armed bristly to the teeth, gripped countered and reflexed by a lion tardy on the paws, and strenuously hammered back martellois to the bordure; 3rd, A false-hooded or bare-faced South African gibbon of history, daly galy on the garble, ananiant saphirant to the last, chroniclant in fraud the rise of a motley Dutch Republic, and *not* the Decline to Fall of the Wholly British Empire; 4th, A flight proper of new-leyd belgian canards arriving quacky in large capitals, charged under the wings for bacque-chiche with billets-de-banque proper. (*Motto*: "Given away with several pounds of £ s. d.") Over all, on an escutcheon of pretence, sinister, a human hand nailed to the counter holding a pen of calumny doctored taradidulée to taste; dexter, a similar hand drippant or into a forest of oil-bearing journalistic palms itchant on the continent. (*Motto*: "Ære perennius!"—"Unlimited brass!") *Crest*: A boar agent transvaalois, disseminant of whoppers, ensconced proper in clover, charged on the hop with a long-bow of romance flexed to the verge of fracture, and a hatchet of effrontery slung proper in advance. (*Motto*: "No ocean-cable is as deep as I.") *Supporters*: Dexter, a parisian quill-driver of the boulevards, intransigent in anglophobia, dansetté gloatant in delirium over mythical reverses; Sinister, on equally slender ground, a similarly misguided muscovite of the press, rampant in enmity, with teeth fully displayed. (*Second Motto*: "Concordant nomine facta!"—"My deeds agree with my name!")

THE BIRDS.

(A Comedy—not by Aristophanes—suggested by the production of "The Canary" at the Prince of Wales's.)

SCENE—A large bird-cage of gilded wire. The only occupants are a Wild Duck, apparently moulting, a Weather Hen and a Cuckoo with disordered plumage.

The Weather Hen (*excitedly*). It's too bad. There's another Bird on the London stage.

The W. D. (*dramatically*). "The circles are narrowing."

The W. H. I protest against it. You're all right, of course, because you're IBSEN, and when I was put on last Summer I was welcomed at once, and the Cuckoo was from the French. But, now there's a "Grey Parrot" at the Strand, and a

"Canary" at the Prince of Wales's, and if we don't look out, we shall be crowded off our perches.

The Cuckoo. A Canary?

The W. H. Yes, a vulgar little thing, overdressed and underbred. Quite an impossible creature.

The Cuckoo. Well, well. We must make the best of it.

The W. H. The worst of it, you mean. I intend to make myself thoroughly disagreeable. I shall out her. After all she doesn't belong to our set. She's Farce.

The W. D. We mustn't be unkind.

The W. H. That's your ridiculous Idealism. You always did allow yourself to be put upon. You let GREGERS WERLE treat you shamefully.

The W. D. Poor GREGERS.

The W. H. Poor GREGERS! But there,

you weren't married to him. If you had been you wouldn't be able to forgive him so easily. (*The W. D. quacks dismally.*) My dear, you may say what you like, but when she comes here I sha'n't speak to the creature.

The Cuckoo. Hush. Here she is.

[The door of the Cage opens, and a large feminine hand thrusts through it a very yellow Canary wearing a hat of obvious disreputability.]

The W. H. The Saffron robe, too!

[Sniffs melodramatically.]

The W. D. Steady, old Pal.

The W. H. (*haughtily, to the new comer*). Well, who are you?

The Canary (*mincing*). I'm a silly little domestic bird who thought she didn't like her cage, and went outside into the big world for a change. But everybody pecked at her in the big world, and now she's glad to be in a cage again.

The W. H. Little minx!

The Canary. I'm not a minx really. I'm only silly. Perhaps you don't like my manner? It's Japanese. I've been in Japan till quite lately, and I haven't completely got rid of it. (*Looking round.*) But where's my husband?

The Cuckoo (*maliciously*). Husbands don't live in cages.

The Canary. Poor things! I suppose not. They must be dreadfully unprotected out in the world. Mustn't they?

The W. H. Idiot!

The Canary. I beg your pardon? (*A pause; she prattles on.*) Now I adore cages, especially if they are gilded. I thought I didn't, but I do.

The W. H. (*rudely*). Who are you?

The Canary. My husband is a stockbroker, a fat stockbroker, in West Kensington. So I left him.

The W. D. Poor child. So you were an Idealist, too.



G R Halket

THE LATEST (H)ENTERPRISE.

The British Hen (*indignant*). "FRESH EGGS, INDEED! WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH MINE?"

[*"Fresh eggs are now en route from Australia. One steamer has half a million on board. If they arrive fresh, regular cargoes of Australian eggs are promised."*—Daily Paper.]

The Canary. I thought so. I thought I wanted the free air and *SHELLEY's* poems, and to live on an island like *Paul* and *Virginia*. But I was quite wrong.

The Cuckoo. Of course.

The Canary (patiently). As I was saying, I was quite wrong. I went to a friend, a bachelor friend, who lived in Great Portland Street. He was young and romantic, and I asked him to fly with me. But he wouldn't. He said he couldn't afford it. Besides, he couldn't leave his Geyser Bath. And he had a dreadful landlady, and was having a bloater for breakfast! It was a terrible disillusionment.

The W. D. Poor child, poor child!

The W. H. What did you do then?

The Canary (simply). I went on to another friend who lived in St. John's Wood. I thought he was a bachelor, too. He wrote short stories for the magazines. I had put on my smartest yellow frock, and was wearing this hat with white feathers. It was very expensive. And I carried my jewels in a hand-bag.

The W. H. (growing interested). That was not very prudent of you,—the hat I mean, not the hand-bag. One should always carry a hand-bag when one runs away from one's husband. I did it myself. But one should dress very simply.

The Canary. It's a beautiful hat. It cost ten guineas.

The Cuckoo (shocked). Ten guineas!

The Canary. Yes. When I got to the other man's house I found he was married already to a dreadfully vulgar woman, and had two children. It was a great blow.

The W. H. What did the wife say?

The Canary. She didn't like it at all,—the hat I mean. In fact, she couldn't bear my clothes. I suppose I ought to have dressed more simply, as you say.

The W. H. I'm sure of that.

The Cuckoo. What happened then?

The Canary. Oh, then my husband came. He had followed me. So as one of my friends couldn't leave his wife, and the other couldn't leave his Geyser Bath, I consented to return to him. On the whole, I am rather glad. He at least admired my clothes.

The Cuckoo (sardonically). Husbands have no taste!

The Canary. So we had a reconciliation, and I said what was proper about a wife's place being by her husband's side, and the gallery applauded.

The Cuckoo. A vulgar conclusion to a vulgar episode!

The W. H. You ought to have gone on the stage, as I did, armed only with a well-thumbed copy of *SHAKESPEARE*. Then you would have had a career. (*The Canary shudders.*) But there—I'm afraid you've no brains.

The W. D. (sadly). You ought to have shot yourself, as I did, and died pathetically up stage amid the tears of the audience. But, my dear, I'm afraid you've no heart.

The Canary (fluttering contentedly). That's just it. How clever you both are. I've no brains and no heart. I neither think nor feel. Perhaps that's why the play was stupid. But I'm back in a cage now, thank goodness, and when a woman's as silly as I am, there's nothing like a cage, is there?

[*The Weather Hen* barks an impatient assent. *The Wild Duck* quacks furiously to the same effect. *The Cuckoo* hoots joyously, and the curtain falls.



Tommy (who has just heard his Uncle read the war news with very strong interjectional comments).
"LET'S PLAY BOERS, DOROTHY—YOU HOLD UP A WHITE FLAG, AND I'LL SAY DAM!"

AN ENCORE VERSE FOR THE KIPLING'S SONG.

WHEN you've smoked your choice Havana, your Burmah, or your Bock,
When you've done with knocking ashes out your briar.
Will you fill a box with 'baccy if you've got a laid-in stock
For a smoker who will smoke it under fire?
He's a casual kind of smoker and will smoke 'most any brand
That we or PAUL may chance to be inclined to.
As he started in a hurry when he left his native land,
He's afraid he left his 'baccy pipe behind too.

Clay pipe, briar pipe, pipe with a colouring bowl,

Though you send ten thousand pipes you won't have sent enough,
Unless you send some "Navy cut" or even some "Irish roll,"

To fill the pipes for TOMMY'S smoke, and he'll puff, puff, puff!

FROM AN EGGREGIOUSLY ADDLED CORRESPONDENT.—Dear Mr. Punch,—I cull the following from a daily paper:—"Amongst a number of eggs recently imported from Canada, one was found to have inscribed upon it an advertisement for a wife from the farm hand who packed them." It is always interesting to trace a romance *ab ovo*, and should a couple by these means be joined together as yolk-fellows in wedlock, they will furnish a fresh instance of the aptness of the French definition of love as "*l'egganisme à deux*." This, surely, is advertising *par eggshellence*.



James. "ULLO, CHAWLES! BACK AGAIN AT NICE FOR THE WINTER! AIN'T YOU MARRIED YOUR LITTLE LOT YET?"

Charles. "LOVE YER, NO. THIS'LL BE OUR SIXTH SEASON, TOO. AN' I TELL YER, WHAT WITH ONE THING AN' ANOTHER, WE'RE GETTIN' FAIR DESPRIT!"

VANDAL OF THE CHASE.

[“A honey-buzzard has been shot in Lincolnshire.”—*Daily Paper*.]

VANDAL! up and seize your gun!
Something hovers there!
Lo! it glitters in the sun—
’Tis a bird—no common one—
Swiftly, Vandal! up and run!
It is something rare.
Though you know not what it be,
Shall that stay you? What?
Wait to think while it flies free?
Such is not the way with thee.
Shoot it first and then we’ll see—
Bang!—a pretty shot!

Feast your eyes upon the prize,
Vandal of the chase!
Haply this poor thing, that cries
In its agony and flies
Bleeding to the thicket, dies
Last of all its race.
Ah, rejoice that it was you
That the pretty creature slew!
Rejoice that eye of man no more
Shall watch it circle, wheel and soar,
And mark with joy its graceful flight,
A thing of beauty and delight.

And should any one declare
’Twere shame to kill a thing so rare,
Point exultant to this case,
Vandal of the chase!

Show him, stiff and stuffed and dead,
Lustreless, its beauty fled,
What was once a living thing,

Bright of eye and fleet of wing.
Ah, rejoice that thine the skill,
Quick to mark and sure to kill,
That made of this bright denizen
Of God’s own woods—a specimen!

A SONG OF A BUTTON.

(By the Mere Man.)

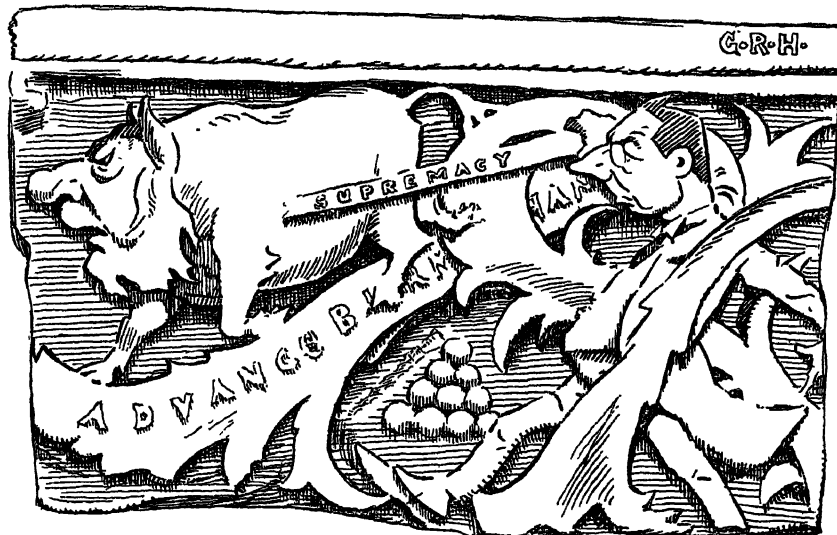
WITH fingers awkward and big
(Long past the hour for bed),
A mere man handles a needle keen
Which it’s taken him hours to thread—
Work! Work! Work!
For work he is truly a glutton.
’Tis his first attempt—yet he does not
shirk—

He is trying to sew on a button!
With fingers weary and worn
(The dawn is rising red),
A mere man toils in a piteous way,
Still plying his needle and thread—
Prick! Prick! Prick!
And he murmurs (I think) “Tut! Tut!” on
The needle invading his finger-nail’s
quick,
As it comes with a jerk through the
button!

With fingers ragged and sore
(The sun shines bright o’er head),
A mere man wearily puts away
His troublesome needle and thread—
Stitch! Stitch! Stitch!
He has struggled with eyes half-shut on,
But his spirits are yards above concert
pitch—
By Jove, he has sewn on a button!

VERY EXCLUSIVE.—*Hippopotamus at Zoo* (reading paper). What! diving horses at the Crystal Palace! No relations of mine I can assure you, my dear Elephant. In fact, I think I shall apply for an injunction.

MR. PUNCH’S MUSEUM.



ADVANCE, BIRMINGHAM!

Remnant of an ancient frieze (temp. Early Birmingham), supposed to represent a Birmingham man at a bear or boar hunt. Probably the work of Williams of Malwood, illustrating the aphorism of Joseph de Highbury (circa 29th Nov. MDCCCXCIX.), “I do not like to divide the skin before we have caught the bear.” (Inscription doubtful: for “bear” read “boer.”) A superb design on Imperial lines.



CHRISTMAS COMES BUT ONCE A YEAR.

BINKS HAS BEEN DRAGGED ROUND THE STORES FIVE TIMES ALREADY. MRS. B. SAYS THEY MUST GO ROUND ONCE MORE, "IN CASE WE 'VE OVERLOOKED ANYTHING, MY DEAR!"

PRO JOSEPHO.

(By Mr. Punch's Vagrant.)

["Mr. CHAMBERLAIN is not a diplomatist." *Times*.]

OF CHAMBERLAIN a song I sing,
Of whom much ill is spoken;
They say he shatters everything
That can by chance be broken.
To France he fills a heady cup
Of over-bold defiance,
And breaks our Yankee friendship up
By calling it alliance.

The Germans, too, I understand,
If they are rightly quoted,
The proffered Chamberlainian hand
With deep aversion noted.
Their lengthy words they do not mince
When JOSEPH is indicted—
Oh, it must make a proud man wince
To find himself so slighted!

Since no one therefore speaks for JOE,
I feel that I must do it.
Defence is not my line; just so;
Yet am I driven to it.
Dead sets I cannot bear to see,
And, oh delight! who knows if
Great JOSEPH might not smile on me,
If I speak up for JOSEPH.

In him what qualities are mixed,
Good temper and discretion,
The pleasant speech by which is fixed
The friendliest impression;
Good humour, courtesy and wit,
That has of gall no tincture,
The chivalry that scorns to hit
Except above the cincture!

With temper patient to unloose
The knots that others tangle,

He never seems to have a use
For jar or score or wrangle.
He proves through every turn and twist
How blest a fate awaits men
Who join the state of humourist
To all that makes them statesmen.

Strange, is it not (like Mr. STEAD
I put my points politely),



PLEASE SEND ALL SUBSCRIPTIONS TO
LADIES' KENNEL ASSOCIATION: HEADQUARTERS,
5, GREAT JAMES STREET, BEDFORD ROW, W.C.

NO ROOM TO LIVE.

["The L. C. C. are considering the housing problem."—*Daily Paper*.]

THEY ses as they 're consid'rin', is our friends the L. C. C.,
Wot they calls the 'ousin' problem, which it's time they wos,
ses we,
For there ain't no self-respectin' pig in Christendom nor Rome
As wouldn't turn 'is snout up at the sty wot we calls 'ome.

The hatmusfear! Why, s'elp me! 'ave yer travelled by them
trines

Wot's run for workmen's benefits by philanthropic lines,
Wiv six a-side an' 'arf-a-dozen trampin' on yer feet?
Well, that's the kind of hatmusfear wot wraps our slumbers sweet.

There's me, Sir, an' the missus, not to speak of them there brats
Wot shares wiv two more famerlies the hattie an' the rats,
An' glad enough ter get it, though the slites is mostly horf,
Which it's 'ealthy for consumptives wot 'as got a chronic corf.

It ain't the plice as I would choose, but wot's a chap to do?
An' when the other famerlies takes in a lodger too,
An' when the lodger 'e gets drunk, why then, it seems to me,
It's time they took the problem up, our friends the L. C. C.

A TALE OF SEVERAL TUBS.—"The Seizure of Unwholesome
Fruit" effected by the chief sanitary inspector THOMAS has prob-
ably prevented several very violent "seizures" which would
have followed on the consumption of this "pernicious stuff."
It is, indeed, a case where prevention is a hundred times better
than cure, and, indeed, in some instances, cure might have
been impossible.

THE STATUE OF OLIVER CROMWELL.—It only cost England one
sovereign. OLIVER thought the sovereign a bad 'un, and was
sharp enough to insist on having full change.

What a "lightning artist" is a dentist! In less than a
minute he paints the gum, and draws the tooth! Wonderful!

An Emperor should turn a head
That seemed screwed on so tightly?
That one night of the royal smile
Of our moustachioed WILLY
Should make so very 'cute a file
Turn almost soft and silly?

We do not know, we cannot say;
We are but humble mortals;
We never trod the scarlet way
Through Windsor's gilded portals.
We have not felt the subtle fumes
That dim each courtier's eye, Sir,
Who stands within the private rooms
Of Deutschland's sacred KAISER.

If, speaking in a kindly voice,
A Kaiser came and met us,
The shock that made our hearts re-
joice
Might possibly upset us.
If, casting etiquette aside,
He grasped our hand and shook it,
The insult might not wound our pride;
I fancy we should brook it.

And so we cannot much impeach,
We should not even pester,
The KAISER's friend who made a speech
Some days ago at Leicester.
His words are innocent of vice,
Who, with a courtly *kootoo*,
Has drunk the milk of Paradise,
And fed on honey dew too.

If JOSEPH, therefore, was not meek,
But haughty and unbending,
And spoke as pots to kettles speak,
Of manners and their mending;
If he embraced the U.S.A.
With ardour too ecstatic,
Remember this is JOSEPH's way,
Who is not diplomatic.



DISILLUSIONED!

WHAT THEY THOUGHT TOMMY WAS,

AND WHAT THEY FIND HE IS.

S. S.

ETHEL AND HER GOVERNESS.

(A story for Girls—quite the latest pattern.)

WITH a heavy heart ETHEL strayed into the garden, where she found her brother making a catapult.

"TOM," she said, "I come to you for sympathy. True, I am eleven while you are a full year younger. Yet surely you will understand. Like most girl heroines in the modern gift-book for children, I am misunderstood, TOM,—cruelly, deeply misunderstood."

"You look a bit cheap," said her brother. "Too much Turkish delight, I suppose?"

"Nay," answered ETHEL, with a patient smile; "'tis my environment that irks me; most of all, it is the companionship of that crude Miss WAGTAIL, forced upon me by our unthinking parents. Two dreadful hours have I endured with her this very afternoon!"

"She gave you beans?" enquired her brother, with interest.

"She gave me dates—sordid, unimportant dates. As if any cultured being at my age could care for such things! Imperiously—harshly, even—she demanded the year of WILLIAM the Conqueror. 'Dear lady,' quoth I, 'pray seek it for yourself in that history book, which is too dull to be inaccurate.' But the stupid creature insisted, and so, willing to humour her odd fancy, I suggested 1815. And then her language became more coarse, more intemperate than before!"

"She can jaw," TOM admitted; "but jawing don't hurt anybody."

"Then I was sent to practise—scales, exercises, all the dull conventions of ordinary music. With a gesture of disgust I flung the things into the fireplace. And then I called in the aid of true, untrammelled music to express the feelings of my soul. I jammed down the loud pedal, shut my eyes, and struck as many notes as I could cover with the palms of both hands. Oh, the dear discords that arose! But at the end of two minutes, Miss WAGTAIL came rushing upstairs and bade me cease. Soon I shall have to go for a walk with her—to listen to her dreary commonplaces about ridiculous things. And all my efforts to lift her soul to more cultured interests seem vain!"

There was a moment's silence, during which TOM looked curiously at his sister.

"I say," he asked at last, "do you always talk like this nowadays?"

"Invariably," said ETHEL. "Don't you remember that I have my duty to do as the heroine of a modern book for girls? I could continue to discuss Miss WAGTAIL in the same way for hours more. The reader will see that I have a wonderfully delicate and artistic soul, and that nobody understands me—not you, nor our parents, and Miss WAGTAIL least of all. Therefore I am an excellent example for the girls who study my career, who will assume at once that they too are misunderstood, and will become horrible little prigs in consequence. In the last chapter, of course, I shall die. My death-scene will be chock-full of the richest pathos. For then you will understand at last, you will reproach yourselves bitterly, and with a sweet, weary smile I shall forgive you. That chapter will be headed 'Too Late,' and there will be a row of asterisks at the end."

"Well, I'm jiggered!" said TOM.



IN THE ARTIST'S ROOM.

Potzarusend. "MY FRIEND, IT IS KOLOSSAL! MOST REMARK-WORTHY! YOU REMIND ME ON RUBINSTEIN; BUT YOU ARE BETTER AS HE."

Pianist (pleased). "INDEED! HOW?"

Potzarusend. "IN DE BERSBIRATION. MY FRIEND RUBINSTEIN COULD NEVER BERSBIRE SO MOCH!"

ANTICIPATIONS.

DAPHNE—while the sad old year
Hurries onward to its waning,
And the choking fogs appear,
And dark days of dreary raining—
Deign to lend a pitying ear
To my querulous complaining.
Others round me, young and old,
Look with joy to Christmas nearing,
Scorn its threats of fog and cold;
I, their joyous forecasts hearing,
Wondering, its approach behold
With foreboding and with fearing.

To bazaars the crowds, anon,
Hasten, bent their gifts on buying,
Wearily the crowds I con,
Listlessly the treasures eying,
Then at length I wander on,
Discontented, sad and sighing.
Ah! no scorn in you, nor pride,
(Who so true, from prince to peasant?)
Make me thus dissatisfied
With what all beside hold pleasant,—
Only this—I can't decide
What to send you as a present.



THE GREAT MR. JORROCKS HAVING COMPARED FOX-HUNTING TO WAR WITH ONLY TWENTY-FIVE PER CENT. OF THE DANGER, OUR FRIEND SLOWMAN (THUS INSPIRED) HAS VENTURED UPON TWO GUINEAS' WORTH OF THE CHEAPER GLORY, AND IS, JUST NOW, WONDERING WHAT THE DOOCE IT FEELS LIKE WHEN YOU'VE GOT TO FACE THE WHOLE HUNDRED PER CENT. RISK!

ATMOSPHERICAL PSYCHOLOGY.

["A learned doctor of philosophy, in America, has compiled a book proving conclusively that the reason why man is froward in all his ways may be found in the state of the weather."—*Daily Paper*.]

As a common or garden excuse,
Heredity's fully played out,
IBSEN's motif has gone to the deuce,
Without any manner of doubt;
Now the notion is certainly rum,
Just aired by this clever Yankee,
For all morals have by it become
A matter of weather, you see!

Lo, 'tis patent to me and to all,
This opens a vista sublime
Of excuses on which one may call,
When reaching one's home—after time.
"Dearest love" (storm-cone hoisted for
gales!)
"I beseech you not coldly to frown,
But my bump of locality fails
When the glass at all quickly goes
down."

Should you happen to borrow a loan
(Such a thing has, I fancy, been done,
Its return is less frequently known,
Which provides needy jesters with fun),
Wind and weather permitting, you trust—
On the chart is your character pinned—
To repay what you owe; yet it must
Be a question of "raising the wind."

As a would-be smooth writer of lines,
I ought to apologize here
For the constant recurrence of nines,
Which renders my metre so queer;
Since my stanzas they should run, nine-
eight,

Yet the fog on my "gas" makes demand,
Thus my metre increases in rate;
'Tis the weather, you quite understand!

MR. PUNCH'S MUSEUM.



THE NATAL LOCUST.

Remarkable specimen of a migratory Locust (*Locusta Joubertoria*) at present swarming and doing much damage in Her Majesty's Colony of Natal. Effectual efforts are now in progress to drive the intruders to their place of origin beyond the river Vaal.

PRECIOUS POEMS.

I.—ODE TO A BLACKBEETLE.

HAIL! simple-minded cockroach
That wanders on the stairs,
Forgive me if with heedless foot
I crush thee unawares.

The great black boot descending
Produces one fell pop;
An ignominious ending,
So let the curtain drop,

And let us rather study
Thy innocence and glee,
And may the lessons thou canst teach
Be eloquent for me.

It's oh to be a beetle!
I'll cling to hearth and home,
I'll cherish sedentary tastes,
And never, never roam.

But yet one awful warning
Stands out both stern and clear,
They say they bait the beetle-trap
With BASS'S bottled beer.

Ridiculous elation
The harbinger of death,
In mild intoxication
Each beetle yields its breath!

How sweet to be a cockroach
That shuns the flowing bowl!
Be that my soft ambition and
My ever-glorious goal.

INCORRECT DESCRIPTION.—*Mrs. Doddler*.
Well, why they should call them battle-
fields "the seat of war" passes my under-
standing. There ain't much sitting about
as far as I can gather. It's more like
what my son calls "a stand-up fight."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

OPPORTUNELY at a time when the country is at fever heat of warlike patriotism, SMITH, ELDER bring out the story of the great war that ravaged the Continent between the years 1793 and 1815. Mr. FITCHETT has planned a work of four volumes, the first issued carrying the narrative from the Low Countries to Egypt. *How England Saved Europe* is the title of the work, a phrase based on a sentence from PITT's last public utterance, "England has saved herself by her exertions and will, as I trust, save Europe by her example." Mr. FITCHETT handles a glowing pen, and illumines as with torchlight the field on which opened PITT's long struggle with NAPOLEON. He is, my Baronite thinks, even better at sea than on land, and is certainly happier, since, if England saved Europe, it was the navy that a century ago saved England. The pluck of the British sailor, the bull-dog tenacity with which when he had got his teeth in the timbers of a French or Spanish ship he held on, is the more to his credit considering the dog's life—literally the whipped dog's life—he led on board ship.

Our Messrs. BRADBURY, AGNEW & Co. have issued a most attractively illustrated catalogue of various unique works they are offering to the public at this present time (or time for a Christmas "Present"), at such prices as would be ordinarily considered as "giving them away." But such literary and artistic treasures are—and the Baron begs to impress this as a fact on his readers—simply invaluable. So, as the butcher in the market shouts out, "Buy, buy, buy!" and as the KIPLING at the counter cries aloud, "Pay, pay, pay!"

In *The Progress of Pauline Kessler* (JOHN LONG), Mr. FREDERIC CARREL, as it seems to the Baron, having taken for his audaciously unprincipled heroine a descendant of the *Becky Sharp* stock, determined that as an adventuress she should "go one better" than her immortal Thackerayan prototype; and in placing her in a situation the unpleasantness of which is relieved by no touch of humour, he has certainly succeeded in out-beckying *Becky*. The climax of *Pauline Kessler's* progress is reached in the discovery by her divorced husband of her double-dyed and most repulsive treachery, and compared with this scene the surprisal by *Rawdon Crawley* of his wife with *Lord Steyne* is a mere interruption of a comparatively innocent flirtation. On this tableau the curtain must descend, for the author has tired of his heroine. "Out, out, brief candle!" and "then is heard no more" of *Pauline*, whose story, cleverly written as it is, aroused the Baron's interest, but as a pleasant and wholesome work it could not merit his unqualified approval. One thing is certain—it is not the genial sort of tale for "the festive season." The author is decidedly not a Christmas "CARREL."

As a practical and pleasing way of wishing people a Merry Christmas, Messrs. ROUTLEDGE have issued in one handsome volume "The Baby's Opera," "The Baby's Bouquet," and "The Baby's Own Esop," with the original designs in colour by WALTER CRANE. *Triplets* the treasure is called. In the first two parts we have all the deathless nursery rhymes, from "Girls and Boys come out to Play," to "Old King Cole was a Merry Old Soul." Every verse is set to music, mostly to tunes that have soothed centuries to sleep. "The Baby's Own Esop" is a rhymed version of the fables for which Mr. CRANE makes graceful acknowledgment to his friend and master, W. J. LINTON. Verse and music are delightful. But, after all, the pictures are the thing. Upon the book WALTER CRANE has lavished imagination, fancy, loving art, some of the daintiest and some of the boldest combinations of colour ever presented on the printed page. My Baronite says the book is far too good for the nursery, for which it is ostensibly designed. The thing to do is for fond parents to buy it, ostensibly for their loved ones, furtively convey it to their private chamber, and there gloat over its beauty. But walk up! Walk up! Fathers and mothers. There are only 500 copies of the work offered for Great Britain and Ireland.

The Baron heartily recommends *The De Willoughby Claims*, by Mrs. HODGSON BURNETT (F. WARNE & Co.), as being a most captivating story, not so much on account of the plot, which is somewhat intricate and only very gradually and grudgingly revealed, as by reason of the exceptionally refreshing character of the hero, *Tom de Willoughby*, and of the idyllic pair of lovers, *Rupert* and *Sheba*. As for the dear old faithful nigger, *Uncle Matt*, "one of the olden time," his sayings alone would be the making of a far less fascinating story. The Baron is not at all certain whether *Uncle Matt*, without whose energetic assistance the "claim" would have stood a poor chance of being



IN FACT.

Policeman (of "gallant," but still muzzled, "Little Wales"). "MADAM, ARE YOU AWARE THAT YOUR DOG HAS NO MUZZLE?"
Lady Visitor (from unmuzzled Middlesex—triumphantly). "AH, BUT THIS IS A MIDDLESEX DOG!"

heard in the Courts, is not the real hero of the story. Perhaps the authoress will "low" that this is so.

With great perseverance, my Junior Baronite says she has struggled to the end of MARION BOWER's book entitled *The Guests of Mine Host* (CASSELL & Co.), and comes to the conclusion that the plot is neither interesting nor original. We are introduced to a set of people residing at a free and easy hotel at La Séverie, about whom we soon learn all we care to know. Any one wishing to become acquainted with La Séverie has only to procure the book of *The Guests of Mine Host*, in which there is some bright writing that may take his fancy.

Beasts' Thumb-nail Studies in Pets (MACMILLAN & Co.), by WARDLAW KENNEDY, will be appreciated by any one taking an interest in these subjects, as it is full of valuable information—at least such is the opinion of our Assistant Baronite.

THE BARON DE B.-W.

ANOTHER ENCORE VERSE.

["Fifty thousand plum-puddings have been sent out for the troops at the front."—*Daily Paper*.]

WHEN you've eaten Christmas pudding—when you're groaning
in your grief—

When you waken with a taste about your mouth—
Will you drop a tear of pity in your little handkerchief

As you think of all those puddings ordered South?

For when the fun is over and poor TOMMY's tummy's wrecked,
A valetudinarian you'll find him,

Unable to do anything but sadly recollect

The digestion that he's been and left behind him.

Cook's son, Duke's son—(where are the rhubarb pills?)

(Fifty thousand puddings going to Table Bay!

Each of 'em doing its deadly work, and think of the
doctors' bills!)

TOMMY, beware! or dearly you will pay, pay, pay!

Q. When are the affairs of a theatre likely to assume a somewhat fishy aspect? A. When there's a Sole Lessee.



Aunt Ella. "WELL, BOBBIE, I HEAR IT'S YOUR BIRTHDAY TO-MORROW. NOW WHAT WOULD YOU LIKE YOUR AUNTIE TO GIVE YOU FOR A PRESENT?"
 Bobbie. "BIG BOX O' CHOC'LATES!"
 Aunt Ella. "WELL, AND WHAT ELSE?"
 Bobbie. "'N VVER BIG BOX O' CHOC'LATES!"
 Aunt Ella. "OH, BUT I'M AFRAID SO MANY CHOCOLATES WOULD BE TOO MUCH FOR YOUR LITTLE TUMMY. CHOOSE SOMETHING ELSE."
 Bobbie. "'NUVVER TUMMY!"

ICHABOD!

To a Lost Leader, with the condolence of Mr. Punch's Depreciator.

["The sentiments of Mr. MASSINGHAM in regard to the Boer War have compelled him to sever his connection with *The Daily Chronicle*."]

AND you are gone, we know not where!
 Vain to pursue your winged feet,
 Or guess against what balmy air
 Your rare and radiant pinions beat;
 What clime acclaims our fallen star,
 Our Little England's Avatar.

Ah! well for that most fluent pen,
 Fleet as the Street whose pride has flown;
 Most apt to win applause of men
 On any shores but England's own;
 Fresh fields it finds and pastures new—
 But what shall we poor jesters do?

Famine of Humour stalks the earth:
 In drought of Laughter droops the age;
 Scant is the mellowing rain of Mirth,
 And few the founts of Badinage;
 What shall we do, now you are gone,
 Whose wealth we used to live upon!

More punctual than the morning's post,
 That print arrived that bore your seal;
 The toothsome peer of buttered toast,
 Its charm beguiled the early meal:
 Laughter, they tell me, loud and rude,
 Makes you assimilate your food.

To gauge the pure magician's power
 I know no more exacting test;
 For at the crucial breakfast-hour
 A man is seldom at his best;
 Fodder, unless extremely light,
 Palls on his jaded appetite.

Such dainty pick-me-ups you threw
 Like largesse from a bursting store;
 As manna or the daily dew
 We took them in and asked for more;
 They filled our mouths as with a song,
 And kept us happy all day long.

It is entrancing to be taught
 At once precisely what is what;
 To know, without the need of thought,
 Just when a war is right or not;
 And whether Duty bids us beat
 The foes of Britain or of Crete.

To learn how best to shun the Pit,
 That primrose path where ROSEBERRY ran;
 Which side the fence one ought to sit—
 With CAMPBELL, or with BANNERMAN;
 Which PAUL a man should march behind,
 The METHUEN or the KRÜGER kind.

And yet 'twas not your views alone,
 (Often themselves devoid of art,)
 It was the subtle *timbre* or tone
 Making appeal from heart to heart;
 'Tis this that round the memory clings—
 The way in which you said the things!

I do not say that you possessed
 Even the brevity of wit;
 You never loved the conscious jest—
 At least I saw no signs of it;
 It was your deadly earnest air
 That shook the midriff past repair.

O, I have been a thankless worm!
 At times—if I may mention this—
 Your quill has sent a horrid squirm
 All down my British prejudice;
 And in my stupid haste I swore
 That you had come to be a Bore!

Why was my heart so wrongly stirred
 With floods of wrath too deep to dam?
 Why did I use a ribald word
 To rhyme with Mr. MASSINGHAM?
 Confession seems to make it worse—
 So please omit the present verse.

When I review our common past,
 The poignant bliss, the trivial ache;
 I see how recklessly you cast
 All else aside for Conscience' sake;
 If it would give that organ pain,
 I would not have you back again.

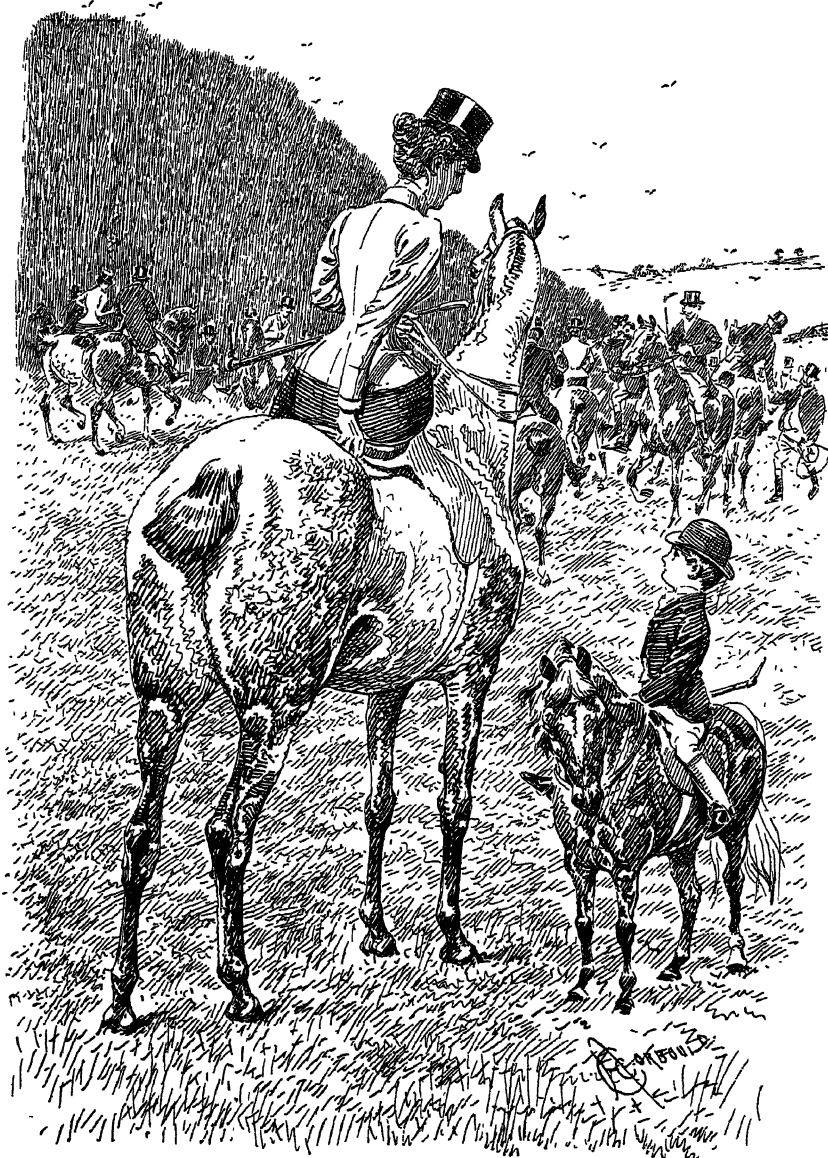
Farewell, farewell, suggestive ghost!
 Without you, how the world is strange!
 New voices rule the ancient roast,
 And Echo marks her half-penny change;
 Has every source of Humour fled?
 No, there is still our Brother STEAD!



THE MEDDLESOME BOY.

JOE (to himself). "WONDER HOW IT'S GETTING ON!"

LORD S-L-SB-RY (Head Gardener). "I DO WISH HE'D LET THINGS ALONE!"



AT A MEET.

"How is it, Tommy, that you are not piloting your little cousin this morning?"
 Tommy. "Oh! she's so troublesome at her fences. I'd divorce a woman who couldn't jump better than she can!"

THE VICTIM OF FASHION.

["This season, hair is to be worn green."—*The Hairdresser.*]

BLACK, auburn, gold
 My hair has been
 In hues of great variety,
 But now I'm told
 These shades are old,
 In fact the dyes are never sold
 In really good Society.
 One colour only is the rage,
 No other will be seen;
 In Fashion's ranks and on the stage
 This season, so declares the sage,
 The only wear is green.

Ah, cruel fate!
 Exacting pride!
 That sends me sans compassion
 To sit in state

From ten till eight
 The while the barber dyes my pate
 The shade required by Fashion.
 He'll bleach the black that once was
 red
 And golden. Woe betide
 The luckless owner of the head!
 Ah me! she will be worse than dead
 Or ever she is dyed.

INJUDICIOUS KINDNESS.

(Two items of news.)

From London.—Great quantities of knitted jerseys, woollen caps, thick vests, and other warm clothing suitable, sometimes, for December in England, have been sent to the army in South Africa.

From Cape Town.—The troops at the front are suffering severely from the extreme heat.

ENGLAND EXPECTS, ETC.

SCENE. *Editor's Sanctum. Editor and Sub discussing Contents Bill.*

Ed. You say we have no news?
 Sub. Absolutely none. Things appear to be at a standstill.

Ed. And yet you have got some good lines. "Signal Victory," "Enemy in Retreat," "Towns Relieved," "Siege of British Camp Raised." Surely that ought to satisfy them.

Sub. Think it's fairly good. But, dear me, I have left out a headline.

Ed. Have you? What?

Sub. I ought to have put in front of them all the word "Expected."

Ed. Oh, I see.

(Contents Bill passed.)

Alarming Intelligence.

Mrs. Smith (to Mrs. Jones). Yes, me and my 'usband 'ave resolved to boycott the Paris Exhibition, and are going to South-end instead.

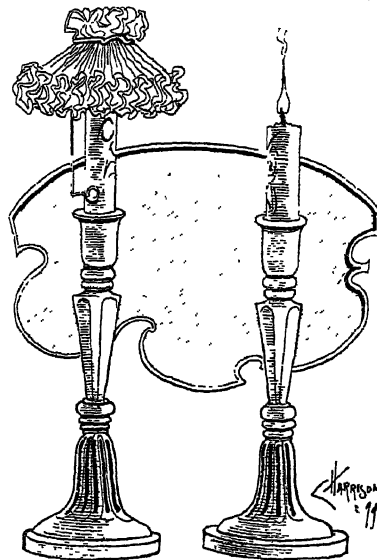
SUITABLE SPOTS.—*Pads-tow*—for ballet dancers; *Penn*—for writers; *Petworth*—for fair favourites; *Ring-wood*—for prize-fighters; *Rip-on*—for murderers; *Run-corn*—for chiropodists; *Settle*—for newly married couples; *Shrewsbury*—for viragos; *Skert-on*—for fair equestrians; *Slangham*—for perverters of the Queen's English; *Spils-by*—for steeplechasers.

WAR WHISPERS.—State-Attorney SMUTS has taken up a command in the Boer Army. This promises a black look-out for the British forces.

THE TWO PAULS.—Oom PAUL, who sits at home and mends the fire; Broom PAUL, who sweeps the enemy before him.

A DISH DISLIKED BY DUTCHMEN.—*Pommes de Plomb Sortie à la Mafeking.*

ABSINTHE-MINDED BEGGARS.—Writers for the Parisian gutter Press.



"Oh, you needn't be so stuck up. You're only a Shade taller than I am!"



CELEBRITIES (MORE OR LESS) AT HOME. No. 1.

THE RIGHT HON. J-S-PH CH-MB-RL-N, M.P.

J-s-s-e C-U-n-y. "OH, JOSEPH! THE LIKENESS TO WILLIAM PITT IS REALLY AMAZING!"*J-s-ph.* "AND YET, MY FAITHFUL JES-S-E, IF ONE MAY JUDGE BY THE EFFECT PRODUCED UPON THE WORLD, THERE WOULD SEEM TO BE SOME TRIFLE YET THAT WE HAVE OVERLOOKED!"

THE ORIGINALITY THEATRE OF VARIETIES.

Absolutely Unique Programme!
The Greatest Novelty in London!

NO PATRIOTIC SONGS.

NO WAR VERSES.

No Demands for Contributions to any Fund.

No Scramble for Money on the Stage.

No Women dressed as Soldiers.

NO REPRESENTATION OF THE HORRORS OF

THE BATTLEFIELD.

No Imitation Shells.

No Real Gunpowder.

No Performance of *Rule Britannia*.

Soldiers of the Queen entirely omitted.

The National Anthem reserved for better

occasions amidst better surroundings.

If you want to spend a pleasant evening,

COME HERE!

You will not have to do the greater part

of the singing, after paying for admission,

and also contributing to a fund.

You will not be deafened by the howls of

others.

Any person shouting, singing, or whist-

ling is at once turned out.

The most complete change for those who

live within hearing of the newspaper

sellers, in any part of London or the provinces.

NO YELLS!

Complete Programme.

No Diminution in the Number of Turns.

The Management has not attempted any economy in the engagement of artists by compelling the audience during the time of at least one turn, to sing patriotic songs.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.—In consequence of the great success of this entirely novel programme, the receipts have increased so much that the management is enabled to devote ten per cent. of the profits, every evening, to the Funds for the benefit of the troops and those depending on them.

Box office open day and night.

BOOK EARLY.

Standing room only all this week.

One stall in the last row for next

Monday not yet taken. This seat can

be booked by letter or telegram.

THE WRIGHT MAN IN THE RIGHT PLACE.

—Mr. Justice WRIGHT, who in re "Industrial Contract Corporation" has recently been studying, with fairly satisfactory results, "NEWTON'S Principia."

SPORTING EVENTS FOR 1900.

(From a Fixture List made in France.)

January 1.—Fox-shooting commences.

10.—Hit-ball (cricket) is played in armour.

31.—Newspaper-chase (English game) on motor cars begins.

February 1.—Bird-shooting with horns commences.

10.—Poodles' fête-day. They are decorated with blue-riband bows.

28.—Great boxe. Big weights (20 stone) against small weights (15 stone).

March 1.—Four-in-hands. Parade of postilions driving, with owners in the interior.

10.—Kick-ball in armour (optional). All France against a team from New Putney (Junior Colts).

31.—Minnow fishing commences with horn accompaniment.

April 1.—Commencement of the Sports vacation.

November 30.—End of the Sports vacation.

December 1.—Great flat race. English cab-horses barred.

10.—Fancy bazaar and ball of perfect gentlemen-rider-boatsmen.

31.—Fox-shooting ends.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

By X. Y. Z.

[*New York, Dec. 2.*—Sir BROOKLYN (EAGLE), the greatest politician of the Washington Government, contradicts in the most absolute manner the existence of an entente between England, America, and Germany. He adds that there is not the smallest probability that this union has been able to be effected.

Note—The English despatch qualifies BROOKLYN as "Eagle"—a word which has no equivalent in our political language.—*La Liberté*, Dec. 3.

It is believed that within a week the English will surrender to the Boers. A telegram from the Cape gives details of a battle at Nesmisa (Egypt). Colonel WINGATE with a body of native troops utterly defeated a strong British column commanded by ARNOLD, killing 400 British soldiers, and taking about 300 prisoners. The news of this defeat has been badly received, and has much aggravated the situation in England.—*Union Conservadora*, Canary Islands.]

WHO says that gaiety's left the earth,
Who sighs o'er the death of humour,
While the *Liberté* lives to disseminate
mirth,
And the *Union* improves on rumour.

O let lovers of laughter at once subscribe
To these Spanish and French side-
splitters;
Let us buy up the whole international
tribe
That are tearing their rage to—titters!

Sir BROOKLYN (EAGLE) is fit to match
The Canary canard to date, or
The new-Leyds samples that daily hatch
From the Brussels incubator.

There's the Rotterdam wire "All's well,"
that meant
(In cipher) that "Ladysmith's taken";
And the Petersburg papers that represent
How "Tommy" eats Boers like bacon!

Fly round the Continent, fearful fowl,
Nightmare, from your mare's nest flutter!
Wild-geese, when your antics have made
us howl
With laughing, return to your gutter!

ESKIMO NOTES.

If we cannot go to the North Pole, the North Pole (or thereabouts) has come to us in the shape of thirty-five Eskimos with their dogs and a Polar bear, brought by Mr. TABER, of New York City, for Manager CLEARY'S show at Olympia. They are not exactly Savage South Africans, but that doesn't matter, as they are charming people, high-bred (about 60° to 70° Lat. N.), polished (with seal-oil) and seasonable, with their Arctic scenery and stage-properties. They come from the well-known district of Ungava in the top left-hand corner of Labrador, and represent the important communities of the Kikertaksoaks, or Big Islanders, and the Napoklutegatsuks (Much Moss and Little Firewood), who are doubtless to be found in the Landed Gentry Guide of the Dominion of Canada. Alukmikiuk (Big Small Man) and Ituk, are very good at playing seal on the floor, and in fact quite take the *Kayak* or cake for their performance, which is accomplished with great deliberation and much blowing and grunting, one being the hunter and the other the quarry. Some of the ladies are comely to a degree, and by no means



RESIGNATION.

Sylvio. "MY POOR DOLLY'S HEAD'S BEEN BROKEN OFF! BUT"—(deep sigh)—"IT'S ALL FOR THE BEST!"

frigid in demeanour. With their orange-tawny complexion, straight black hair, and slit eyes, they are a welcome change from the Kafirs and the Fuzziwuzzies. As none of them speak a word of English, there is small chance of the Eskimos of either sex being eloped with. "Aksunai," however, which is Labradorian for "How do you do" or "Good-bye," according to the context, produces a smile of recognition. At least, such was the experience of
ZEDWHYKS.

A MATTER OF WEIGHT.

(A Story for other Soldiers beside the Marines.)

THE recruit was introduced. He had been passed by the doctor. There was nothing wrong with his teeth, and he was right in regard to inches.

"Can you shoot straight?"
"Could when I was at school," was the prompt reply. "Won any number of prizes."

"And perhaps you know something about tactics?"

"Yes, Sir. At least I read all the military histories I could get at."

"Good character, too?"
"Think so, Sir. Taking to soldiering because my mother's lost her all, and I

want to be useful. Besides, I've always wished to follow the flag."

"Kind of fellow to get a commission!" thought the inspecting officer. "Put him in the scales."

Then the recruit underwent the ordeal. It was unsatisfactory.

"Pity!" exclaimed the inspecting officer. "He would have been worth his salt. No chance?"

"No, Sir. He's not heavy enough to satisfy the regulation by at least three ounces!"

And so there was a Tommy less than there might have been.

INTERNATIONAL ARITHMETIC PAPER.

1. Explain the Rule of Three. What would happen when all three wanted to rule at once?

2. Find the Present Worth of two repudiated understandings.

3. Extract the Cuba root of an Anglo-Saxon Alliance: divide by arbitration: what remains?

4. Given a union based solely on interest, what will be the ratio of the interest to the lack of principle?

5. Find by Practice the cost of gross caricature, and reduce the caricaturist to Vulgar Fractions.



Unappreciative Sister (to Minor Poet, speaking of his latest production).
 "AND WHAT DID *THE SLASHER* SAY?"
 Minor Poet. "HAD THE IMPERTINENCE TO SAY THAT IT WAS TOO GASY!"

U. S. "BUT I THOUGHT THAT THAT WAS *THE CROAKER*'S CRITICISM?"

M. P. "OH NO! THEY SAID THAT THE METRE WAS ALL WRONG!"

U. S. "WELL, ONE MIGHT ACCOUNT FOR THE OTHER, MIGHT IT NOT?"

"STARRING" AT THE AVENUE.

THE most prejudiced adversary of the theatre would be inclined to admit that, were the moral inculcated by all stage-plays as excellent and as clearly enforced by authors and actors

as it is in the romantic comedy by Mr. RICHARD GANTHONY, entitled *A Message from Mars*, now being performed at the Avenue Theatre, the ground of his conscientious objections would have been cut from under his feet. *A Message from Mars*, reminiscent as it is of DICKENS' *Christmas Carol*, being founded on precisely the same idea brought up to date, is not only admirable in its moral teaching, but is at once the least conventional, the most naturally comic and genuinely pathetic play that has been produced within, we should be inclined to say, the last twenty years. The dramatised versions of DICKENS' Christmas books were excellent stories, but indifferent plays.

It is a piece which, we think, could be seen more than once with increasing pleasure; a compliment that can be honestly paid to very few plays, ancient or modern. What is the idea? Merely this: we have before our eyes an apparently hopelessly selfish man, who, in a dream, is converted into the most unselfish being through the agency of a supernatural messenger from Mars, who is to him what *Marley's Ghost* and the *Spirits of Past, Present, and Future* were to the miserly *Scrooge*. The chief character, *Horace Parker*, may, indeed, be fitly described as *Scrooge's* great-grandson, while his supernatural and rather clerically-preaching visitant, the missionary from the above-mentioned planet, impressively played (of course as a "star part") by Mr. G. E. TITHERADGE, bears an uncommonly strong resemblance to our old friend the Ghost in *Hamlet*, only that he has the advantage over that pedestrian apparition in possessing the power of flight, so that, without evident wings, he ascends, instead of returning below at cock-crow to that uncomfortable residence which the Shakespearian Shade so thrillingly describes. *Scrooge's* great-grandson has as rough a time of it during this vision as had his Dickensian ancestor during his; and on awaking he proves himself to be as entirely a changed character—changed of course for the better, nay for the best—as was old *Scrooge* after the departure of the last of the Spirits. Such is the bare outline of the play: but where would its success have come in without admirable acting, such as at this Theatre interprets it to the public? Where could it have been without CHARLES HAWTREY? Is there another actor, English or French, who could have played the part of haunted *Horace Parker* and made it a modern possibility? No praise can be too high for CHARLES HAWTREY in this character.

MISS BELLA BATEMAN is excellent as the aunt; and Miss JESSIE BATEMAN plays the sweet, gentle, unselfish girl to whom *Horace Parker* is betrothed, with most winsome natural grace. "Pick 'em where you like," all engaged in the piece are good, and Mr. ARTHUR WILLIAMS, as the starving tramp, scores for himself a record in acting and in "make-up."

Nor must the sympathetic musical accompaniment by Mr. ERNEST BUCALOSI be excluded from our hearty praise, seeing how much depends on it. The overture and selections are spirited, and contribute their quota towards the general success. How valuable is a sharp orchestral director who knows the opportune melody for the right time! Mr. GANTHONY is to be heartily congratulated on having had the good luck to be played by Mr. CHARLES HAWTREY and such able assistance.

[“Ladies are to wear their hair arranged very high on the top of the head this season.”—*Daily Paper*.]



The new style will be very charming for evening dress.

But how is the hat to be worn? This is effective, but would bring on a cold in the head.

And this way would certainly be considered "forward."

And this mode might be regarded as too retrogressive.

May our Artist therefore suggest the above as a way out of the difficulty?



"WHAT ARE YER GOING TO DO WITH IT?"
 "TAKE IT 'OME, AND MAKE ICE-CREAMS FOR THE SUMMER!"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

That Reminds Me (FISHER UNWIN) is the quaint title Sir EDWARD RUSSELL has hit upon for a book for which he is careful to disclaim intention of autobiography. It happily labels a series of disjointed recollections. The author is a man of keen insight, shrewd judgment, and, like Ulysses, has seen much of men and cities. His honourable march in the front ranks of the Press dates back to the days of the *Morning Star*, nursing mother of many renowned journalists. He has had the advantage of studying the House of Commons from the differing points of view of the Press Gallery and the floor. His personal acquaintance with prominent men of the day is as varied as it is wide. Supplementing these special advantages with a good memory and a charming literary style, he sits down and just talks. The volume is avowedly scrappy. But scraps of conversation by a well-informed man who can frame sentences are exceedingly pleasant. Sir EDWARD notices that "until DISRAELI had 'arrived,' he considered his strong points to be eccentricity, mystery, anything to gain notoriety. The very week he passed into office his manner changed. Gait, aspect, everything became grave, and the child of adventurous caprice was visibly the heavy-weighted man of affairs." That Reminds my Baronite that when Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL became Leader of the House of Commons there followed a change in his manner which is precisely described by the words quoted.

If you want a right-down honest laugh, varied occasionally by a quiet satirical smile, just to give the risible muscles a rest, read Mr. OWEN SEAMAN'S collection of poems modestly entitled *In Cap and Bells* (JOHN LANE). The majority of them appeared in Mr. Punch's pages, some in *The World*, and the imitation of GEORGE MEREDITH in *The Morning Post*; but pick 'em where you like, "all are excellent and mirth provoking."

Mr. ARTHUR LAWRENCE has written a sort of biography of Sir ARTHUR SULLIVAN. It is published by JAMES BOWDEN. The book is photographically illustrated, and it is somewhat interesting to trace the gradual "passing of ARTHUR" from being a Chapel Royal chorister, aged twelve, in a quaint costume, through various stages of development up to the "present day," when there is a capital portrait of him as he must have looked when having conquered Time he is defying Time. Of course, now that Sir ARTHUR is at the top of his particular tree, it is interesting to have the answer to the Siddonian question, "How gat he there?" With only one statement is the Baron concerned.

The idea of "Happy Thoughts" did not occur to the author of that immortal work in the way narrated by the musical ARTHUR to the literary ARTHUR. Of the origin, rise, and progress of "Happy Thoughts," something will be said in certain forthcoming reminiscences, but that something will not be anticipated here. Literary ARTHUR justly appreciates musical ARTHUR's rare qualities, and the Baron takes this opportunity of heartily testifying to the truth of a most interesting summary of character given at p. 218, &c. For the true story of the rupture between the incomparable librettist, W. S. GILBERT (on the one part), and musical ARTHUR with delicately-placed D'OYLY CARTE (on the other), we must await their reminiscences.

The Boys of the Priory School, by FLORENCE COOMBE (BLACKIE AND SON), will find many friends among our schoolboy-readers, for this is a most stirring tale of school life—full of interest from beginning to end.

Writing just a year ago on the appearance of Mr. SYDNEY LEE'S *Life of Shakespeare*, my Baronite welcomed it as the best book on the topic that has appeared through the centuries. That this view was shared by the public appears from the gratifying fact that the book rapidly ran through four editions. Messrs. SMITH, ELDER, have now brought out a library edition, illustrated with many interesting, some rare, pictures. The handsome volume is expanded beyond the limits of its modest progenitor in various directions suggested by further study and by hints from authorities. In its new form it will worthily take its place as a classic.

To the Oxford "Thumb" Edition of English Classics, Mr. HENRY FROWDE has added *The Compleat Angler*. How *Piscator*, *Venator* and *Anceps* would stare if they could see this work of the art of the 19th century! The gudgeon (which ISAAC WALTON spells with an i, SAMMY) is quite a whale by comparison with the bulk of the volume. To be precise, it measures $2\frac{1}{2} \times 1\frac{1}{2}$ inches, and it weighs under an ounce. Yet, thanks to the mystery of Oxford India paper, the treasured secret of the University Press, my Baronite finds its 508 pages are in type pleasantly readable.

The Leadenhall Press is bringing out some quaint reproductions of little books, that amused our little great-great-grandfathers and mothers at the end of last century and the beginning of the present one, now rapidly coming to a close. One is *A New Riddle Book of 1778*; *The Daisy, or Canterbury Stories in Verse*, 1807, and *The Cowslip, or More Cautionary Stories in Verse*, 1811, the last-mentioned clearly proving how "pre-cautionary measures" had caught on with the public. The covers are of a peculiar old-fashioned harlequin copy-book pattern, the woodcuts are of the very woodenest, and the verses are by an unconscious humourist. As a revival, not a survival, they are interesting and amusing.

A permanently valuable present at Christmas time is *The Handy Volume Shakespeare*, perfectly printed, neatly and usefully bound, and all contained in a small Private Box, issued by the firm of Messrs. BRADBURY & AGNEW. It is an eminently Handy-pocketty series, as any single volume can be carried easily in an ordinary coat-pocket, and what is more, its contents can be read in almost all lights without the slightest inconvenience.

Another trebly-excellent Christmas present and among the very best that can be given, says the Baron, at once useful and ornamental to any noble library shelves ("Gentlemen! our noble shelves!"), is the entire set of the works of CHARLES DICKENS, cleverly printed with the original illustrations, as now being issued by *The Daily News*. The Baron having tasted, tried and bought these books can highly recommend them.

Mr. G. A. HENTY, and collaborators, have produced *Yuletide Yarns* (LONGMANS, GREEN & Co.), quite Christmassy and thoroughly Henty-taining. THE BARON DE B.-W.

CHRISTMAS ON THE TRANSVAAL FRONTIER.

Captain Scabbard. I say, CHARLIE, how does the thermometer read to-day?

Captain Sheath. Oh! somewhere about ninety in the shade. But why do you ask, old chap?

Captain Scabbard. Only because my dear old Aunt SARAH has sent me a sealskin overcoat, a bearskin rug, and half-a-dozen Cardigan jackets, to keep the cold out. What shall I do with 'em?

Captain Sheath. Send 'em home to the little Englishers. They're always in a state of shiver.

SUGGESTED NAME (for an Anglo-Indian Uncle at Yuletide).—TIPPOO SAHIB.



TRYING A NEW SONG.

Emperor William sings (*for all*)—"You can't go wrong in a NAUTICAL SONG
IF YOU SING YEO-HO! YEO-HO!" Now, GENTLEMEN, CHORUS, IF YOU PLEASE!"
(*Chorus without enthusiasm.*)

CHRISTMAS SHOPPING.

(A Soliloquy.)

TERRIBLE job buying presents. . . . Such a crowd too. . . . *What can you show me?* Wait a moment till I've found that list. . . . Now then, we'll take them in order. Aunt EMILY is the first. . . . Blotting-book? Clock? Napkin-rings? . . . No, she's sure to have plenty of them already. . . . Photograph-frame? . . . Ah, that might do; even if she's got some, another one is sure to be useful. . . . Yes, I'll take that one, please. Who comes next? Mrs. COLMAN. . . . Why, a photograph-frame would be just the very thing for her—she had her baby photographed only the other day. . . . Well, there's two of them settled, anyhow. . . . There's then JACK. . . . Scissor-case? No, no; it's for a man this time. . . . Spirit-flask? Ah, that's more like it. . . . Yes, I think that one will do nicely. . . . Hold hard, though; didn't I hear that JACK has turned Total Abstinence? . . . It was either that or Vegetarian, I'm sure; and if it's the former, a spirit-flask would look like a studied insult. . . . Better not risk it. . . . A photograph-frame? Yes, that would be safer. I'll have that one, then. Now then for DICK and MARY. Give 'em one thing between them, can't afford separate presents for husband and wife. . . . Cigar-case? No, it isn't for a man. . . . Work-basket? No, it isn't for a woman. . . . I want something neutral, if you understand. Something appropriate for both of them. Luncheon-basket? . . . Oh, that's much too expensive; besides, they wouldn't use it. . . . Pair of photograph-frames? . . . Why, that's a rather good idea—each could frame the other's photo. . . . Excellent gift for a young married couple. And I might as well send another pair to the WILLOUGHBYs. . . . Come, there's five presents chosen, anyhow. . . . Absurd fuss people make about the difficulty of choosing them—quite easy, if you set about it



Gutter-snipe (who has accidentally brushed against a newly-painted Pillar-box). "WELL, THEY MIGHT 'AVE WRITTEN 'WET PAINT,' SPOILIN' FOLKS' CLOTHES LIKE THAT!"



CHRISTMAS SHOPPING.

"It won't run to a Cab!" and none of the 'Bus Conductors appear to see him.

in the right way. . . . Uncle NED comes next. . . . They tell me he's mad keen on golf nowadays, so I must find something appropriate to a golfer. . . . Presents are so much better appreciated if one remembers each person's hobbies and selects accordingly. . . . A little extra trouble, of course, but I don't grudge that. . . . Patent scoring-tablet? . . . Doubt if he'd care for that, somehow. . . . Penwiper, with a demon playing golf on it? . . . Wouldn't do for him; he always uses a typewriter. . . . Photograph-frame, with silver clubs and balls embossed on it? Just the very thing! . . . Now there's only Master TOMMY left on my list. . . . Oh, you don't keep toys here. . . . Well I really can't be bothered to go to another shop to-day. . . . Besides, he'll outgrow toys in a few years'

time. . . . Much kinder, really, to give him something that he'll always like. . . . Opera-glasses? Barometer? . . . Perhaps he's hardly old enough for those yet. . . . This frame now—yes, that'll do; he can put his mother's photograph into it.

Hurray! I've finished the lot. . . . Yes, send them round to this address, please. . . . Let's see, I chose a photograph-frame for Aunt EMILY—and Mrs. COLMAN's—why, hers was a frame too! . . . And what did I choose for JACK? It was another, I declare! And DICK and MARY and the WILLOUGHBYs? . . . Why, you idiot, you've let me buy nine photograph-frames! . . . Selected them myself? Nonsense! Of course this won't do; they'd think I'd gone into the business! Dash it all! I suppose I shall have to come here to-morrow and start all over again!



STORIES WITHOUT WORDS.

How "THE SECOND HORSEMAN" WENT HOME.

VIVE LA FRANCE!

[“Some literary philanthropists have had the happy thought of starting an Authors’ Loan Office for the exclusive benefit of the French man of letters. At the ‘Maison des Lettres,’ in the Rue de Ranelagh, Paris, he can borrow from five to twenty francs as easily as he orders a book, and ‘no questions asked.’”—*Daily News*.]

WHEN never an editor guesses
My place in poetical ranks,
But promptly returns my MSS.
With scarcely so much as a “Thanks!”
When gone is the last of my credit,
When bailiffs will load me a dance,
I think—ah! how often I’ve said it—
They order things better in France.

Here, no one will lend me a stiver;
There, poets are popular pets,
And if one be in want of a fiver,
He’s only to ask and he gets.
Friends fly me as one that’s plague-smitten,
If I ask for a trifling advance—
Ah! why was I born a mere Briton?
They order things better in France.

Here, all is a pitiless blankness
To the penniless man of the quill;
There, they meet you with genial frankness,
And francs, which are pleasanter still;
And as to the point of repayment,
They trust to your honour and chance;
There’s no need for pawning your raiment—
They order things better in France.

Ah! lives there the kind-hearted man I’ll
Provide me with third-single fare?
How gladly I’d fly o’er the Channel
And set up my residence there!



THE SKITTISH BIRRELL AND THE TOUGH NUT.

[Mr. AUGUSTINE BIRRELL, Q.C., M.P., at the request of the Party, is to give up a safe seat for West Fife to contest North-East Manchester.]

There, poets are not petty debtors,
There, opulence looks not askance
At the rags of the poor man of letters—
They order things better in France.

RÉFLEXIONS MATUTINALES.

(Written by an Anglo-French Bon Vivant
“the morning after.”)

AIE! Vraiment je suis très malade,
I think it was the lobster salad.
Mon cher, il n’y a pas d’quoi à rire,
I tell you I feel very queer,
Je n’ai pas dormi toute la nuit,
And tossed about as if at sea.
Il faut me mettre un cataplasme,
It may alleviate my spasm,
Et j’n’ai pris qu’un p’tit morceau,
In future I’ll such things forego!
Quand j’en prends je souffre toujours,
For my digestion is so poor!
Et sachant cela j’étais trop bête—
It serves me right for what I ate.
Mais j’avoue j’n’ai pas la force
To pause ere tasting good rich sauce,
Je dis cela maintenant, mais que faire—
The next time that I see it there?
L’abstinence elle n’est qu’une sottise,
I know that I shall take the lot!

HE GIVES US FITS!—Who? SPARAGNA-PANE, for at Christmas time he invents novel Cosagues. The designs of SPARAGNAPANE (we wish he would shorten his name to “SPARA,” and at Christmas time leave out all mention of “pane”) & Co. are better than ever, and this is the highest praise possible.

MR. BIRRELL AMONG THE PROPHETS.

(By Mr. Punch's Depreciator.)

[At a session of the National Liberal Federation, held at Manchester, a resolution was moved by Mr. AUGUSTINE BIRRELL to the effect that "there was no option but to prosecute the war vigorously"; also that the right of criticism should be reserved.]

THEY did you wrong, my dear AUGUSTINE BIRRELL,
They missed the character that stamps your brow,
Who took you simply for a sort of squirrel
That quaintly pirouettes from bough to bough.

They thought that when you roamed the Liberal rostrum
A constant eacinnation must occur,
Nor deemed you could proscribe a serious nostrum
Suitable for the needs of Manchester.

But there were some of us who knew your nature,
To whom your martial manner most appealed,
Taught to admire and dimly emulate your
Peculiar courage in the cricket-field.

We knew your air (at leg) sublime and solemn
That answered to the high occasion's call;
We had observed your shin-bone's stately column
Come into contact with the bounding ball.

One fancies how you faced the fiery Caucasus
Bidding it hold its judgment up its sleeve,
Control the rising passion to be rancous,
And hush the bosom's tendency to heave.

One seems to catch the transient ray that trembled
Lonely athwart the preternatural gloom,
Then when you hinted how the foe resembled
A burglar drifting round your dressing-room.

While he was busy with your shaving-tackle,
While he annexed your soap and collar-stud,
It was no time, you said, for legal cackle,
The thing you wanted was the burglar's blood.

Your window—how he managed to undo it,
Who eased the bolt upon the garden gate,
Whether the Butler was a party to it,—
This kind of evidence could clearly wait.

Leaving the quest to magisterial Nemesis,
You would proceed at once to sound alarms;
The spoiler must be put from off the premises
Into (if possible) a peeler's arms.

Sir, I am with you in your illustration,
Though elsewhere—not upon the tented green—
Full often with respectful deprecation
I view you o'er a gulf that gapes between.

I could dispute your charges, half out-spoken;
Yet when the war is done—God speed the day!—
Except we shirk the Truth, by every token
There should be sundry rude accounts to pay.

If those to whom the nation's life was trusted
Have had the fear of men before their eyes;
If petty thrift has kept our armour rusted,
Or love of place has filled their mouths with lies;—

If treason, seated high, has hurt our honour,
If civil power has foiled a soldier's fame;
Let censure bide: she takes this task upon her—
Justice—to bare the fault, to fix the blame.

Let wheat and chaff alike await the sickle;
The day of harvesting comes slow but sure;
The winnowing-fan shall prove what faith was fickle,
What heart was innocent, what eye was pure.

MEMS.

THE Channel Tunnel is most undesirable except in very rough weather.

Between Dover and Calais a traveller is a bad sailor first, and an Englishman afterwards.

The opening of the booking-office for the pantomime heralds the deadhead's disappearance.



OUR CHRISTMAS THEATRICALS.

"I SAY, WHAT THE DICKENS AM I TO DO? THOSE BEASTLY PEOPLE HAVE ONLY SENT THE TOP PART OF MY COSTUME!"

THE MILITIAMAN'S VADE MECUM.

Question. I think you are proud to belong to what is known as "The Old Constitutional Force?"

Answer. Certainly, although that feeling has not been encouraged by the Public.

Q. You mean that the Militia has been habitually held up to ridicule?

A. Yes, for many years.

Q. Do you know the reason of this pastime?

A. Presumably because the force is only in evidence for about a month, and then only in a badly-fitting uniform.

Q. And the officers have been twitted for retaining their rank outside the training?

A. Very frequently, especially by those who know very little about the Militia and its services.

Q. The Militia then has been useful to the Nation?

A. As an army of reserve at all times.

Q. And particularly in times of national danger?

A. Quite so, when the regiments have been embodied for service in garrison, or even at the front.

Q. And at the present moment is not the Old Constitutional Force of the greatest possible value to the country?

A. That seems to be the opinion of the Public, echoed by the Public Press.

Q. Then you think that it is advisable to put this matter as forcibly as possible before those who read?

A. Most undoubtedly—lest they forget.

Q. And how do you think this can best be done?

A. In the pages of *Punch*.

STINGY'S SUGGESTION.—"Not at home, baker, butcher, dust-man, and candlestick-maker," is the most economical reply to calls on Boxing Day.

"THE ABSENT-MINDED BEGGAR."—The man who did not send anything to the Naval Brigade Tobacco Fund.



Dealer. "I CAN ASSURE YOU, MADAM, IT'S WELL WORTH THE MONEY. LOOK AT THE INLAY IN IT."
 Customer. "YES—IT'S THE OUT LAY I'M LOOKING AT."

"URBI ET ORBI."

To all whom it may concern, and there is no one on this habitable globe whom this matter does *not* concern, these presents :—

On and after the first week of the New Year, with the number to be dated January 3, 1900, *Mr. Punch* will give, then and thenceforward, *four-and-twenty pages, all told, at the old established price of Threepence*, in which every week will be comprised the special feature of the new issue, a story complete in one number, or "to be continued in our next" and in our next after that, as the case may be, by writers already eminent, or whose title to eminence it would be hazardous to question after their appearance among the "Extra Pages" in the distinguished service of *Mr. Punch*. Be it remembered that WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY gave to the world some of his best and freshest story-writing in *Punch*, as did also DOUGLAS JERROLD with the famous "Mrs. Caudle's Curtain Lectures." To these succeeded a series of papers by GILBERT ABBOTT ABECKETT, and another series by SHIRLEY BROOKS, both of which achieved instant popularity; and in *Mr. Punch's* pages,

not a few notable "serials" have since appeared. "*Punch*" is a Periodical with a Past,—a brilliant Past,—and with, we are fairly entitled to hope, as brilliant a Future. For the Present, suffice it then to say that in the first number for the New Year 1900, *Mr. Punch* leads off with a story entitled :—

THE DÉBUT OF BIMBASHI JOYCE,

written by Dr. CONAN DOYLE, a name which, with the prefix of "DICKY" and the signature of the "Dickie Bird," recalls some of the most popular among our earliest productions; for who is there that does not remember, or who has not heard of the immortal "Mr. Pips his Diary" as illustrated by RICHARD DOYLE, to whose marvellous fancy the world is indebted for that perennial masterpiece of fairy-like fancy, the Frontispiece of *Punch*? With what more auspicious omen for the future than that of the name of DOYLE taking the lead among our story-writers, could we start upon our New Departure?

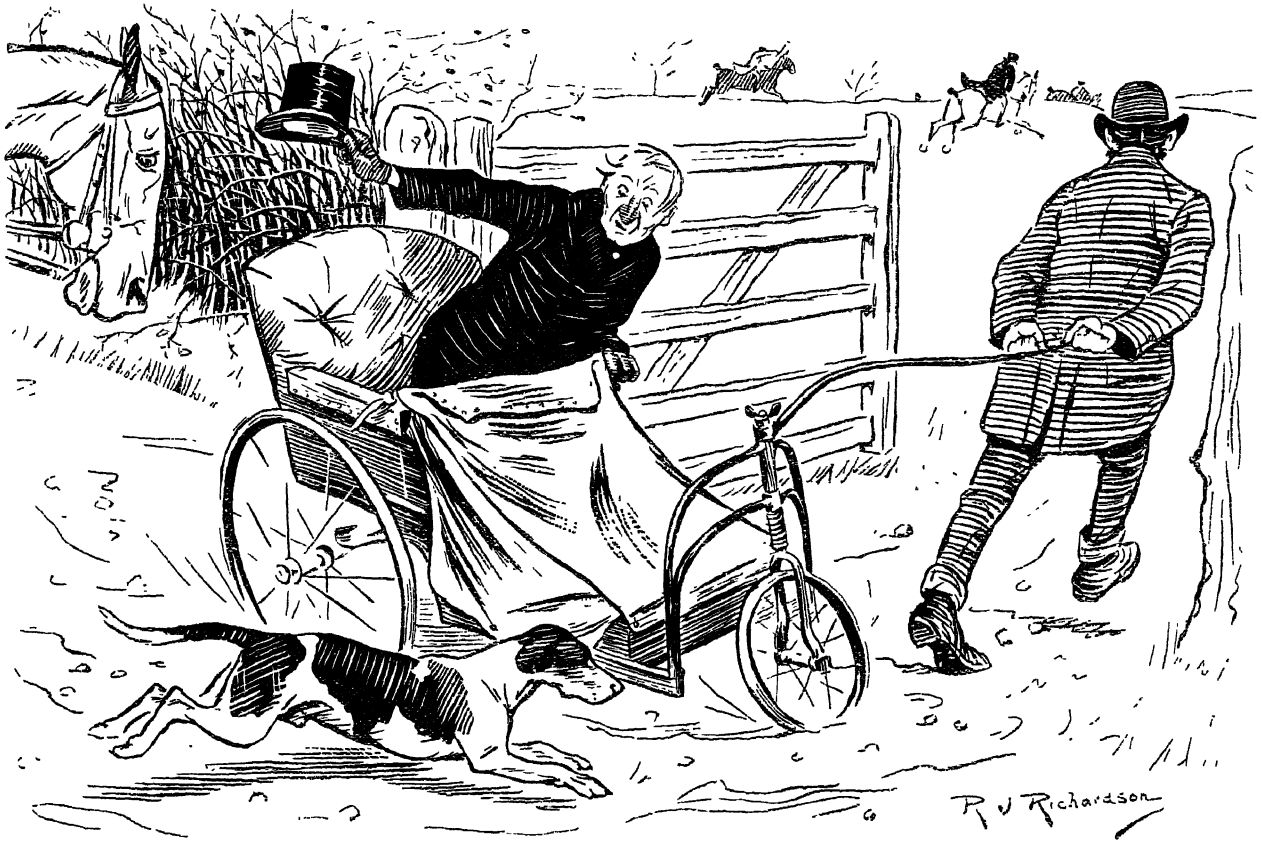
And so to all, in token of universal Good Fellowship, we give the Heartiest Christmas Greeting.

PUNCH.



THE SULLIED WHITE FLAG.

JOHN BULL. "IF YOU ABUSE THAT FLAG, I WON'T ANSWER FOR MY MEN."



THERE'S LIFE IN THE OLD DOG YET.

Ex-M. P. H. (eighty nine and paralytic). "FORA-A-D ! FORA-A-D ! FORA-A-A-D !"

A SAD BALLADE OF THE MISTLETOE-BOUGH.

(With an Appeal by an Old Fogey.)

ONCE, a Queen who must be obeyed,
Throned on high was the mistletoe;
Lord and labourer duly paid
Christmas homage and dues below.
How the pleasant old customs go!
Now you never, alas, may see
What you ought 'neath the mistletoe!—
Things are not what they used to be.

Once could PHYLLIS, demure and staid,
Slyly glance at the mistletoe,
Half afraid that he would—sweet maid—
Half afraid he would not, you know!
Now, with never a blush to show,
Blasées maidens of high degree
Drawl and yawn 'neath the mistletoe—
Things are not what they used to be.

Merry once was the part she played,
Poor old obsolete mistletoe!
Christmas jollity's lost her aid,
Fashion's found her not *comme il faut*.
Only footman and cook, I trow,
Sometimes now on the sly, may be,
Pay their dues 'neath the mistletoe!—
Things are not what they used to be.

Envoi.

Ladies, Gentlemen, Belle and Beau,
Down with fashion's absurd decree!
Make, I pray, 'neath the mistletoe
Things once more what they used to be!

MR. PUNCH'S MUSEUM.



THE "WHITE" SOLDIER, OR HERMIT CRAB

This is a fine example of a plucky crustacean, which has earned the title, owing to its extreme combativeness, of "the Soldier Crab" (Wood's *Nat. Hist.*). Mr. Punch's specimen is from Ladysmith, Natal, where, despite the strenuous efforts of its enemies to dislodge it, this brave little creature has kept its shell for many weeks, fighting continuously, with only trifling injury to itself.

PRECIOUS POEMS.

II.—THE SARDINE; OR, COMPASSION.

Oh, tiny headless fish, entombed in tin,
Thou too art mortal, and as such akin
To that proud being known as man. Alas!
That man should bring such fearsome
deeds to pass.

What cruelty is here! Thy martyred
frame

Is cast into the scalding oil. No shame
Appears upon the brazen cheek of those
Who pack the sordid tin with all thy woes.
And all for what? To gratify the gust
Of fellow mortals, children of the dust.

Deep in recesses of the ocean wild,
The mother sardine long may mourn her
child.

Tears, such as herrings weep, bedew her
face,

Gone is her quondam buoyancy and grace.
"Come back!" she cries. "Come back!"
the rocks reply,
In echoing witness of her misery.

And what if there be one whose tender
heart

Fancies her lover faithless? See her start
When scaly forms approach her; but in
vain

She scans the silvery tenants of the main,
Seeking the fish who swore undying love;
She knows not he has gone to realms above,
And lies before me now, a dainty corpse.—

How weak is man! My lower nature warps
My better judgment, and I fain would sup.
Loathing my weakness, thus I eat thee up.



THE NEW "FORESTER" IN THE NEW FOREST.

THERE IS CERTAINLY ONE WILY OLD INHABITANT OF THE FOREST THAT IT WILL PUZZLE EVEN HIM TO LURE OUT INTO THE OPEN JUST AT PRESENT.

["Lord ROSEBURY has just become a 'Free Forester.'"—*Daily Paper.*]

SOME SUGGESTIONS.

To the New Clerk of the Weather.

BY EKS WHY ZED.

[DR. ROBERT H. SCOTT, F.R.S., Superintendent of the Meteorological Office since 1867, has now resigned. His successor is Mr. WILLIAM N. SHAW, F.R.S., Senior Tutor of Emmanuel College, Cambridge.]

NOT to introduce any Cambridge weather into London, where it is bad enough already.

If we *are* to have cold weather, to make no bones about it, and give us a fortnight of decent outdoor ice-skating, which we have not enjoyed for four years.

All the same, to remember that enough's as good as a freeze, and that thousands of shivering mortals haven't got a fire to sit round this Christmas.

To exterminate the London fog, which has increased this autumn, is increasing, and ought to be diminished to vanishing point.

To regulate the vagaries of the *Daily Graphic* weather-girl, and see that she is properly and seasonably attired during this cold snap.

To abolish the East wind, in spite of the encouragement given to it by the late CHARLES KINGSLEY.

To eradicate the party who invariably selects the remark, "Seasonable weather we're having," for a conversational gambit.

To give the London Vestries six months' notice of an impending snowfall, in order

that their street-sweeping gangs may be fully prepared to cope with drifts two inches deep.

To arrange a few benefit performances in the heavens on special nights during the season, and at reasonable hours. The programme to include Aurora Borealis, Zodiacal Light, Lunar Rainbow, and Krakatoa Sunsets. Leonids barred, unless properly rehearsed and guaranteed.

And, in the day-time, if this also not infringing upon the province of the Astronomer Royal, to give suitable demonstrations from time to time, for the benefit of Board School children, and others, of such phenomena as the Spectre of the Broken, Mirage, Mock Suns, and the Transit of Venus. N.B.—No extra charge on the rates.

To extend the privileges of Queen's Weather to all Bank Holidays, Boat-Race Day, Derby Day, Henley, the first of September, and Lord Mayor's Day. These dates have hitherto been generally overlooked, meteorologically speaking.

To abate the use of the polysyllabic mouthful "meteorologically," and to keep "isobars" and "isotherms" within due limits.

Never to forecast unless you know.

To forecast further ahead than the past twenty-four hours.

To establish a close season, namely, the middle of next week, for cyclones, V-shaped depressions, blue moons, blizzards and blight, and generally to repair the British climate, now somewhat the worse for wear.

CŒLEBS QUID AGAM?

WHAT shall we do, this Christmas dull and murky,
Bachelors both, and middle-aged (though jolly),
Who long have lost an appetite for turkey,
Mince-pies and holly?

Come, friend, and dine with me in peace and quiet,
Just we two fogies, *tête-à-tête* together,
Laugh while around us blustering tempests riot,
Or snowy weather.

Then from the bin, where it has lain ten lustres
(No cheap champagne, ah! nothing of that sort, Sir),
Bottles shall come round which thick cobweb clusters—
'Forty-seven port, Sir!

Truce for a while to politics and faction,
Rumours of wars and battles (though we rue them),
All things that tend to worry and distraction—
We will taboo them.

So you and I shall, comfortably sitting,
Feast and enjoy ourselves for once in clover.
Yet, while the Season's merriment admitting—
Wish it were over!

SUITABLE SPOTS.—*Sunder-land*—for canal makers; *Swineshead*—for bores; *Taunt-on*—for snocers; *Tred-egar*—for ardent pedestrians; *Truro*—for boating men; *Up-holland*—for sympathisers with the Boers; *Walsingham*—for dancers; *Wantage*—for impetuous youths.

MOST POPULAR OF THE GREAT SMITH FAMILY AT CHRISTMAS TIME.—"TOM" of that ilk, with his specimens of crackery. There is just one thing from which very nervous persons turn away their eyes and will "not see the pull of," and that is, a Cracker.

CU-RI-ous.—Between the professional billiard player and the "Professional" exists a fellow feeling. Occasionally each "forgets his cue."

PARADOXICAL FACTS.—Earl's Court Road and Rhodes Caught Earls.

PINK DOMINOS IN REAL LIFE.

DEAR MR. PUNCH.—In the Agony Column of the *Morning Post* for Friday, Dec. 8, appears the following advertisement:—

DOMINO ROSE.—Am going to Africa for years soon. Please write. Trust me and give address.—CHARLIE.

The very next day, Saturday, Dec. 9, "DOMINO ROSE" replies—

CHARLIE.—Have forgotten your number, so cannot write unless you give it.—DOMINO ROSE.

On Wednesday, Dec. 13, the lady makes an assignation as herein set forth:—

CHARLIE.—Shall be skating, Knightsbridge, Wednesday, 13th.—DOMINO ROSE.

CHARLIE probably kept the appointment, but, alas! for his hopes, in the next day's number of the *Morning Post*, viz., on Thursday, Dec. 14, this announcement is printed:—

CHARLIE.—Find everything a mistake. Very sorry, but you are the wrong CHARLIE. We never met. Hope you will hear from the right.—DOMINO ROSE.

Let us indeed hope that both "DOMINO ROSE" and "CHARLIE" pick up the "right ones" in the end. But, if not, why shouldn't the wrong ones go skating together over life's roller rink?

Yours romantically,

LEONORA LOVEJOY.

Psyche Villa, Lavender Hill.



Successful Complaint. "Ah! THIS IS WHAT I DO CALL FAT STOCK! WHAT D'YE THINK O' THIS? YOU CAN LAY YER 'AND IN 'ERE FOR NIGH ON DREE INCHES, YOU CAN. WHAT'S THE MATTER WI' THIS?" *Unsuccessful Ditto.* "DROPSY!"

AN EMISSARY OF MA'S.

(Suggested by that very pleasant play, "A Message from Mars," now running at The Avenue.)

ACT I. SCENE—The day-nursery at Avenue House. Master CHARLES HAWTREY, aged nine, a chubby boy in Etons, is loling before the fire in an arm-chair, reading. Mamma is standing in the middle of the room. They happen to have had a difference of opinion.

Mamma. Go and get ready at once, CHARLES.

Master Charles (obstinately). Go away, Mater. Can't you see I'm reading?

Mamma. Put down your book when I tell you. You are to take MINNIE to Mrs. CLARENCE's evening party.

MINNIE enters, a pretty child of eight.

Minnie. You lazy boy, I believe you've not dressed yet!

Charles. Dressed? No fear. Catch me going out on a night like this. With a foot of snow on the ground, too! Not if I know it.

Minnie. You're a horrid selfish boy, and I hate you. I shall give you back your ring and never speak to you again.

Charles (brightening up). I say, will you really? I've wanted that ring back for ever so long. It's a ripper. It came out of a cracker last Christmas.

Minnie (beginning to cry). And I'll go and be some one else's sister. There's ARTHUR DICEY. He's awfully fond of me. You know he is. I'll ask him to be my brother.

Charles. I wouldn't do that, MINNIE. DICEY's an awful little fool.

Mamma (interrupting this altercation).

Come, CHARLES, are you going with MINNIE or are you not?

Charles. Of course not, Mater. I said I wasn't.

[Returns to his book. Minnie. Never mind, Mamma. I dare say CHARLIE's tired and doesn't want to go out. I'll stay at home. I don't mind, really.]

Mamma (majestically). You sha'n't be robbed of your pleasure by your brother's selfishness. I will take you to Mrs. CLARENCE's myself. And CHARLES shall not come with us now, whether he wants to or not.

[Throws a cloak over her shoulders.

Charles (looking up). But I don't want to, Mater. How absurd you are!

Mamma. Very well then. Go and call a cab.

Charles. What rot, Mater! Get one of the servants to go. I shall catch cold on a night like this.

Mamma. Go at once, Sir. If your father was at home you wouldn't dare to behave like this.

Charles. But father's away, Mater.

Mamma. And so you think you can behave as you please, do you? (Grimly.) But I'll send some one to you who will make you alter your mind. Come, MINNIE.

[Exeunt Mamma and MINNIE.]

Charles. I declare the Mater's quite shirty! How funny women are! Well, I'm pretty sleepy. I think I'll take a nap.

[Turns out light and does so. Act Drop.]

ACT II. SCENE—The same. Master HAWTREY asleep in his chair. Enter Nurse TITHERADGE. She looks ominously tall and grim in the gloom, and wears voluminous dun-coloured garments.

She advances through the darkness, strikes a match and lights a candle.

Nurse (sternly). Master CHARLES.

Charles (stirring uneasily in his chair). Eh, what is it?

Nurse (briefly). Wake up.

Charles (turning round). Oh, is it you, Nurse? You can go to bed.

Nurse (ominously). Indeed?

Charles. Yes. I sha'n't want you any more.

Nurse. But I want you. Your Ma has sent me to you.

Charles. An emissary of Ma's, are you? All right.

Nurse (angrily). I don't know what you mean by "emissary," Master CHARLES, but if it's anything rude you'd better not say it again.

Charles. How absurd you are, Nurse! You're as bad as the Mater.

[Nurse raises her hand threateningly and suddenly to Master HAWTREY, the whole stage seems to sway to and fro. By an ingenious mechanical contrivance we also see it swaying.]

Charles. I say, shut up. Don't do that. You're making the whole room shake.

Nurse (grimly). It was not the room I shook.

Charles. Indeed? (Nurse TITHERADGE raises her hand again and CHARLES adds hastily) No, I suppose it wasn't.

Nurse (severely). Your Ma said you had been behaving very badly, Master CHARLES, very badly indeed. And she sent me to—bring you to a better frame of mind.

Charles (relieved). Oh, that's all right. Very thoughtful of her, I'm sure. (Nurse TITHERADGE raises her hand once more, and again that curious shaking effect is pro-



OUR LADIES' HOCKEY CLUB.

MISS HOPPER CANNOT UNDERSTAND HOW IT IS SHE IS ALWAYS PUT "IN GOAL." BUT REALLY THE EXPLANATION IS SO SIMPLE. THERE'S NO ROOM FOR A BALL TO GET PA'T HER.

duced.) I wish you wouldn't do that, Nurse. It makes me feel quite ill.

Nurse (sternly). Are you sorry for what you said to your Ma?

Charles. Of course not, Nurse. If I was going to be sorry for it, I shouldn't have said it. Do be logical.

Nurse. Very well. Just you come with me.

Charles. But I don't want to come. I'm very come-fortable here.

Nurse (in righteous anger at this outrage). Come at once, Sir.

[Leads him off R. There is a moment's silence, and then cries of mingled pain and indignation from CHARLES are heard.]

Act Drop.

ACT III. SCENE—The same. TIME, next morning. Mamma and MINNIE are seated by the fire. Enter CHARLES.

Charles. Good morning, Mater. Good morning, MINNIE. Hope you enjoyed your dance?

Minnie. Of course I did. (Mischievously.)

ARTHUR DICEY was there. He said he would be a brother to me.

Charles. Confound ARTHUR DICEY!

Mamma (meaningly). I hope you enjoyed your evening too.

Charles. Not very much, Mater. Fact is, I had an uncomfortable sort of dream. Most uncomfortable.

Mamma. Indeed?

Charles. Yes. But I won't tell you about it. It would only distress you. It was about Nurse.

Mamma (grimly). You are very considerate this morning.

Charles. More considerate than last night, you mean? I suppose I was rather a brute to you and MINNIE. I'm sorry, Mater.

Minnie. Dear CHARLES! (Embraces him warmly.) ARTHUR DICEY sha'n't be my brother!

Charles. That's right. (Leans against table. A pause.) Funny thing about that dream of mine. (Wriggles slightly.) I suppose it was a dream.

Mamma. No doubt.

Charles. And yet I feel a sort of twingo . . . when I lean against anything, for instance. I feel it now. It's very strange.

Mamma. Very. But you're never going to be selfish again, are you, CHARLES?

Charles. Never, Mater . . . I suppose it must have been a dream? Still I have a kind of feeling. . . .

Mamma. Don't fidget, dear. Sit down.

[CHARLES sits.]

Charles (rising with a shrill exclamation). By Jove! It wasn't a dream after all!

Curtain.

ARIDA NUTRIX.

["ODD JOBS.—Cambridge graduate arranges and catalogues libraries, collections, &c. Good reader, raconteur, conductor, messenger, and what not."] Advertisement.]

Ye shades of Trinity and John's!

Ye classic courts of King's!
Where learned youth its Euclid cons,
And with the help of many Dons
Attempts the *asinorum pons*

And such heroic things—

Ye groves of Cambridge! where men try

(And some perchance succeed)

With weary head and aching eye

To find the cube of $x + y$ —

Is this the haven ye supply,

The bourne to which ye lead?

When one has treaded pathways devious

Of formidable Trip and Previous,

And having duly paid one's way

Emerges fully-fledged B.A.—

Cambridge! is this the prospect thou

Wilt offer thy *alumnus* now,

That, for the sake of sundry bobs,

He'll be content to do odd jobs?

MOTTO FOR THOSE WHO "BIKE."—"And wheels rush in where horses fear to tread."



THE TRIALS OF A PRIME MINISTER.

HOW HE GETS OVER THE DIFFICULTY.

"One characteristic of Lord SALISBURY was that he had, to an enormous degree, a sense of the due proportion of things."—Lord Cross at Loughborough.



THE BURIAL OF THE SHOT FOX.

OF COURSE, IT WAS AN ACCIDENT. HE THOUGHT IT WAS A HARE.

OLD AND NEW.

[The Chinese Minister and his attendants rode round Coventry the other day in motor cars.]

GODIVA, worthy lady,
Immeasurably kind,
With husband somewhat shady,
And not of noble mind—

A man no doubt unpleasant,
In justice rather lax,
And taking from the peasant,
Some early income tax—

Your lightly-clad procession
Would certainly have been

One making much impression,
If any one had seen.

But TOM, it is related,
Was straightway stricken blind,
So Coventry has waited.
To see another kind.

A different procession—
Ten centuries have passed—
With vastly changed progression,
Has gone along at last.

Not in a cart or boat, or,
Like you, upon a horse,
But in a modern motor
They ran their headlong course.

GODIVA, thus appearing
They almost cut you out,
These Chinamen careering
In motor cars about.

In China, with amazement,
They may advance yet more;
You asked for shuttered casement,
They'll want the Open Door.

SUITABLE SPOTS. — Ware-ham—for abstainers from pork; Whits-table—for facetious gourmets; Wig-more—for bald men. Wig-ton—for perruquiers; Winfarthing—for small gamblers; Wo-burn—for firemen.

REGIS VOLUNTAS SUPREMA—SCIENTIA?

(By an Ex-Wisehead More or Less Up to Date.)

[The Kaiser and the German Federal Council have decided that the new Century begins on January 1, 1900. There will accordingly be a ceremonial of the Congratulatory Court, in which representatives of the Universities and Academies will march past their Majesties at midnight of the closing year.]

'Twas the Holy Roman Kaiser, o'er a thousand years ago,
In a speech made schema feminine—which caused a monk to stammer

"My liege, it is a neuter word!"—said his liege "I'd have you know,

I'm Emperor, and aught I say is ipso facto grammar!"

E'en so a modern autocrat will arithmetic defy,
And chronologic laws o'erride with a mere "*Sic volo!*" stating

That the Twentieth Century's begun (and his folk must ditto cry)

Ere nineteen hundred years are past—was e'er such freak in dating?

PORKER VERBA.

DID BACON write the plays attributed to SHAKESPEARE? I think there is crypto-nominal evidence that he did. Thus, *Falstaff* is as fat as a pig. Now, what more Baconian than pig? The *Midsummer Night's Dream* is just what might have occurred to a late supper-eater who had regaled himself on pork. "As you like it" is the very invitation that a Cook would give, or the inquiry he would make, as to the manner of dealing with the pig. The *Merchant of Venice* is the enemy of the pig, and suffers in consequence: this play is Baconian retribution. For the present I will conclude by asking you or anybody, "Is not the very name of *Hamlet* redolent of pig?" There's "*Ham*" in it and SHAKESPEARE's own description of this eccentric Prince is that he is "fat." Sir, so far, have I not advanced an argument that— But excuse me, my attendant has just looked in to say "All lights out," and so Adoo! Adoo!

Yours ever,

MARQUIS DE COLNEY-HANWELL.

DANGEROUS occupation for an Artist-War-Correspondent in the Transvaal:—"Drawing the enemy's fire."



A SMALL AND VERY EARLY ENGLISH CHILDREN'S PARTY. BY OUR TAPESTRY ARTIST.



"DON'T YOU WISH YOU MAY GET IT!"

Pantaloon. "JOEY! JOEY! WHERE'S MY OLD AGE PENSION?"

Joey. "GET ALONG! CAN'T YOU SEE I'M VERY BUSY?"

SPORTING RETROSPECTIONS.

WITH a sad regret, alack!
 Pleasant memories are blended,
 To the sportsman looking back
 On the season that is ended.

With a sigh my book I scan,
 Many a loss and gain recording;
 Of the favourites that ran
 Reminiscences affording.

How the throbbing pulses stir
 To recall each glorious meeting—
 Epsom, Ascot, Doncaster—
 Newly their delights repeating!

Now, alas! I must resign,
 All despondent and sad-hearted,
 Sporting joys of 'ninety-nine
 To the realm of days departed.

Yet I own this somewhat tends
 To alleviate my sorrow—
 Though to-day the season ends,
 It begins again to-morrow.

ORIENTAL ELEGANCE.

(A Suggestion.)

It is stated that the Maharajah of Dholpur, when calling on Lord CURZON the other day, wore massive ropes of pearls and used a new set of gold carriage-harness. Here is an opportunity for the Viceroy, when he returns to this country or visits it, to introduce such magnificent fashions. What a chance for the writer of "My Social Diary," in the *Daily Mail*, to improve upon the trifling fashionable intelligence now provided, such as,—
 "Mr. JONES was walking down Bond Street in a tweed suit and a bowler hat."
 This is what we may expect then:—

Lord CURZON was walking in the Park in a very elegant morning suit of black velvet, the coat trimmed with large pearls, in place of buttons, *à la Chevalier*, and the trousers, very wide over the boots, adorned with two rows of pearls down each side in the same style. He was followed by three Indian attendants, carrying his umbrella, which was of white satin, his cigar case incrustated with rubies, and his overcoat of cloth of gold.

Mr. ASTOR strolled along Pall Mall in a light overcoat with diamond buttons. It is said that Mr. ASTOR'S hats are made of Bank of England notes, a very light material, and the soles of his boots of American greenbacks. Paper was first used for military boots, but unsuccessfully. Notes, however, especially those of moderate value, become in time so greasy that they are quite waterproof, and form a very soft and pliable sole.

Mr. WERNSTEIN, the South African millionaire, drove along the Embankment into the City. A set of platinum harness on the magnificent pair of greys in his silver victoria formed the fashionable arrangement of colours *en suite*. The shoes of the horses were of solid silver. Mr. WERNSTEIN himself wore a superb sable coat, the cuffs and collar edged with rows of immense diamonds.

Mr. CECIL RHODES was also in the City, wearing a gilt hat, with a narrow band of diamonds. Mr. RHODES has lately worn a new evening waistcoat. It is entirely covered with diamonds, in the style of the ancient stomacher. To form a pleasing contrast, the watch chain over this is made not of gold but of mohair, exactly resembling an old-fashioned bootlace.



CHRISTMAS COMES BUT ONCE A YEAR.

Cabby (to Gent who has been dining out). "ERE Y'ARE, SIR. THIS IS YOUR 'OUSE—GET OUT—BE CAREFUL, SIR—'ERE'S THE STEP."
Gent. "YESH! THASH ALLRI, BUT WERSH MY FEET?"

The mohair, however, is obtained expressly from one special goat kept in a village of Asia Minor, and the watch guard, apparently a bootlace worth twopence, actually costs over twenty pounds.

Mr. CHAMBERLAIN drove up to the Colonial Office. He had a wreath of priceless orchids round his hat, which was evidently quite new. His frock coat, of immaculate cut, was partly concealed by another wreath of orchids, worn in the Samoan fashion. The harness and all the fittings of his brougham were of silver. It is said that Mr. CHAMBERLAIN dislikes gold, which is so often compared to discreet silence.

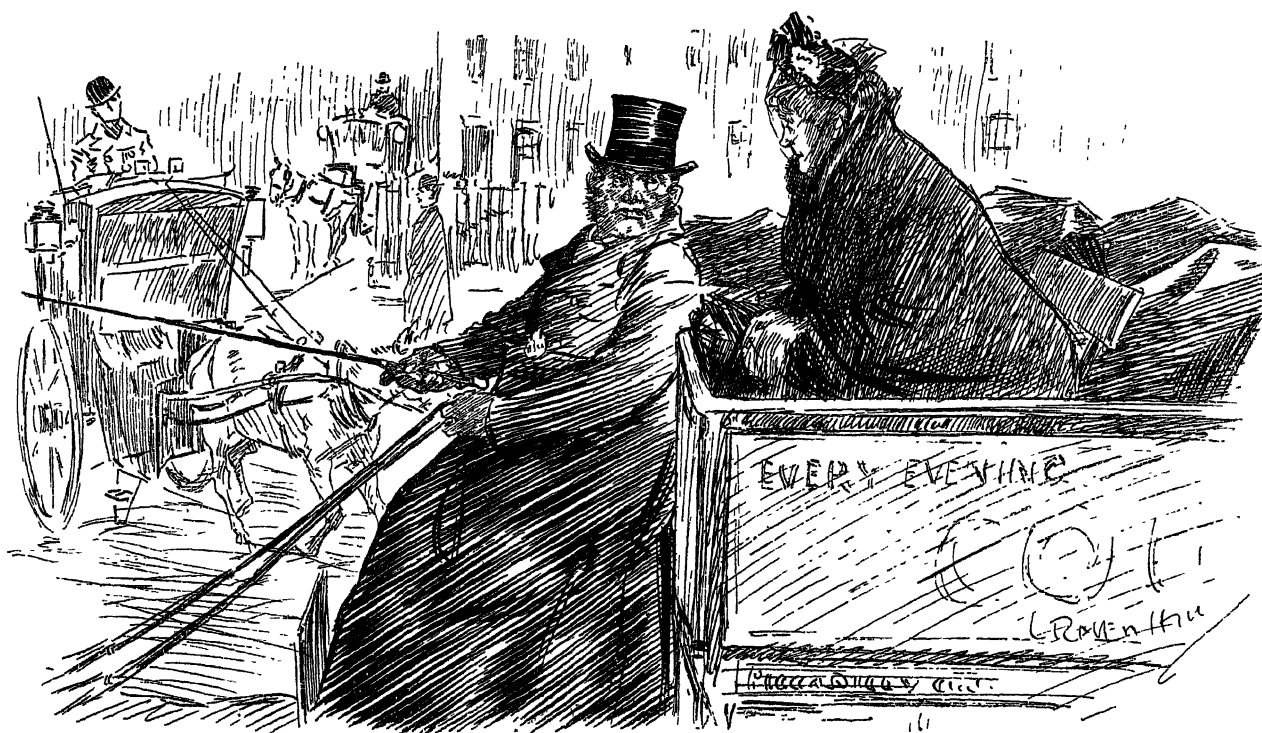
HAMPERS FOR YULETIDE.

FORGOTTEN bills that suddenly appear to embarrass the balance at the bankers. Appeals for charity from petitioner's acquaintances in more prosperous days.

Necessary visits to the theatre to please the little ones, and to give employment to the family doctor.

Family quarrels brought to the front by annual domestic gatherings.

The friend of the house with his embarrassing recollections (in the presence of strangers), of the poverty of the past, which has given place to the comparative affluence of the present.



BULLY BEEF.

'Bus Driver. "BIN AN' TOOK MY BEST 'OSSES, THEY 'AVE, FOR THIS 'ERE WAR. FUST-RATE 'UNS THEY WOS TOO, BUT I'RECKON ONE OF 'EM 'LL MAKE 'EM WISH THEY'D NEVER SET EYES ON 'IM AFORE 'E'S FINISHED WITH 'EM."
Old Lady. "DEAR ME! AND WHAT DO YOU THINK THEY 'LL DO WITH HIM!"
'Bus Driver. "DO WITH 'IM? PUT 'IM IN THE CANTEEN, I EXPECT."
Old Lady. "POOR THING. I DO HOPE THEY 'LL BE KIND TO HIM THERE!"

FROM A BACHELOR UNCLE'S DIARY.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLEY.—I say, I've written a stuning Crissmas story with gohsts and orl sorts of joly things in it, like that, you know. You might get sum Maggotseen to publitch it A big feller FRAZER major arskd me yestiddy what I was going to be so I sed I think Ime Littty and he sed I think your an ass But thats not reparteas nor sarksum, is it tho he thought it was orly clever hes an orle rotter you know. Hears the story inklosed. Your affeckshunt, MAX.

In the gluemy deffs of a forrist stood a gluemy looking house witch was sposed to be hornted well it was Crissmas eve and snowing hard wen a Coach blowing a horn was seen aproching the old ainshent mededevil house and in it the Coach I mean, not the house, was a feller and a gurl and another feller and they orl got out and wear welcumd most hartilly by the hoast whoo stood in the old Hall, warming the back part of himself by the blayzing Yule log, the kind old man sed welcum to the Grainge and a lot more rot like that and terning to the second feller he added Arhar it is indeed plessent to have the son of my old school feller for my guessed, and to grasp him by the hand* but we are so fool up that I fear I must put you in the hornted room Do you mind sleeping in the Bluechamber Oh not a blow, arnsed

* Well, he couldn't grasp him by the leg.—TOMMY.

the young man chearfily I do not bleeve in gohstes and he larfed litely If that is so sed his good hoast it simplyfice matters grately Oh thats orl right sed the feller, whoo we will now introjuice to our reeders as the young Lord VERE DE NORMANBLOOD whoose father had come over with the Conqueror sum years before.

It was a mery party witch assembled at the Xmas diner and murth rained soupream. The jests fighd not orl be new but no one minds a chesnut or 2 at Xmas (N.B. You should here sum of ROBINSON minor's tho—their orle). Their hospitable hoast sed I will now tell you the leg-end of this ainshent old house and of the Blue chamber were our young frend DE V. N. is now sleaping. He cleered his throte and began thus

"Arfter the Battil of Marston Moor O. CROMWELL sed hunt for orl rebbls and give them snuff. Well there was a butyfool lady whoo lived in this house and she had a liver I mean a lover whoo had fort at M. Moor well he caim hear to hide arfter the Battil. Do you mind harboring a rebbel he sed to her and she sed shyly oh what rot jest as if I should tern you from our door, not mutch, cum and I will hide you in the Blue chamber O. CROMWELL and orl his hoasts will never find you their. The young Caviareleer sed right you are, were is it? and she showed him into the room and brought him meet and drink. Presently a party of Fatheads (or Roundheads I forget witch it is) a hettrygenius crew came

clamring for his blood and saying Marry come up, what ho, wear is the Caviareleer? And the butyfool made sed Odds bodkins mallypert away with you, and the O. C. feller sed you shut up, wear going to search the house and soon they came to the Blue chamber and the fair gurl sed this is my room and by my halidom you shall not enter And then the O. C. feller sed S. Death but I will. Stand a side Then the made, droring herself up to her fool hight sed Never by gum! A sord lept from it's scabberd there was a flash in the pan and the made lay dead on the floor Then they orl bust into the room and their stood the Caviareleer They rushed in and sloo him So now the gohstes of the 2 (the fair young made and the Caviareleer feller I mean) wander from midnight to cock-crow through the Blue chamber witch is disturbing to those whoo dont know the leg-end but orl right for those whoo do."

The company receeved this with great applaws But Lord DE V. N. pail and trubbled rose and left the room. He packed up and went strate to the railway station and saying "this is good enough for yours truly" curled up and slept in the wating room that night and never set foot in that gluemy house again.—Aint that a joly good story, Uncle CHARLEY?

CHRISTMAS WAITS.—The many hours spent outside gallery and pit doors on first night of Drury Lane Pantomime.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

IN his books, from *The Inland Voyage* down to *Weir of Hermiston*, there are found many loopholes opening on the soul of ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON. In his *Letters* (METHUEN), noonday light blazes upon the strangely moved, often turbulent, entity. Writing to a familiar friend, STEVENSON told everything, not only where he walked, what he ate for dinner, how sorely he was in lack of "dibs," how grievously he suffered from illness, how he covertly dropped some money to be picked up by a repulsive street-walker pursuing him at Portobello, what he had written and what he thought of it, what he was going to write and how much better he thought of that. Mr. SYDNEY COLVIN edits the *Letters* with discriminating hand. Much he has kept back, and here and there in those printed is a tantalizing hiatus. What is left abundantly suffices to bring the reader unveiled into the inner presence of a rare mind. We are accustomed, even *ad nauseam*, to hear STEVENSON extolled as a master of literary style. My Baronite believes that absolutely the most perfect specimens of his style will be found in the unpremeditated strain of these letters, hurriedly written in varied circumstances—in bed, in the train, hungry, once at least over-full, sometimes weary, often sick, as he thought, unto death. There is one phrase in an early letter, written twenty-four years before the Jameson Raid, which sums up in six words the proceedings of the famous South Africa Committee appointed to inquire into it. "Simpering honesty whilst they suppress documents." Had he been free from personal connection with the Committee, Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT would have given £10 to the Clergy Relief Fund to have hit upon the phrase. Amongst the many excellences of Mr. COLVIN'S work is a detail, rare if not new. At the head of each page he cites not only the date the story has reached, but the age of the subject of the memoir, an immense convenience in reading a biography.

Mr. ARTHUR WILLIAM ABECKETT correctly describes his latest contribution to general literature, entitled *London at the End of the Century* (HURST AND BLACKETT), as "A Book of Gossip," which is just precisely what it is. It reminds the Londoner of a variety of things he may have already known and forgotten, and tells a country cousin much that is worth remembering. To take up his book is like walking about town with an entertaining friend, only with this great advantage, that you can put him down, and shut him up whenever you like, without hurting his susceptibilities. The pictorial cover is attractive, and this is *pour quelque chose* where a book is bound to be read. Whether the printer has done the author a wrong, or whether our Gossip's knowledge of London is, like Mr. Sam Weller's, "extensive and peculiar," we must own to never having come across any *restauration* named "VEVEY'S," where, at p. 256, our Gossip recommends his attentive listener to dine. He puts it guardedly thus, "or you might look in at VEVEY'S." "Might" is good, if "VEVEY'S" exists. What a lunch our Gossiping Gourmet recommends, "*Chateaubriand, petits pois au beurre, and an Artichaut à l'huile!*" You don't get a Chateaubriand anywhere under three and six at the very least, and it is plenty for three and enough for four! With this Gargantuan lunch what drink? He doesn't mention any. *Ergo*, wanted a Revised Edition. But pick and choose where you like at haphazard in this book, you are sure to come upon something entertaining; though why in referring to the bright, witty, cynically disposed but lazily good-natured dramatist, the late HENRY J. BYRON, our Gossip should have selected one of that brilliant punster's very weakest puns as a fair specimen of the "pun of the period" is strange, as it is unfair to BYRON, and depreciative of our Good Gossip's own contemporaries who heartily enjoyed, as did the Theatre-going public, BYRON'S smart humour and genial wit. A very amusing book.

Our assistant Baronite hopes that the account of the Maori tribes during their fight with us in 1845 that Mr. ROLF BOLDBREWOOD treats us to in *War to the Knife* (MACMILLAN) is historically faithful, for it is certainly narratively tedious, with its pages of description, and profusion of native words, that can only interest a student of the aboriginal language. Perhaps the author treats us to them purposely as a relief to his own pompous and grandiloquent phrases, which instinctively recall to us the dear old Mr. Barlow of our childhood. The hero, too, has an irritating habit of "recalling lines of the immortal bards," and at every few pages breaks forth into irrelevant verse. As a *vade mecum* for those about to travel through Maori-land the book may have its advantages—as a novel my Baronite can only regret it as coming from the author of *Robbery Under Arms*.

THE BARON DE B.-W.



A POSER.

Katie (in consternation). "OH, MOTHER, HOW WILL SANTA CLAUS DO ABOUT THAT POOR MAN'S STOCKINGS?"

ECONOMICAL AMENITIES

(A Seasonable Warning by Z.Y.X.)

A "TRAMP Christmas Card" is now on the market, designed to be sent round a circle of friends and back to the issuer. We fear the idea will be seized upon and developed, unless the dangers are pointed out in time. There will be, for instance, the Circular Christmas Present, which Mr. A. gives to Miss B. and she passes on to Mrs. C., and so on through the alphabet, until A. gets his own again, considerably second-hand, it is true, but possibly still serviceable.

Then we shall have the Round Robin Dinner Invitation, circulated from house to house till the enterprising host and hostess are rewarded with a meal at the expense of the last of their friends (there will be no doubt about their being the last)—all the previous invitations in the series being, of course, refused.

On the same principle, unless due precautions are taken, the Running Cold in the Head, and the Serial Attack of Flu will be current, if not fashionable, at this season of the year, each complaint eventually coming home to roost with its initiator.

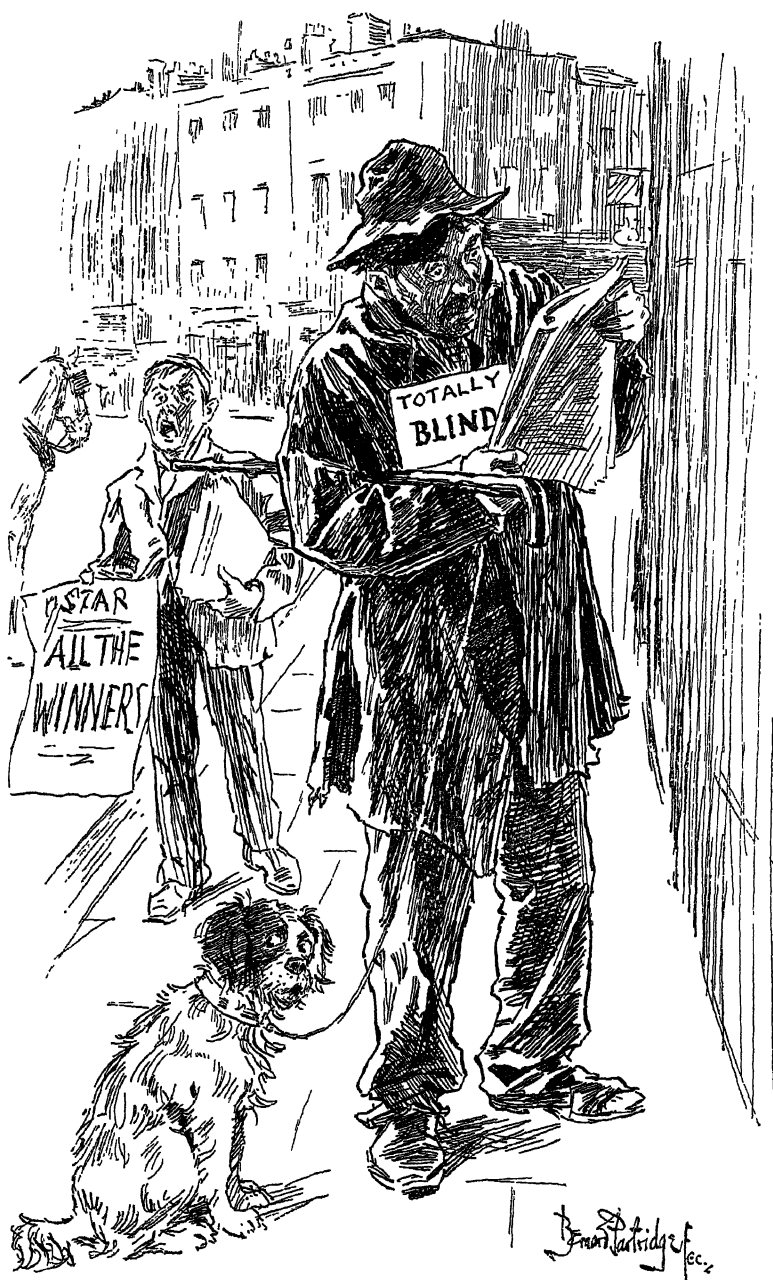
We shudder to think of other contingencies: for instance, the Co-operative Cigar, which the owner lights and dispatches on its journey round the smoking-room, consuming the stump at the finish; to be followed by the Rotary Cigarette, the Recurring Briar and the Tramp Clay-pipe, on a similar errand, while the Club Chestnut and the Boomerang Anecdote are engaged upon their deadly work, previous to their return upon their progenitor.

Finally, we scarcely dare hint at possibilities connected with the Common or Table Napkin, the Household or Ship's Toothbrush, the General Pocket-handkerchief and other domestic objects.

A TIP.

Pedantic Uncle. Now, my boy, tell me, what is the translation of "*Ne quid nimis?*"

Nephew (with a view to a New Year's gift, readily). It's "nothing under a sovereign."



"THE ABSENT-MINDED BEGGAR."

(With apologies to Mr. Kipling.)

LITTLE GERMANY LOQUITUR.

DER KAISER has a barty,
A barty on de Spree,
Vot vonts to build so great a vleet
As never sailed de sea;
But vy dey vonts it I can't dell,
Unless it be, by chance,
To votch upon de Rhein and guard
De frontier of France.

Der KAISER has a barty
Vot vill to rule de main,
But vy dey vonts to do it for,
Dis can I not explain.

I dinks de Schwitzers might so vell
Puild pattleships and yearn
To be von great sea-power and rule
De vild vaves of Lucerne.

Der KAISER has a barty—
Yah, wohl! I vill admit
A vleet may necessary be
Ven you have need of it.
Zum Beispiel, I do surely dink
Dat Noah vos discreet—
Vere should we be if he 'd forgot
To puild his leetle vleet?

Der KAISER has a barty—
Vere vill dat barty be

Ven all de gold of Deutschland
Is sunken in de sea?
Vere ist de rose of Summer?
Vere ist de blind man's sight?
All goned away mit our income tax—
Weg in de Ewigkeit!

THE ARM-CHAIR WARRIOR.

(By Mr. Punch's Depreciator.)

[Speaking at Newcastle, Lord DURHAM was pleased to reiterate the criticism which he had passed at a fat-stock luncheon on the appointment of General GATACRE to the command of a brigade.]

Ye amateurs of England
Who keep your native seats
And criticise so bravely
The fighting man's defeats;
Ye turkey-carpet warriors
Who ventilate your view
Of what could be accomplished
If things were left to you:—

Ye Daniels, come to judgment,
Lord D-RH-M and the like,
Who for your country's service
Do not propose to strike;
Who rise at fat-stock luncheons
And show the obvious flaw
In strategy that marches
Upon an empty maw:—

My paper-map civilians!
One cannot but admire
With how sublime a courage
You face the club-room fire;
With what prophetic wisdom
You speak the warning word,
Choosing the happy moment
When things have just occurred!

There runs an ancient proverb,
Good for the swollen head,
How fools rush in serenely
Where angels fear to tread;
But here the common mortal,
The stroller down the street,
Knows better than to follow
Your rash, intruding feet.

To each his own opinion;
You have a right to yours;
But not the right, believe me,
To boom it out-of-doors;
If decent folk are silent,
Are they for that less wise?
No, no, it is in manners
The shocking difference lies.

Is not our task enough, Sirs,
To bear the present hurt,
That you on wounded honour
Must dump your little dirt?
You, from your padded arm-chair,
Safe in a sea-locked land,
While those you smirch are holding
Their lives within their hand.

When we are short of critics
To sum the final blame,
We'll ask a fighter's verdict
Upon a fighter's game;
But you who pass opinions
On work but half begun,
Please give us your credentials,
Show something you have done!

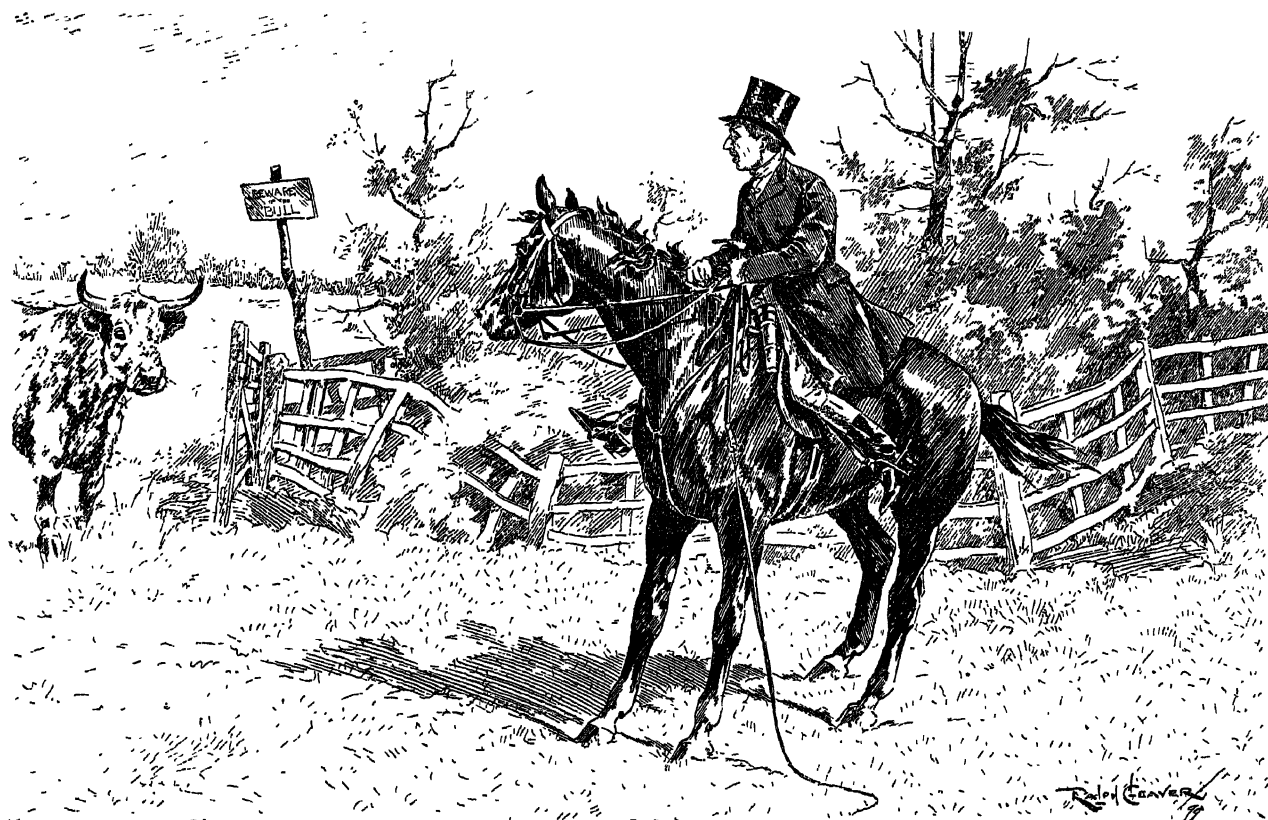
MEMS OF THE MOMENT.

In December the shortest day seems the
longest when spent in the Law Courts.
The music of the waits sounds sweetest
in the station-house.
At Yuletide the sun leaves London to
take up his residence at the seaside.



“COMPLIMENTS OF THE SEASON.”

FATHER CHRISTMAS. “CONFOUND YOU, MISTER PRESIDENT, YOU’VE QUITE SPOILED MY SHOW THIS YEAR!”



UNHAPPY THOUGHT.

Nervous Equestrian (out with, or rather, without Hounds). "WHY WASN'T I BROUGHT UP AS A MATADOR?"

JACKY'S CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.

(A suggestion for a practical joker of tender years.)

MASTER JACKY entered the room laden with gifts and addressed his kindred:—

"My dear grandfather, I have heard you often complain that you are losing your power of locomotion, so to ensure you a good run I have brought you this untrained bloodhound, who will induce you to quicken your steps considerably."

Then turning to his grandmother he continued,

"And you, my dearest granny, who were so justly proud of your beauty, I have something for you. This preparation of vitriol, if applied with sufficient vigour, will remove the deepest wrinkles and smooth the roughest skin."

Then he spoke to his irritable uncle JOSEPH.

"My dearest uncle JOE, I know you have an unfounded objection to practical jokes. To conquer this aversion I have brought you a prepared cigar which, when half smoked, will cause amused surprise, and a clockwork pillow that will promote insomnia. Try them both, my dear uncle, and you will never regret that fee you paid your lawyer when you cut me out of your will."

Then he addressed his maiden aunt. "And you, my dearest AUNT TABETHA, I have a gift for you. It will come to you on Boxing Day in the shape of a letter containing an offer of marriage. Reply to

the writer and then you will surprise him and cause him unlimited merriment."

Lastly, he addressed his elder brother BOB.

"My dear brother BOB, as my purse was exhausted when I thought of you, I have had to reverse the order of things in your case. When you search for your white waistcoats, ties and gloves, you will find them gone. Your patent-leather shoes—which are exactly my size—will have also vanished. In fact, you will find that, thanks to my exertion, you will have given me a series of magnificent and useful presents. I thank you sincerely."

Then turning to his relatives *en masse* he continued,

"And now I must bid you all good-bye. You will notice a thin veil of vapour

emerging from that paper parcel. The smoke comes from a slow match which however burns steadily, and now I will withdraw with rapidity, leaving you to enjoy the box of fireworks I have so thoughtfully lighted for your amusement."

The speaker then bolted, leaving the *feu d'artifice* as a souvenir behind him.

SHY, BUT EARNEST.

IF, when I would breathe "I love you"

In a most impassioned tone,
Swear that Heaven's eyes above you
Aren't a patch upon your own,
If my tongue should slip and falter,
See the heart beneath, I pray,
Let me lead you to the altar
In my foolish awkward way.



"PLEASE, SIR, I'M NOT A TURKEY."
"NO. BUT YOU'RE SUCH A GOOSE!"

CHRISTMAS BOOKS FOR CHRISTMASTIDE.

For the dear boys:—*With Rod and Birch, Push-Bah*; or, *The Billiard-marker in Japan*. "Heroes of the Football" Series:—*Tips from a Punter, Down the Line*; or, *How I learned to fly on the Lower Wing*, &c. For the dear girls:—*Old style: Susan's Sampler*; or, *What the Camel went Through*. Newstyle: *Straddle-legs Across Thibet, The Bloomer Brigade*, &c. For the little ones: *Mary's Lamb*; or, *Nice Beasts for Nice Children*. N.B.—We are holding back in reserve our special *fin de siècle* list of novelties, as we are credibly informed that the century does not conclude till the close of 1900 A.D.



CELEBRITIES (MORE OR LESS) AT HOME. No. II.

ADMIRAL LORD CH-R-L-S B-R-SF-RD.

Lord Charlie. "Now then, my hearties, you can fire away with that '4.7' PORT!"

MASTERPIECES MODERNIZED.

IN these days of much edited classics, it is but a slight step in advance for venturesome editors to revise certain masterpieces and bring them pleasantly up-to-date by infusing somewhat of their own personalities into them. Mr. Punch makes the following suggestions by way of illustration.

I.—JANE EYRE.

(Revised by Mrs. H-MPHRY W-RD.)

After dining with my pupil as usual in Mrs. FAIRFAX'S room, I read to her (which was also usual) characteristic extracts from the works of CHILLINGWORTH, J. H. NEWMAN and the Tübingen critics. It was my duty to acquaint ADELE with the leading characteristics of the various theological schools. This would usefully supplement the *Goethe for Infant Readers* and the *Nietzsche Line upon Line* which had formed our morning study. We were interrupted by the entrance of Mrs. FAIR-

FAX, who informed us that Mr. ROCHESTER wished ADELE and myself to take tea with him in the drawing-room. Mr. ROCHESTER greeted us with old-fashioned courtesy, but his expression was thoughtful even to weariness. "Pray be seated, Miss EYRE," he said.

"Thank you, Sir."

At the word "Sir," he started and flushed a dusky crimson.

"For heaven's sake don't say 'Sir' with that strong Yorkshire accent, Miss EYRE . . . Besides, ROUSSEAU and ST. SIMON, not to mention later writers (which will be duly discussed and analysed later on by me in this book) have surely taught us that glorious doctrine of social equality."

"You are a socialist then, Sir—I mean ROCHESTER."

He smiled gloomily.

"For a short space, yes. That was the outcome of my last psychological crisis. But I have been through many crises. During the last six weeks I have been in

rapid succession a Freethinker, a Catholic, Dissenter, Individualist, Socialist."

"Precisely my own experience," I replied.

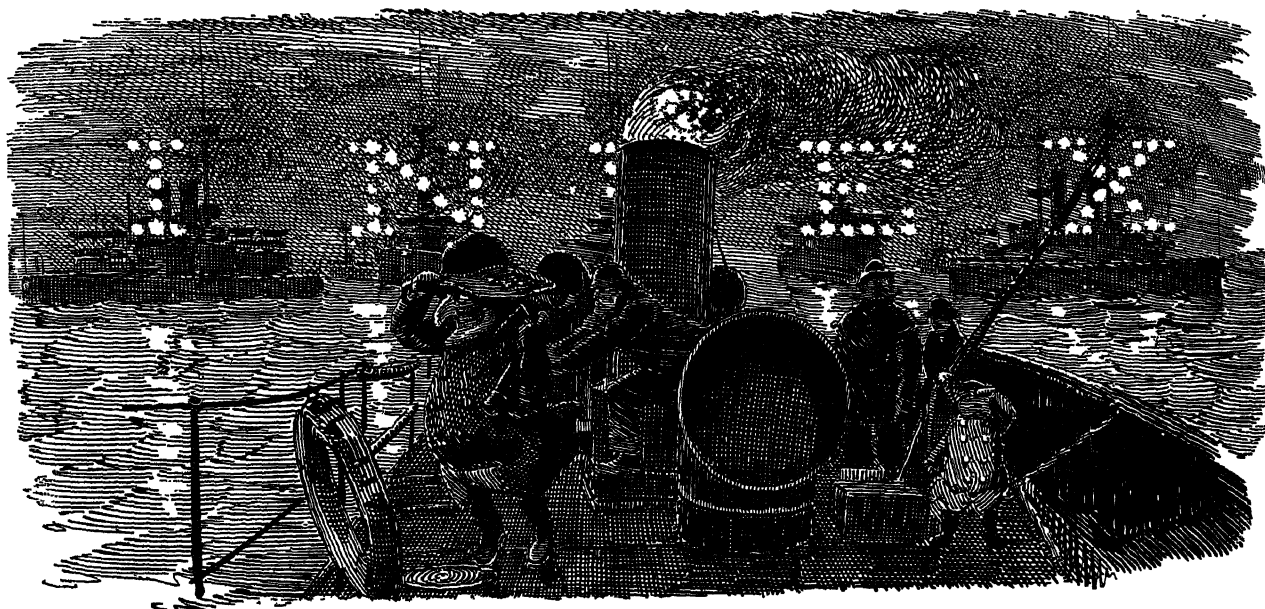
He interrupted me with a cry of anger.

"Miss EYRE, surely it is understood we must never pass through the same psychological crisis at the same time. From the standpoint of powerful characterisation it would ruin all effective contrast. Call me 'Sir' every two minutes if you like, but don't tell me you too are a socialist."

With great skill I turned the current of the conversation.

* * * * *

That evening I was sitting up late discussing SCHOPENHAUER with Mrs. FAIRFAX when a terrible scream rang through the house. It came from the library. I rushed in and found Mr. ROCHESTER lying on the floor in a dead faint. His clenched fist held some sort of card. I lowered my candle and discovered it to be my membership ticket of the Fabian Society. Then I understood.



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